



BOOK 4 OF THE COILING DRAGON SAGA

WO CHI XI HONG SHI (我吃西红柿)

TRANSLATED BY REN WOXING

GODS OF YULAN

GODS OF YULAN

BOOK 4 OF THE COILING DRAGON SAGA

WO CHI XI HONG SHI

Translated by

REN WOXING

[WUXIAWORLD LIMITED](#)

Copyright © 2018 by Wo Chi Xi Hong Shi, translated by Ren Woxing

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

For the rest of the Coiling Dragon Saga

[Book 5 - The Infernal Plane](#)

[Book 6 - The Four Divine Beasts](#)

[Book 7 - The Planar Wars](#)

[Book 8 - Lord of the Mists](#)

Please also feel free to visit us at www.wuxiaworld.com to see many other translated novels, all of which can be read for free!

For another (free) completed work by this author and translator on Wuxiaworld, you can try the story of Ji Ning, '[Desolate Era](#)'.

CONTENTS

[Prologue](#)

I. [The Necropolis of the Gods](#)

1. [Founding of an Empire](#)
2. [Breakthrough](#)
3. [Bebe's Heritage](#)
4. [Deity-level Magical Beast](#)
5. [Bebe's Revenge](#)
6. [Everyone Assembled](#)
7. [The Metallic Castle](#)
8. [Three Corridors](#)
9. [The Necropolis' Sculptures](#)
10. [Moving Cautiously](#)
11. [Plant Lifeforms](#)
12. [The Ba-Serpent Awakens?](#)
13. [True Awakening! The Impending Calamity!](#)
14. [The World of Snow](#)
15. [Eight Years in the Necropolis](#)
16. [The Flame Tyrant](#)
17. [The Tunnel's Location](#)
18. [The Fate-Determining Strike](#)
19. [Three Divine Artifacts](#)
20. [The Magical Beasts in Action](#)
21. [The Queen Mother, 'Lachapalle'](#)
22. [Regrowth](#)

23. [Fast, Slow?](#)
24. [Myriad Swords Converge, the Pearl of Life!](#)
25. [Entering the Eighth Floor](#)
26. [The Beholder King](#)
27. [A Hospitable Host](#)
28. [Thorium Devil](#)
29. [Abyssal Blade Demon](#)
30. [Grand Magus Saint](#)
31. [Necropolis of the Gods, the Eleventh Floor!](#)
32. [The Blood Stained Underground](#)
33. [Life and Death](#)
34. [Death?](#)
35. [Fleeing For His Life](#)
36. [One Against a Million](#)
37. [Divine Spark](#)
38. [Desiring a Divine Spark?](#)
39. [The Predictions of Beirut](#)
- II. [The Descent of the Gods](#)
40. [Coming Home](#)
41. [Becoming a Deity?](#)
42. [Dividing the Treasures](#)
43. [A Major Event](#)
44. [The Apocalypse War of Ten Millenia Ago](#)
45. [Slaughtering a Path to the Sacred Isle](#)
46. [Judgment Day Descends](#)
47. [The Great Six-Point Battle Formation](#)

48. [The Descent](#)
49. [Lord Chiquitas!](#)
50. [One Night](#)
51. [New Variables](#)
52. [Meditative Training Begins](#)
53. [A Visit From Yale](#)
54. [A Sudden Change](#)
55. [Five Years](#)
56. [Mysterious Religions](#)
57. [Guidance](#)
58. [Controlled](#)
59. [Discarding a Piece](#)
60. [Soulsilk](#)
61. [Linley Becomes A Deity](#)
62. [The Elemental Sea](#)
63. [Violet Blood, Coiling Dragon](#)
64. [Must Go](#)
65. [The Coiling Dragon Ring](#)
66. [Battle to the Death](#)
67. [The Grand Warlock's Treasure](#)
68. [The Disposition of the Divine Sparks](#)
69. [Haeru](#)
70. [The Deity-Level Expert, Muba](#)
71. [Divine Artifacts and Divinities](#)
72. [A Wave of Refugees](#)
73. [Accepting the Heavy Burden](#)

- 74. [Claws and Fangs](#)
- 75. [Olivier Has Arrived](#)
- 76. [The Great Botha Levee](#)
- 77. [Smiling Meekly](#)
- 78. [Creating a Catastrophe!](#)

III. [Gebados](#)

- 79. [Planar Prison](#)
- 80. [Departure](#)
- 81. [The World Changed](#)
- 82. [Ferocious](#)
- 83. [Sound](#)
- 84. [A Legend](#)
- 85. [Willingly Surrender](#)
- 86. [Downfall](#)
- 87. [Timely](#)
- 88. [Foundation](#)
- 89. [Desri's Divine Spark](#)
- 90. [Desri's Decision](#)
- 91. [The Millennial Cycle](#)
- 92. [Two Powers Join Forces](#)
- 93. [Unwilling to Admit Defeat](#)
- 94. [Turned Back](#)
- 95. [Mental Message](#)
- 96. [Bebe Becomes a Deity](#)
- 97. [Profound Mysteries, High and Low](#)
- 98. [The Invincible Highgods](#)

99. [Four Mighty Gods](#)
100. [Intimidation](#)
101. [Sadista](#)
102. [The Mountain Range of Death](#)
103. [The Profound Mysteries of Death?](#)
104. [Homeland](#)
105. [The Lord of Mount Copper Gong](#)
106. [Mount Copper Gong](#)
107. [Elemental Training](#)
108. [A So-Called Spar](#)
109. [The Throbbing Pulse of the World](#)
110. [Earth and Wind](#)
111. [An Implacable Rage](#)
112. [Darkness and Flame](#)
113. [Paying Respect](#)
114. [Secret](#)
115. [For the Clan](#)
116. [Attacked On the Way Back](#)
117. [Drawing Legs on a Snake](#)
118. [Creek, Ocean?](#)
119. [An Abrupt Change](#)
120. [Beirut's Power](#)
121. [Extreme Joy Turns to Grief](#)
122. [Only One Person](#)
123. [Indigo Prefecture](#)

[For the rest of the Coiling Dragon Saga](#)

Prologue

The war for the Anarchic Lands is over. The Cult of Shadows and the Radiant Church attempted to join forces, but were crushed by the combined might of the Baruch Empire and its allies. It would seem that a time of peace has come... but fate has other plans in store for Linley Baruch. The Necropolis of Gods is finally stirring, and within it are the secrets to godhood itself...

Part I

The Necropolis of the Gods

1

Founding of an Empire

Beirut!

Linley and Bebe exchanged a glance. Linley still remembered how Bebe had told him that not long after he was born, when he still hadn't been able to open his eyes, a very warm, intimate voice had told him... he was of the Beirut clan. "Lord Beirut?" Bebe said. "Fine. I'll go with you."

Linley looked at Bebe. Bebe's normally adorable eyes were now very solemn, and held within them a hint... of excitement! Bebe had never known anything about his parentage, and when he had been able to open his eyes, he hadn't found any rat-type magical beasts nearby.

Bebe had always wondered if that warm, intimate voice had been his mother's. Unfortunately, Bebe had never seen her. The only clue he had was those two syllables: Beirut.

The Violet-Gold Rat King, Harry, laughed. "Don't panic. My lord father has invited Bebe to go over to meet him. It definitely isn't for any bad reasons." As he spoke, he looked at Bebe. "Bebe, let's go." The other two Rat Kings also looked at Bebe, who immediately flew into the air.

"This trip to the Forest of Darkness will take a bit of time, most likely. Don't get too impatient," the third of the Violet-Gold Rat Kings, Harvey, said.

Linley nodded, then said to Bebe, "If anything major happens, let me know right away." Linley and Bebe could speak at extremely long distances through their spiritual connection. Generally speaking, while Bebe was in the Forest of Darkness he would still be able to spiritually communicate with Linley.

"Got it, Boss." Bebe cracked a smile at Linley, who smiled encouragingly back at him. The mystery of his parentage was something that had weighed on Bebe's mind his entire life. Now that he had a chance of solving it, Bebe wouldn't hesitate at all.



*

Plumes of snow circled down onto the earth. The discussion in the royal palace was extremely animated.

“So the mysterious King of the Forest of Darkness is named Lord Beirut.” Rebecca held her hands over her heart, breathing excitedly. The five ultimate powers of the Yulan continent, the five Deities, were indeed figures of awe. The power of Deities was far greater than that of the Saints. For example, Stehle hadn’t been able to resist even a finger-flick from Cesar.

“Father.” Taylor’s pure eyes were filled with energy as he looked at Linley. “Is that Beirut really powerful? Even more powerful than you, Father?” Linley and Wharton both laughed. In the eyes of his children, Linley was invincible.

“Lord Beirut...” Linley looked towards the north, as though seeing that expert who stood atop the entire Yulan continent from within his lair in the Forest of Darkness. “According to what those three Violet-Gold Rat Kings said, Lord Beirut is most likely the most terrifyingly powerful Deity in the Yulan continent.” Linley patted Taylor’s head and said lovingly, “Taylor, your father doesn’t have the strength to challenge him yet.”

“Then Father will definitely surpass him in the future,” Taylor spoke with absolute certainty. “My father is the greatest genius in the Yulan continent, and the most powerful Dragonblood Warrior in history.”

“Haha...” Linley didn’t respond. He only laughed, then looked at Wharton and instructed, “Wharton, tomorrow, I plan to go to the private underground room and begin training. I won’t get involved in the founding of the Baruch Empire.” The so-called private underground room was the pocket dimensional room in the core of the magicite mines.

“Big brother, you won’t participate?” Wharton was very shocked. The founding of an empire was a major event.

“Forget it.” Linley looked at Delia. Delia’s mageforce and spiritual energy had been increasing at an unbelievable rate. After reaching the ninth rank as an

Arch Magus, her rate of improvement had only been increasing. This sort of improvement rate was simply astonishing to Linley. It seemed as though to Delia, there was no such thing as a bottleneck.

“Delia, I expect when the empire is founded, the Yulan Empire will definitely send envoys over. Your parents or other people might come over as well. You should stay at the palace and wait for them.”

“Fine.” Delia couldn’t help but think of how her parents might look now. She had left her clan only twelve years ago. The clan and Delia had reconciled long ago. Only, because the distance between the two was so vast, they rarely had a chance to meet. This time, with the Baruch Empire being founded, her parents would most likely come.

Linley continued with his instructions. “Delia, the private underground room is over ten meters wide. I’ve already divided it into two layers. After you are finished, you can come find me. At that time, I’ll help you enter the private underground room. You and I can train together. I expect that in a few years, you’ll be able to reach the level of Grand Magus Saint, even before I do,” Linley sighed as he spoke.

Delia’s eyes held a hint of excitement in them. Each time Linley went into seclusion for training, he would disappear for who-knows how long. Delia naturally wanted to be with Linley during that time. “Right. I’ll definitely come looking for you at that time,” Delia hurriedly said.

The next day, Linley flew directly to the magicite mine. After the battle, the magicite miners had began to quite orderly but quite frantically resume the excavations. In a short month, 60 or 70% of the gems in the magicite mine had been excavated, and only a small number of deposits were left. And of course, various large buildings were constructed around the ‘door’.

Linley walked into the tunnels, opened a stone door, and then arrived at the mysterious dimensional door. Linley’s body immediately became covered with a layer of deep azure battle-qi which spun about him rhythmically as he immediately stepped inside.

Crackle crackle. Terrifying knife-like blasts of energy tore at Linley, but Linley’s Pulseguard Defense was fully able to defend against them.

Stepping into the pocket dimension, Linley felt his heart become at ease. Earth, fire, water, wind. All the elemental essences seemed so close. Even the Throbbing Pulse of the Earth became so clear to him. Raising his head... he saw that translucent membrane, and saw the multicolored chaotic space outside of it.

“I’ve already reached the level of 256 layers long ago. I hope this time, I can make a true breakthrough.” Linley immediately sat down cross-legged, beginning to meditate and to attune.

Last time, Linley had an insight, but he had only learned that from the 256 layers, he now needed to consolidate them all into a single vibrational wave. Only then would the Profound Truths of the Earth be perfected. But as to how that would be accomplished, Linley was still very uncertain.

Within that pocket dimension, the flow of time couldn’t be noticed at all. Linley began to train in seclusion.



*

Yulan calendar, year 10022, December 28th. In two more days, it would be the Yulan Festival. This would be a very historically special Yulan festival, because... on this Yulan Festival, the Baruch Empire would be formally founded.

Baruch City was a hubbub of activity. Outsiders had filled Baruch City to the brim. Ten guards were escorting a simple, unadorned carriage through the streets of Baruch City. Those warriors were all of the fifth rank and higher, and their presence told all that the people inside the carriage were no ordinary people indeed.

A long time later, the carriage arrived at a hotel. The guards immediately halted the horse. “Madame, we are at the hotel,” the carriage driver said respectfully into the carriage.

“Understood.” A calm voice from within the carriage. A jade-white hand pulled open the carriage curtains, then stepped out. This noble lady wore violet clothes, covered by a black cloak. If Linley had been here, he would definitely

recognize her...

It was Alice! It had been almost twenty-three years since Apocalypse Day. Back then, Alice had been very young. After twenty-three years, she had now acquired the natural grace and elegance of a noble lady.

“Twenty-three years.” Alice looked at the city, her heart filled with emotion. She knew the name of this city; Baruch City. This city had been founded based on the name of Linley’s clan. The fifth great empire of the Yulan continent would be formally founded in two days, and the name of it would be the Baruch Empire.

“Linley Baruch,” Alice murmured Linley’s name. That year when she and Kalan had met with danger in the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, Linley had suddenly descended from the skies and saved her. Back then, he had been nothing more than a youth with potential, while she was a beautiful, carefree young girl. As for Kalan, he was the successor to a major noble clan.

Twenty-three years later, Linley had already reached heights that she couldn’t hope to approach.

Alice felt gratitude from the depths of her heart towards Linley. On the Apocalypse Day, it was Linley who had entrusted her to Director Maia, who for Linley’s sake had taken care of her and Rowling the entire time they were fleeing. Director Maia had been very kind to the two girls, eventually making them his adopted daughters.

In turn, Alice had begun helping him take care of the matters of the Proulx Gallery. Rowling wasn’t good at management, but Alice was very talented at managing the various Galleries, and so Director Maia slowly gave more and more authority to her. This time, it was Director Maia who had sent her to come to Baruch City.

The reason was... she was going to start up a new Proulx Gallery, here in Baruch City! Generally speaking, all of the enormous cities had a Proulx Gallery present. In the future, Baruch City would become the center of the Baruch Empire (formerly known as the Anarchic Lands). Naturally, they had to have a Proulx Gallery here.

“Madame?” A nearby guard reminded gently, “It is snowing outside.”

“Oh.” Only now did Alice return to the present. With a calm laugh, she said, “Let’s go.” Alice, escorted by her guards, entered the hotel. The guards behind Alice were very respectful to her. They knew that Alice’s husband had died years ago, on the Apocalypse Day.

They actually were all puzzled... why was it that Alice had never remarried?



*

Yulan calendar, year 10023. January 1st. The Baruch Empire was founded.

On this day, the envoys of each nation came, and Baruch City was full of festivities. However... at the same time, some of the experts hidden in seclusion throughout the Yulan continent were beginning to stir. They had begun to receive orders from the various Deity-level experts.



*

The O’Brien Empire. Outside the imperial capital. War God Mountain.

“Welcome back, Master.” Over twenty Saints were standing there respectfully, while the War God, O’Brien landed atop the mountain his scarlet red hair flowing like knives.

The War God O’Brien nodded slightly, then began to issue orders. “Castro.” Castro immediately took one step forward, awaiting the War God’s order. The War God said calmly, “Immediately head to the Anarchic Lands. Inform Linley that he is to come assemble with us next year on March 3rd at War God Mountain.”

“Yes, Master,” Castro said immediately.

“Lanke,” the War God spoke again. His disciple, Lanke, immediately took one step forward. The War God ordered, “Head to that little island in the North Sea where Kefande lives. Inform Kefande as well that no matter what, next year on March 3rd, he must come assemble with us at my War God Mountain.”

“Yes, Master,” Lanke immediately assented.

The War God spoke yet again. “Kenyon.” Kenyon also took a step forward. The War God continued, “You head to...”

He issued orders to twelve disciples in a row, then immediately ordered ten other disciples to stay behind. These ten disciples were the most powerful of the War God’s personally taught disciples, and they included his very first disciple, Fain.

“The ten of you, make your preparations. I don’t want you to end up like your Third Brother,” the War God said calmly.

“Yes, Master!”

The ten of them responded respectfully. They knew what their master was referring to.

“If you are afraid to die, you can choose to give up instead. There are many Saints who would be willing to accept this opportunity,” the War God said calmly, then glanced at his ten disciples. Seeing the look on their faces, the War God nodded with satisfaction, then left.



*

In an underground hall, Castro sat down. He had flown for a long time, first to Baruch City, then to here under Barker’s guidance. Castro had thought that Linley was still living at Mt. Blackraven.

“Castro, wait a moment. Let me go notify Linley,” Barker said with a smile.

“Fine.” Castro was very polite.

Barker then left the hall, and in three steps, headed towards that mysterious door. Castro quite orderly sat there, not daring to investigate with his spiritual energy. After all, Barker was a Saint as well. He would easily detect any spiritual energy probing. Barker arrived at the door. With one step, Barker entered the pocket dimension.

2

Breakthrough

The pocket dimension room was divided into two layers; a central layer, and a lower layer. The central layer was the original layer. Linley was currently on this layer. As for the lower layer, this was for Delia to train in.

Delia finished her training session and opened her eyes, staring at the chaotic space outside the membrane. The first time she had seen it, Delia had felt shocked. By now, she was used to it.

Raising her head, she looked up through the opening and saw Linley seated cross-legged in a meditative trance. Seeing Linley, Delia instantly felt her heart grow peaceful, and a calm smile appeared on her face as well. She immediately closed her eyes, then continued to muse on the profundities of magic within her sea of consciousness.

Thrum! Thrum! The unique rhythms of the earth were sometimes like thunder, while other times like the crashing of waves. It contained boundless mysteries within it. Linley could clearly sense these 256 layers of waves reverberating within his consciousness.

The profoundness of the Throbbing Pulse of the World was hidden within these 256 layered waves. And yet, the Throbbing Pulse of the World, born from nature itself, actually contained all of its secrets within a single vibrational pulse as well. Linley had painstakingly trained for nearly twenty years to go from the first layered wave to the 256th layered wave.

“256 layered waves can just barely express the profound mysteries of the earth. To reduce the number of waves, but to increase the profundities of the Throbbing Pulse of the World...” Linley was constantly considering this, one idea after another flashing past his mind.

None of them were correct! Wrong! Wrong! All wrong! Countless transformations and training methods appeared in his mind, but Linley rejected

them all. Linley's mind was currently in a state of focusing on nothing else besides considering, demonstrating, and then rejecting one training method after another. Perhaps some could let Linley improve in power, but he knew that none of them were the correct path.

"Wrong. Wrong." Linley's forehead was beaded with sweat, but he didn't notice at all. He didn't know how much time had passed, or how many possibilities he had rejected.

Suddenly... the meditating Linley's eyebrows suddenly twitched, and then he rose to his feet. With a flip of his hand, the adamantine heavy sword appeared. His eyes still closed, Linley began to brandish about the adamantine heavy sword, but he wasn't completely utilizing the Profound Truths of the Earth.

Thrum! A vibration that seemed to have shaken Linley's mind to its core. "Right. That's how it is." Linley suddenly opened his joy-filled eyes. In that moment, Linley had managed to successfully fuse the profound truths contained within the first layer and the second layer into a single layer. "Combining two layers into one layer..." Linley's eyes were filled with wild joy. "Right. One step at a time. I can't possibly combine all 256 layered waves into a single wave all at once. I'll start by combining them two at a time. I'll combine them all separately."

The first wave and the second wave became one. The third wave and the fourth wave would become one. The 255th wave and the 256th wave would become one. The end result would be that he would be able to exert the power of the 256 layered waves of the Profound Truths of the Earth into just 128 layered waves!

Analyzing and combining them separately would be far easier. In addition, Linley had already succeeded in merging the first wave with the second wave.

"Right. This has to be right." Linley was very confident in his chosen path. After all, the end result of this 'Throbbing Pulse of the World' was combining the 256 layers of waves into a single wave. Thus... any two waves should be fuseable as well. It would be very difficult, but with the successful test case of fusing the first and the second waves, Linley now had confidence in this method.

Each and every single wave contained with it a different aspect of the profound mysteries. Every single fusion attempt required Linley to spend an enormous amount of time and effort guessing, testing, and evaluating.

“Lord Linley!” As Linley was pondering his next move, he suddenly heard a familiar voice. Linley opened his eyes. It was Barker.

Delia awoke as well in the room below, and she leapt onto the central level. After all, the distance between the two was only two or so meters. Given Delia’s current level of power, she could easily leap that distance. “Barker, why are you here?” Delia grinned at the man.

Linley allowed his mind to temporarily rest for a while. He had thought for a long time and tested for a long time. By now, Linley had already successfully fused the third and the fourth waves. What Linley now needed to do was to continue, all the way until he fused the 255th and the 256th waves.

When that happened, the 256 Layered Waves of the Profound Truths of the Earth would be simplified to the 128 Layered Waves. Linley expected that his power would instantly multiply when that happened. “It is already so hard to fuse two waves into one. To continue down this path and further fuse the 128 waves into 64 waves will most likely be far more difficult.”

This sort of fusion, to describe it in a rather crude way, was like fitting something into a box. If you had four boxes, and you wanted to put the items in two of the boxes into one box, although it would be hard, it was doable.

One could put the items in those four boxes into just two of the boxes. But if you then wanted to squeeze the items in those two boxes into just one of the boxes... it would be at least ten times harder than what you had done previously! This sort of rise in difficulty was exponential!

This wasn’t something you could accomplish just by thinking about it. It required an extremely high level of comprehension regarding the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ and repeated attempts and repeated tests.

“Barker, what happened?” Linley asked.

“Lord Linley, Castro of the War God’s College is currently outside. He came at the orders of the War God to find you,” Barker immediately said.

Hearing the words 'War God', Linley couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, then immediately stand up. "Come, let's go outside and take a look." Resting his hand on Delia's shoulders, Linley immediately covered both his body and Delia's with that layer of deep azure battle-qi, circulating it according to that unique rhythm.

Crackle crackle. As they walked past the door, Linley took a few turns, and then arrived at the underground meeting hall. Castro was currently there waiting quietly with eyes closed. Hearing Linley's footsteps, Castro immediately opened his eyes and stood up.

As soon as he saw Linley, Castro immediately revealed a smile on his face. Secretly he was shocked. *Linley is far more reserved and disciplined than he was last time at the imperial capital. No wonder the Senior Apprentice said that Linley was on par with him now.*

"Castro, we haven't met in years. Please, sit." Linley smiled as he sat down.

Castro's smile grew wider. "It has been years indeed. These past few years, I haven't changed much, but you, Linley... not only has your personal power improved dramatically, you've even gotten married and had children. I saw your two children in Baruch City. That Taylor kid was especially cute."

Hearing others praise his children, Linley naturally felt quite happy. Delia laughed as well. "Mr. Castro, what is the purpose of this visit?"

Castro smiled back at them. "This time, I have come at the order of Master. I have come to deliver some news to Linley."

"What news?" Linley was puzzled.

"Next year, March 3rd, Linley, you must make haste to War God Mountain," Castro instructed.

Linley, Barker, and Delia glanced at each other, their hearts puzzled. Linley spoke. "Castro, can you tell me why the War God is asking me to head to War God Mountain next year, on March 3rd? What is this about?"

"Umm..." Castro hesitated a moment.

"Is there a secret involved?" Linley guessed.

Castro nodded. Linley's heart suddenly moved. The War God had previously told Linley that within the Yulan continent, there was something known as the Necropolis of the Gods, and this Necropolis of the Gods had many precious treasures left behind by fallen Deities, such as... divine sparks!

"Can you speak more clearly?" Linley asked, and then he explained, "Barker is also a Saint-level expert, and my wife is an Arch Magus of the ninth rank. She'll reach the Grand Magus Saint-level soon. There's no need to hide anything."

"Then... fine." Castro paused, then nodded. "This time, Master has instructed you to go to him, most likely in order to prepare to head to the Necropolis of the Gods together. The reason I say this is because before I came, Master had a special conversation with ten of my more senior fellow apprentices, most of whom have been training for more than three thousand years."

"The Necropolis of the Gods?" Delia and Barker let out surprised cries. Delia had heard Linley speak of the Necropolis of the Gods before. They were husband and wife, after all. Linley never held anything back from Delia.

"Are you saying that those ten personal disciples of the War God's College will be heading to the Necropolis of the Gods?" Linley asked.

"You'll know next year, so there's no need for me to hide anything. Our War God's College is indeed sending ten personal disciples over." Castro's face grew solemn. "But Linley, entering the Necropolis of the Gods is extremely dangerous. Just because you are strong, doesn't mean you'll necessarily survive."

"Oh?" Linley frowned, a bit puzzled.

Castro explained, "Master only chose his ten most powerful disciples. You should have guessed this. The Necropolis of the Gods is a place that will easily kill most Saints who go there. Only upon reaching a certain level of power would one have hope of surviving. Even so, you might still lose your life if your luck is bad," Castro laughed bitterly. "In the history of the War God's College, several experts died in there, such as our Third Brother. In the past, his level of power was equal to that of the Senior Apprentice, but he still died in the Necropolis of the Gods."

Linley nodded slightly. The people of the War God's College had undoubtedly

entered the Necropolis of the Gods multiple times. They were fairly experienced with its dangers.

“That means it is very dangerous?” Delia asked, feeling a bit worried. She knew that Linley would most likely enter the Necropolis of the Gods.

Castro nodded seriously. “It is. Master has said that if one rashly charges about in the Necropolis of the Gods, even someone like Master will fall, much less a Saint. Thus, in the Necropolis of the Gods, one needs strength, one needs caution, and of course... one needs a bit of luck.”

Castro suddenly laughed. “But you don’t need to worry. I only heard of these things from my other fellow apprentices. I’m not too clear myself. It probably isn’t too dangerous. After all, the Senior Apprentice has been in the Necropolis of the Gods four times now, but he’s still alive, right?”

Delia was gripping Linley’s hands, afraid. Feeling the warmth coming from Delia’s hand, Linley felt a warm sensation in his heart as well. He immediately consoled her, “Delia, it’s fine. I specialize in defense, and I’m also very fast. In addition... the path of training isn’t a path for constantly cowering and hiding.”

Linley’s heart was filled with anticipation towards the Necropolis of the Gods. Five thousand years ago, when the experts from other planes descended here, the Four Supreme Warriors had suddenly been born... what was the reason for this?

“Alright,” Delia assented obediently.

“Castro, can I go?” Barker’s voice suddenly rang out. “The first Undying Warrior, the founder of the Armand clan, also experienced those sudden, transformative upheavals five thousand years ago. I, too, wish to enter the Necropolis of the Gods.”

“This... will be very difficult.” Castro shook his head. “Each time, there are a fixed number of slots available for one to enter the Necropolis of the Gods. Master has a limited number of slots. He has chosen ten of my fellow apprentices as well as twelve other experts training in seclusion who are relying on him... twenty-two in total.”

Linley said comfortingly towards Barker, “Barker, don’t be impatient. I’ll ask

when the time comes.”

Castro laughed, then rose to his feet. “Linley, since I’ve delivered the message, I’ll go back now.” Seeing Linley was about to try and convince him to stay longer, Castro hurriedly said, “No need. Master is still waiting for me to go back and report on this mission.”

“Then I won’t force you to stay. We’ll meet again next year, at War God Mountain.” Linley stood up to send the guest away. After Castro left, Linley, Barker, and Delia all began discussing the Necropolis of the Gods.

“I absolutely must go to the Necropolis of the Gods. If I can obtain a divine spark, even if I don’t use it, I can give it to Wharton or to Delia. That would be wonderful.” Linley smiled calmly. “Even if I cannot acquire a divine spark, perhaps I’ll be able to acquire some other precious treasures. And I have this strange feeling... the Necropolis of the Gods is a place I must go to.” Linley had the feeling that something there was calling to him.

“Hrm? Bebe’s finally back.” Linley’s eyes lit up. Bebe had gone to the Forest of Darkness to understand his heritage. So what was his heritage, exactly?

Bebe's Heritage

In the air above the boundless Forest of Darkness, a black shadow was streaking through the skies at high speed, disappearing into the horizon. Bebe's little eyes were filled with grief and rage. "I will make them pay!" Bebe ground his fangs, but first, Bebe flew in the direction to where Linley was training in seclusion.

Swish! It was a bright day. Although there were soldiers on guard, a blurred shadow suddenly flashed past them, entering the underground tunnels. Those soldiers didn't even notice that a magical beast had entered the hidden area.

Within the main hall of the underground tunnels. Barker had already left. Linley and Delia weren't in a hurry to return to their training, as they quietly waited for Bebe to arrive first.

"Boss!" Sobs in his voice, Bebe threw himself into Linley's arms.

"What is it, Bebe?" Linley and Delia both felt shocked.

In Linley's arms, Bebe raised his little head, staring at Linley with his emotional eyes as he sobbed. "Boss, my father and mother are both dead already." Bebe had been wondering about them this entire time, but alas, this was the result.

"What happened? Speak clearly," Linley said hurriedly. "Don't cry." Linley could sense that Bebe seemed to still have the mental age of a youngster. He was far from being an adult of whatever race he was.

Bebe nodded. "I already met Grandpa Beirut. Grandpa Beirut told me that my father was a Stoneater Rat and my mother was a Shadowmouse. They were both very powerful, both at the ninth rank, but someone killed them. They killed both my parents."

"Who killed them?" Linley was puzzled.

“The Stellar Sword Saint, Dillon, and the earth-style Grand Magus Saint, Rudi,” Bebe ground his fangs as he spoke.

Linley was stunned. He immediately thought back to the battle between Saints that occurred at the town of Wushan when he was eight. Linley clearly remembered hearing those two Saints angrily shout at each other. The Warrior Saint was Dillon! And the Grand Magus Saint was Rudi.

“They killed your parents?” Linley pondered for a moment. Because of that battle, Linley had actually been injured in the head as he was protecting his little brother Wharton. Blood had flowed onto the Coiling Dragon ring, thus allowing Grandpa Doebring to come out of it. Only then had Linley embarked on the path of a magus. After training for nearly half a year, he had discovered Bebe within one of the abandoned courtyards of his residence.

“Half a year... right. Given Bebe’s growing speed, half a year after being born, he probably would’ve developed from an infant size to the size he was when I first saw him.” In terms of time or location, it all fit. Linley had been puzzled at the time. Why had two Saints come to do battle at the town of Wushan? Now, it seemed, the truth was it had something to do with Bebe’s parents.

“Why did they kill your parents?” Linley asked.

Bebe didn’t answer immediately. “Boss, the Forest of Darkness is the lair for all rat-type magical beasts. Although the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts has many rats within it, it can’t compare to the number in the Forest of Darkness.”

Linley nodded silently when he heard this. Rat-type magical beasts were highly adept at reproducing in large numbers. Wherever magical beasts congregated, there would be rat swarms as well.

“Although it doesn’t have that many, there’s still over ten million of them in the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts,” Bebe said. Even just a part of the total number in the Forest of Darkness reached the hundreds of millions, while the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts only had ten million. The difference was plain to see.

Bebe continued, “There aren’t any Saint-level rats in the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. The leader of those ten million rats were my parents, a Stoneater Rat and a Shadowmouse of the ninth rank.”

Linley and Delia both understood. It made sense for there to be roughly a single pair of ninth-rank rats amongst a swarm of ten million.

“The Stellar Sword Saint Dillon and that Grand Magus Saint Rudi both were looking to tame magical beasts for themselves. The Stellar Sword Saint Dillon discovered my parents, and thus wanted to tame them. After all, taming them meant taming a swarm of ten million rats.” Bebe’s eyes were burning with hate.

Linley, on the other hand, understood how Dillon had felt. A rat swarm of ten million rats could match an army of millions of soldiers in power. Although a Black Dragon of the ninth rank was technically equal in rank to a Stoneater Rat or a Shadowmouse of the ninth rank, most likely most experts would rather choose the Stoneater Rat or the Shadowmouse as tamed companions.

“Unfortunately, my mother was pregnant at the time.” Bebe ground his fangs. “Rat Kings are very proud. My father, relying on his tough defense, went to block the Stellar Sword Saint Dillon to allow my mother to flee.”

The defense of Stoneater Rats was quite terrifying. One of the ninth rank would be hard for even an average Saint to kill.

“My father was a Rat King. Naturally, the Stellar Sword Saint wanted to tame him, and so my father and he began to fight. But my father refused to submit, and kept on fighting with him... and in the end, the Stellar Sword Saint killed my father,” Bebe sobbed.

One could imagine how arrogant and proud a Rat King who commanded a rat swarm was. He had delayed as long as he could to allow Bebe’s mother time to flee.

“Shadowmice are famous for their speed. My mother was a Shadowmouse of the ninth rank, and she was very fast. Even though she was pregnant, she managed to escape from the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts while my father fought with Dillon and flee to the west, eventually arriving at the town of Wushan.

“My mother was perhaps afraid that I would be attacked, so she utilized the mageforce in her body to give birth to me prematurely.” Bebe’s eyes were welling with tears. “Grandpa Beirut said that when we ‘Godeater Rats’ are born in the normal course of things, we should have the power of a magical beast of

the sixth or seventh rank upon being born.”

Linley was puzzled. Godeater Rat? What type of race was this? Was this Bebe’s race? But seeing the mental state Bebe was in, Linley didn’t interrupt him, saving the question for later.

“After giving birth to me prematurely, my mother’s body was internally wounded. Given the situation, my mother instructed me to stay in that ruined courtyard and not to run around. As an infant, nobody knew anything about me, so I was to just eat rocks there as I quietly grow up.”

“My mother told me that she was of the Beirut clan, and that I was also a member of the Beirut clan.” Bebe was torn between rage and grief. “For the sake of not letting me come to harm, she left me there, then continued to flee to the west. But unfortunately... that’s when she ran into the Grand Magus Saint, Rudi. Rudi naturally chased after my mother as well, planning to take her as his own magical beast companion.”

Linley could imagine what that scene had been like.

“My mother was a Shadowmouse of the ninth rank, but having just given birth to me her power had dropped dramatically. She ran east as fast as she could, but right at that moment Dillon arrived as well. Dillon, being a warrior, was able to rely on certain speed techniques to seize my mother.” Bebe grew agitated and angry. “And then, that Dillon and Rudi, for the sake of fighting over who the Shadowmouse of the ninth rank belonged to, began to battle.”

Linley completely understood now. The Stellar Sword Saint Dillon had captured the Shadowmouse, but Rudi had wanted to take it from him. The two Saints battled in the eastern skies above the town of Wushan, which had been a catastrophe for its people. Even Wharton had nearly been crushed to death, but fortunately, Linley had protected him. In turn, Linley had been lucky enough to have the Coiling Dragon ring be blood-bound to him as a result.

“Right.” Linley still recalled how, in his youth, he had heard the Stellar Sword Saint, Dillon, shout angrily: “Rudi, if I can’t have it, then you won’t either!” Dillon’s hands had then suddenly glowed with light, followed by the sound of a terrifying explosion which had rocked the world.

“Right. Shadowmice are physically small. In battle, they can enlarge

themselves slightly, but normally, they are like Bebe, roughly twenty centimeters or so, the size of a palm.” Linley knew the complete truth now.

At the time, Bebe’s mother had been in Dillon’s palm. Back then, Dillon had been over a kilometer away from Linley. Linley couldn’t even make out Dillon’s figure, much less what Dillon was holding in his hands.

Shadowmice were famed for their speed and their attack, but their defense wasn’t all that powerful, far weaker than Stoneater Rats. When the Saint-level Dillon had unleashed his battle-qi, a Shadowmouse of the ninth rank who had been weakened dramatically by childbirth had of course been easily killed.

“So the truth comes out!” Linley understood everything now. He knew why those two Saints had come to the eastern skies of the town of Wushan to do battle. At the time, when Dillon had angrily shouted, “Rudi, if I can’t have it, you can’t either!” he was referring to Bebe’s mother.

Half a year after that battle... Linley had encountered Bebe. And then, the legendary adventures of Linley and Bebe had begun.

“No wonder. No wonder.” Linley now also understood why Bebe said his enemies were Rudi and Dillon. If it wasn’t for Dillon, Bebe’s father wouldn’t have died. And if it hadn’t been for Rudi... perhaps Bebe’s mother wouldn’t have been forced to her death as well.

Linley looked at Bebe, whose eyes were filled with tears. He furiously said, “Those two bastards, I’ll definitely kill them!”

“Hrm?” Linley was suddenly filled with all sorts of questions. Bebe’s father was a Stoneater Rat of the ninth rank, while his mother was a Shadowmouse of the ninth rank. Why was Bebe so powerful? Bebe didn’t seem like a Stoneater Rat or a Shadowmouse. He had easily reached an extremely high level of power, and he was continuing to grow stronger.

In addition... only Dillon and Rudi should have known what happened back then, as well as Bebe’s dead parents. How was it that upon returning from the Forest of Darkness, Bebe knew all this? How did that Deity in the Forest of Darkness know all of these things? Could it be that the spiritual power of the Deity was so great that it could even stretch over ten thousand kilometers, from the Forest of Darkness to the town of Wushan?

Even if it was a Deity really able to maintain such a dispersal of spiritual power for so long? And if he had discovered this at that time, why hadn't he saved Bebe's parents? "Bebe, how did you learn this?" Linley immediately asked. Delia was looking at Bebe in puzzlement as well.

"Grandpa Beirut told me," Bebe replied.

Linley asked questioningly, "This Lord Beirut... even though he is a Deity, he shouldn't have the ability to look into the past. How did he know about this? And it seems he knows all the details."

Bebe explained, "Boss, it's like this. After Grandpa Beirut discovered me, he sent the Violet-Gold Rat Kings to the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. First, they questioned the members of the rat swarm, and then Grandpa Beirut personally scanned the memories of Dillon and Rudi."

"What?!" Linley and Delia both let out cries of shock. Memory scan?! A Grand Magus Saint like Zassler was able to read memories, true, but after doing so the affected person's soul would be destroyed and he would die. However... the Stellar Sword Saint, Dillon, was perfectly well and alive. He had even been beaten by Olivier years later. In addition, if Dillon and Rudi had died, that would have been a major event. Linley definitely would've heard about this.

"Grandpa Beirut is very powerful," Bebe explained. "He said that no one below the Deity level would be able to hide any of their memories from him. Even Saints would have their memories read without them knowing about it at all."

Linley didn't dare believe it. This... this was too terrifying! Even Saints wouldn't be able to notice? Linley absolutely refused to believe a mere Demigod was capable of such a power.

"Grandpa Beirut is the number one expert of the entire Yulan continent plane," Bebe explained. "The absolute, unquestioned number one expert. Even the War God and the High Priest have to listen to Grandpa. Even the Planar Overseer, Hodan, doesn't dare to offend Grandpa Beirut. Grandpa Beirut is the true King of the plane of the Yulan continent."

Linley and Delia exchanged a glance. Linley suddenly remembered the words that the three Violet-Gold Rat Kings had said to Bebe when they had invited him

to come with them. They had also said the same thing. Lord Beirut was the King of the Yulan continent!

“Grandpa Beirut was the very first Godeater Rat in all the planes of the universe! Even the very name ‘Godeater Rat’ was chosen by Grandpa Beirut himself,” Bebe said proudly. “And in the countless planes of the universe, I am the second Godeater Rat!”

Deity-level Magical Beast

“Godeater Rat?” Linley and Delia glanced at each other. The number one expert of the Yulan continent, Beirut, was actually a ‘Godeater Rat’. Just from the name, Linley knew that this had to be an extremely terrifying type of creature. ‘Godeater’. How would a common magical beast dare to name himself something like this? Linley gazed curiously at Bebe.

Delia asked questioningly as well. “Bebe, your father and mother were magical beasts of the ninth rank, right? This... what is going on?”

“Boss, this is somewhat like your Dragonblood Warrior clan, but of course there are differences,” Bebe explained in detail. “After Grandpa Beirut was born, because he was the only Godeater Rat in existence, him and Grandma Carolina had three children. Harry, Hart, and Harvey, the three Violet-Gold Rat Kings.”

Linley memorized the name, ‘Carolina’.

“Because Grandma Carolina herself wasn’t a Godeater Rat, the children she had with Grandpa Beirut naturally weren’t pure Godeater Rats either. Thus, their level became lower. Normally, Violet-Gold Rat Kings, upon reaching the age of maturity, would be Saint-level magical beasts,” Bebe explained.

“Their level became lower?” Linley asked. “Bebe, so you mean to say...?” Delia’s eyes widened. She was very smart as well. She also knew what Bebe was implying.

His eyes filled with arrogance, he said, “Right, Godeater Rats are Deity-level magical Beasts! Even without engaging in any training at all, just through natural growth... upon reaching full adulthood, Godeater Rats will reach the Deity level!”

“Deity-level magical beast?” Linley was stunned. This was too insane, even more insane than the Four Supreme Warriors! The Four Supreme Warriors

could reach the peak of the Saint level so long as they trained, true, and Saint-level magical beasts, upon reaching adulthood, would reach the Saint level as well... but Deity-level magical beasts would become Deities upon reaching adulthood!?!

“This is too unfair to other races. How can other races possibly contend?” Linley sighed repeatedly in his heart. They really lived up to the name of ‘Godeater Rats’. They reached the Deity level at adulthood? They really were blessed by the heavens.

Bebe shook his head. “Grandpa Beirut said that there is no way Deity-level magical beasts can form an entire race. Generally speaking, each Deity-level magical beast is the only one of its kind! Because Grandpa Beirut was the only one of his kind, he couldn’t possibly find another female Godeater Rat to be his wife.”

“His children’s bloodline was impure. They could only become Saint-level Violet-Gold Rat Kings.”

“And all three of the Violet-Gold Rat Kings were male, so their children’s bloodline was even less pure, only able to reach the level of magical beast of the ninth rank. In the Forest of Darkness, however, there are quite a few female rats of the ninth rank. As they mated, many of their children would naturally be able to reach the ninth rank as well. My mother was also a member of the Beirut clan, only she came ten generations after Harry, Hart, and Harvey.” Bebe didn’t seem to speak of Harry and the other two as his ancestors.

Linley nodded. Indeed, in reality, Harry and the others were many generations above Bebe... but Bebe himself was a Godeater Rat. Aside from Beirut, he was the only Godeater Rat in existence.

“As for me being a Godeater Rat,” Bebe said innocently, “According to what Grandpa Beirut said, my mother carried a bit of the Beirut lineage to begin with, and then mated with a Stoneater Rat of the ninth rank. Perhaps there was some sort of mutation or ‘genetic throwback’.”

“After all, many rats of the ninth rank had mated with each other, but it seems as though aside from myself, none of them have become Godeater Rats,” Bebe said innocently. “Not just in the Yulan continent, mind you. In all of

the countless planes that Grandpa Beirut has gone to.”

“Countless planes?” Linley and Delia exchanged glances. Lord Beirut was simply too terrifying. Based on his conversation with Hodan, Linley knew that it was extremely hard for one to return upon departing to the Higher Planes. But from what Bebe was telling him, it sounded as though Beirut had not only left the Yulan continent, he had also gone to many other planes.

“No wonder he is reputed to be the King of the Yulan continent, and why even the War God and the High Priest must obey his orders,” Linley secretly thought to himself. “What level of expert is he? A full God? Or perhaps even... a Highgod?”

Advancing from the Demigod-level to the God-level was something that the High Priest had been unable to accomplish despite training for ten thousand years. One could imagine how hard it was. As for advancing from being a full God to a Highgod, the difficult was even greater.

“The chances of being born as a Deity-level magical beast is far lower than even that of becoming a Supreme Warrior.” Linley sighed. “Although Supreme Warriors occur rarely in our lineage, they’ll still occasionally be born. But Godeater Rats... in all the planes your Grandpa Beirut has visited, he has seen no Godeater Rats aside from you and Lord Beirut himself.”

Linley and Delia both sighed. Deity-level magical beasts were far rarer than Saint-level magical beasts, but it made sense. If Deity-level magical beasts reproduced so easily, then no other races would be able to survive.

“Each Deity-level magical beast is generally the only one of its kind, such as that King of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, Dylin. He’s also a Deity-level magical beast,” Bebe said.

“Dylin?” Linley and Delia couldn’t help but grow curious. To this very day, Linley didn’t know that it was he himself who had released Dylin.

Bebe nodded. “Dylin is also a Deity-level magical beast. He is known as the ‘Suanni Lion’, and is also known as the ‘Heaven Devouring Beast’”. One was named ‘Godeater Rat’, the other a ‘Heaven Devouring Beast’. These names were all too terrifying.

“Grandpa Beirut said that Dylin is very powerful, and can easily swallow an entire mountain or an entire city with a single gulp.” Bebe sighed. “But just like us Godeater Rats, he isn’t able to find another ‘Heaven Devouring Beast’. He has children of his own. He originally had five of them, and all of them, like Violet-Gold Rat Kings, are peak Saint-level magical beasts.”

Linley and Delia both understood. The children of Deity-level magical beasts were impure in blood, and so their strength was lower. But despite their strength being lower, they were still the cream of the crop amongst Saint-level magical beasts.

“Those five children are known as the ‘Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions’. Their bodies are very similar to lions, except they are as enormous as titanic dragons, and they have six eyes and a pair of massive wings.” Bebe sighed. “Although those Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions aren’t as terrifying as the Deity-level ‘Heaven Devouring Beast’, they still can store an enormous amount of things in their stomachs. Despite being the size of a dragon, they can easily swallow over a hundred giant dragons.”

Linley and Delia were secretly shocked. Although the descendants of Deity-level magical beasts couldn’t compare to their ancestors, they still couldn’t be underestimated. When Linley had drawn forth Bloodviolet and released Dylin and his three children, he had no idea that those three children were Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions.

Afterwards, those three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had swallowed over a hundred giant dragons of Foggy Gulch into their stomachs in the blink of an eye. Clearly, this was something they inherited from their father.

“Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions are Saint-level magical beasts, but their children are only magical beasts of the ninth rank. Boss, you should know about them. Guardian Ni-Lions, of the ninth rank.”

Linley immediately nodded. Guardian Ni-Lions, ninth-ranked magical beasts with extremely powerful attacks and which looked very similar to normal lions, only their body was the size of a dragon.

“Guardian Ni-Lions are extremely rare. They might mate with tiger-type magical beasts or lion-type magical beasts, and their own descendants would

thus be the likes of Goldmane Mastiffs or Blue-eyed Tiger Mastiffs, two magical beast races of the eighth rank.” Bebe was clearly very familiar with the mutations and changes of these various magical beast races.

Linley now understood. At the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, the first time Linley had activated the baleful aura of Bloodviolet, he had slaughtered an entire clan of Goldmane Mastiffs.

“I didn’t expect that the magical beast races have such interesting history.” Delia was quite intrigued as she listened. “If you follow their ancestry, it would seem as though Goldmane Mastiffs and Blue-eyed Tiger Mastiffs can trace their heritage back to this Deity-level magical beast, the ‘Suanni Lion’ you spoke of.”

“Are you saying that Dylin had come to the Yulan continent long ago in the past?” Linley suddenly realized what the implications were.

In the past, the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts had no Deity-level experts. In other words, at least within the past thousand years, Dylin had not been present. But if Dylin had never been in the Yulan continent, how could it be said that Guardian Ni-Lions, Goldmane Mastiffs, and Blue-eyed Tiger Mastiffs were his descendants?

“Right. According to what Grandpa Beirut said, Dylin first arrived at the Yulan continent ten thousand years ago,” Bebe explained. “These Goldmane Mastiffs, Blue-eyed Tiger Mastiffs, and Guardian Ni-Lions can all be considered his descendants.” Bebe laughed as well. Actually, it was the same for him. Didn’t the large number of descendants of the Godeater Rat eventually devolve into Stoneater Rats and Shadowmice?

“But according to what Grandpa Beirut said, in the past, Dylin had five children. It seemed as though two of them died in the Gebados Prison. Only three are left now,” Bebe said.

Linley nodded slightly. He didn’t know much about the history of the Yulan continent, especially from five thousand years ago, and all this was even more ancient history. There were very few books containing records regarding what happened ten thousand years ago. What had happened back then? Nobody really knew. After all, most books started from the founding of the Yulan calendar and Empire. Most started from Yulan calendar, year one.

“Bebe, doesn’t this mean that in the future, you will easily reach the Deity level?” Linley laughed as he looked at Bebe, and Bebe’s eyes shone with a rare flash of pride, but then his eyes quickly dimmed.

“No matter how powerful I am, my parents are still dead.” Bebe looked at Linley, then said seriously, “Boss, keep training. I’m going to make a trip.” As he spoke, he immediately flew out.

“Bebe, where are you going?” Linley immediately asked.

“I’m going to kill those two bastards.” Bebe’s voice echoed within the hall, but Bebe himself had disappeared.

Linley let out a sigh. He wouldn’t say anything about Bebe going to kill Rudi and Dylin. After all, he too would seek revenge on someone who had killed his parents.

“Now all is made clear.” Linley couldn’t help but sigh again. In the past, the War God had treated him so kindly, and even helping him out in the matter of his little brother’s marriage. When the Baruch Kingdom was founded, even Rosarie of the Frost Goddess Shrine had come, while the High Priest had sent his disciples over.

Linley didn’t have a relationship with any of those hidden powers, but they all sent representatives. “So they weren’t giving me face. They were giving Bebe face. They were giving face to the King of the Yulan continent.” Linley knew very well that no matter how strong he was, and how powerful his ancestors had been, and even if his Dragonblood Warrior ancestors had become Deities in the Infernal Realm... so what? What impact would any of those things have on the War God and the High Priest, here in the Yulan continent?

As the saying goes, the heavens are vast and the Emperor is far away. What happened nearby was what mattered. In the plane of the Yulan continent, even the War God, High Priest, Dylin, and the others all had to listen to Beirut. Bebe had said that even the Planar Overseer from the Infernal Realm, ‘Hodan’, had to be obedient and orderly in front of Lord Beirut. One could imagine how much authority Lord Beirut had!

“What’s his is his. As for myself, I need to work hard.” Linley didn’t want to rely on anyone else “Come, Delia. Let’s return to the training room,” Holding

Delia by the hand, Linley smiled as he spoke. Delia smiled as well, and the two left the hall, quickly returning to that planar door. They returned to the life of training which belonged to them.

But even as he began training again, Linley still had questions in his mind. Hodan was the Planar Overseer who had come from the Infernal Realm, and he definitely had to have a powerful source of support and backing from the Higher Plane of the Infernal Realm. Why was it that even Hodan had to be obedient in front of Lord Beirut? What level of expert was this Lord Beirut, exactly?

A full God? Or perhaps a Highgod? Linley didn't even dare to consider the possibility that he was a Sovereign. For example, there were only seven Sovereigns of Darkness. In all the countless planes of the universe, there were only seven of them! Only when one died would another be born. In trillions of years, there might not be a single new Sovereign throughout the universe. And what's more, in the Higher Planes, there was another bit of common knowledge...

Sovereigns were not able to enter common, material planes. Their power alone would cause any material planes to rip apart and collapse!

Bebe's Revenge

The town of Moller, despite being just a town, had status that was almost on par with most prefectural cities. This was because the thousands of residents of the town of Moller all belonged to one clan. This clan, centuries ago, had been a very ordinary one, but after producing the earth-style Grand Magus Saint, Rudi, the entire clan's status had skyrocketed.

However... right now, the central building in the town had collapsed. The corpse of an enormous Black Dragon of the ninth rank lay there, coiled in the middle of the debris. A hole had been drilled through the head of this Black Dragon. All the residents of this town were staring with terror at the scene playing out in mid-air.

The incomparably exalted Grand Magus Saint, Rudi, was being absolutely trampled by a black rat. He didn't have any chance to fight back at all. Rudi's clothes were tattered, and his Sacred Earthguard Armor had been ripped apart early on by eighteen successive lightning-fast claw attacks from Bebe. Bebe's raw attack power was actually a bit higher than even that of Linley's, and in twelve years, he had gained some insights into the Laws as well.

Those eighteen successive claws was the technique that Bebe was most skilled at. Even something as powerful as a Saint-level Earthguard Armor had been broken through.

"If you want to kill me, then kill me. Why are you doing this? Did Linley order you to come?" Rudi roared with fury and grief. He had heard that Linley possessed a Saint-level rat-type magical beast with black fur. He didn't expect that he and Linley actually had enmity between them!

But the only reply he got was another claw. "Ah!" Rudi's entire body spasmed in agony as yet another large chunk of flesh and blood was ripped from his body. Even his face had Bebe's claw marks on it. Bebe's attacks were very precise. He wasn't trying to kill Rudi at all.

“You ask me why?” Bebe’s beady little black eyes were blazing with unquenchable flames of rage. “Do you still remember, thirty years ago, how you and Dillon fought over that ninth-rank Shadowmouse?”

Rudi immediately thought back to that past event. This entire time, he had been quite unhappy about it. Dillon had actually killed that Shadowmouse of the ninth rank. Rudi suddenly realized what was happening. This Saint-level magical beast had surely come to avenge that Shadowmouse.

“The one who killed the Shadowmouse wasn’t me, it was Dillon,” Rudi hurriedly said. He suddenly felt that he had a chance at survival. In front of Bebe, Rudi didn’t have any ability to fight back at all. As soon as Bebe saw Rudi begin to chant a magic spell or the nearby elemental essence began to move, Bebe would immediately give him a slap with the paw on the mouth. And given Bebe’s power, even if he was able to successfully launch a Saint-level spell, it might still be unable to harm Bebe.

“Indeed, you didn’t personally kill them, but if it wasn’t for you, my mother probably would’ve been able to flee early on!”

“Ah!” Rudi let out a miserable cry. His right arm had suddenly been sliced off by those sharp claws, and the severed arm fell down from the skies.

“If it wasn’t for you, would Dillon have killed my mother?” Yet another claw and yet another miserable cry. Rudi’s left arm fell down from the skies as well. The mighty, dignified Grand Magus Saint, Rudi, had been devastated to such a degree. Rudi was utterly bereft. In front of Bebe, he had no ability to resist at all.

“High Priest, why haven’t you come?!” Rudi was growing more and more worried. In the minds of the Saints of the Yulan Empire, the High Priest was their leader. Much like how the Saints of Radiant Church simply didn’t dare to cause trouble within the boundaries of the O’Brien Empire, the other Saints also didn’t dare to cause trouble in the Yulan Empire, especially in a town so near the imperial capital.

“As for you... prepare to die,” Bebe said calmly.

“The High Priest will definitely avenge me!!!” Rudi shouted fiercely, and then a final claw welcomed him. This claw ripped him apart from the skull, creating a

massive hole in it. Rudi's eyes immediately grew dim, and his armless corpse fell down from the skies. "Bang!" It smashed into the rubble, kicking up a cloud of dust.

In mid-air, Bebe stared down below. The civilians down below didn't dare to make a sound. The current Bebe had none of his usual adorableness or playfulness. All he had was the ferocious cruelty inherent to all magical beasts.

Swish! A black blur slashed across the skies, and Bebe disappeared into the air.

The corpse of Rudi, lying in the rubble, had its eyes bulging in disbelief. Even as he died, he had hoped the High Priest would avenge him... but alas, the High Priest wouldn't appear for his sake. Unless, of course, the High Priest was tired of living.



*

Something quite similar happened elsewhere. The Saint-level expert, Dillon, was like an infant in front of Bebe, easily trampled. Dillon hadn't been able to take more than three attacks from the early-stage Saint Olivier. In front of the current Bebe, he couldn't even block a single attack.

There were four midair Bebes surrounding him in the form of four black blurs. They were playing a game of kickball, literally kicking the body of the Saint-level expert, Dillon, all over the place.

Bang! Dillon felt his waist receive another vicious kick, and then with a 'crunch', his bones shattered. Dillon's body was then kicked towards another direction. Dillon immediately activated the battle-qi in his body, wanting to fly and flee.

But yet another black blur appeared in front of him. Then another. And another! "Ah!" A piece of bloody flesh was ripped out of him, and Dillon couldn't help but spasm in pain. He ground his teeth, then flew towards another direction.

However, yet another black blur was there to welcome him! No matter how

wildly Dillon tried to flee, given Bebe's terrifying speed and his Shadowshape Doppelganger Technique, Dillon wasn't able to escape. This was the Shadowshape Doppelganger Technique! Four doppelgangers were trampling him in four different directions.

"Why?! I've never offended Linley!" Dillon howled with grief and anger. Seeing the black-furred Saint-level rat, Dillon knew that the magical beast in front of him was Linley's magical beast. In the past, Bebe had defeated even Haydson. After twelve years of growth, how could the current Bebe be someone Dillon could deal with?

"My Boss?" Bebe's eyes flashed with the fires of rage. "Who told you to go to the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts to kill my parents?!"

"Kill your parents?" Dillon was confused. "Have I ever killed a powerful rat-type magical beast?" But then with another claw, Dillon was kicked flying yet again. He felt his head grow dizzy. Given Bebe's speed, he was able to kick Dillon dozens of times in a single second. By now, Dillon had been kicked over a *thousand* times. Fortunately, he was at the Saint-rank, and thus could preserve his life.

"Who told you to kill my mother in front of Rudi!" With a 'bang' sound, yet another claw struck him.

"In front of Rudi? Ah! Thirty years ago... the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts..." Dillon understood everything now. He remembered what happened that year at the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. So this mysterious rat was the child of those two rats of the ninth rank."

Swish! Yet another claw to his face. Right now, Dillon's clothes were splattered with blood and sticking to his body. He didn't have a single place of undamaged flesh. After having been kicked around thousands of times, and with a piece of flesh being taken away with each kick, Dillon currently half of his bones broken and visible to plain sight, with his bloody, bright-red flesh visible for all to see. It was a terrifying sight. Even one of his eyes had been torn out!

"Kill me!" "Kill me!" "Kill me!" Dillon was no longer even recognizably human. He could only mumble words out, without being able to resist at all. But Bebe's eyes didn't have an ounce of pity in them. Suddenly, the four Bebes became

one, appearing in the air directly above Dillon.

Whap! A final, vicious claw delivered to Dillon's skull. Dillon's skull immediately shattered apart, and Dillon's no longer recognizable corpse plummeted to the ground, his shattered bones flying everywhere upon impact.

After that final claw, Bebe just stood there in mid-air, stunned. He had always been carefree and had followed and played around with Linley since he was young. He liked to eat and drink... but in his heart, he had always wondered about his parentage. *Where am I from? Who is my father? Who is my mother?*

The higher class a magical beast was, the more intelligent it was. Bebe was a Godeater Rat. His emotional intelligence was even greater than that of humans. It had been thirty-three years of wondering... and in the end, he learned his parents had both died!

"Father. Mother. Bebe misses you both. Bebe doesn't know what it means to have a father, or what it feels like to have a mother." Bebe's eyes became covered with a misty layer. "Today, Bebe has avenged you both." Two teardrops fell down from Bebe's face.

"Bebe's name was chosen by the Boss. Although Bebe doesn't have you, Bebe still has the Boss. The Boss's embrace is very comfortable. Maybe... your embrace would have been like being by the Boss's side." Bebe was quiet for a long time, there in mid-air.

The thirty-plus years he had spent by Linley's side had resulted in Bebe, without question, considering Linley as his one and only family member. As for Beirut... although Bebe addressed him as Grandpa Beirut, they had only met not too long ago.

Whoosh. A wind arose. Bebe's body disappeared into the eastern horizon.



*

Deep in the magicite mines. In front of the dimensional door. *Swiiiiish.* Bebe easily passed through that door. The attacks of the dimensional door chopped on Bebe's body like sabres, but they didn't even break a single strand of Bebe's

fur.

Linley, who had been seated in quiet meditation, opened his eyes. Before he even said a word, Bebe immediately threw himself into Linley's embrace. "Boss." Bebe's eyes were already red.

Linley hugged Bebe. "Bebe, it's fine. Don't be too heartbroken."

"Okay." Bebe nodded. Both of them had lost their parents. They had grown up together, and the two were as close as true brothers to each other. Linley was like the big brother, while Bebe was the little brother.



*

Yulan calendar, year 10024, March 2nd. Outside the imperial capital of the O'Brien Empire. War God Mountain.

Yet another ray of light streaked across the skies and entered War God Mountain. A normally quiet courtyard within War God Mountain already had an entire group of people assembled. This courtyard was the place where the War God usually stayed when he wasn't behind closed doors engaging in training.

In the empty space within the quiet courtyard, there were around ten people, all of whom were chatting idly amongst each other. All of these people were exceedingly powerful. Not one of them was weaker than Haydson had been.

"Bowditch has come as well," someone said, as a skinny man with long silver hair flew down from the skies. Bowditch was yet another person who, in the past, had shaken the Yulan continent with his fame. But that was three thousand years ago. These days, Bowditch lived a quiet life of training in the Arctic Icecaps.

"Bowditch, you came as well!" one of the ten people in the empty space, a grim-looking man with white-flecked hair, said.

"Olivier. If you can come, why can't I?" Bowditch's voice was very cold as well. His gaze was focused on Olivier. Currently, Olivier only had a single sword on his back, a translucent sword that emanated extreme cold.

During his bitter training in the Arctic Icecaps, Olivier had fought several times against Bowditch as well. The first time they had fought, Olivier had lost. But eight years later, when they fought again, the two were on par.

One expert after another began to arrive. “Kefande, you arrived very late, this time.” Seeing the experts continue to arrive, many people immediately laughed and greeted them.

These experts, having trained in seclusion for thousands of years, almost all knew each other. They all belonged to the War God’s side. By nightfall, twenty of them had arrived. According to their plans, there should be a total of twenty two. Ten from the War God’s College. Twelve other experts.

“Our Senior Apprentice has arrived,” someone suddenly said. A thin man with short jade hair whose back was ramrod-straight and who had a sharp aura walked out. His blue robes fluttered in the wind. He was the Senior Apprentice of the War God’s College... Fain!

Five Prime Saints. Fain was one of them! As Fain arrived, a group of people immediately went to welcome him. All of them greeted him very familiarly. The only one Fain hadn’t met before was Olivier.

“Hrm? Where’s Linley?” Fain spoke. “He isn’t here yet?” Twenty-one of them had arrived. The only one missing was Linley!

6

Everyone Assembled

By the time the other experts had already assembled at War God Mountain, Linley hadn't actually had the chance to head out yet!

Linley had been secluded in meditation for over a year now. The magicite mine had been emptied long ago, and right now, there was a massive, multi-kilometer underground castle built here. The master of the castle was Linley. Every day, many people who worshipped Linley would come to the outside of this castle and stare at it in awe.

Beneath the Castle, within the pocket dimension room.

Outside the pocket dimension room was the terrifying anarchic space. Cracks in reality could be seen everywhere, while Linley still sat there in the meditative position, quietly training.

"Thrum!" "Thrum!"

Each beat of the Throbbing Pulse of the Earth thrummed in Linley's heart, and also echoed like thunder in his mind. Linley's understanding of the profound truths of the Throbbing Pulse of the Earth had deepened, step by step, from within the boundless sea that was the Laws.

The 256 waves of the Throbbing Pulse of the World was currently in the process of transforming into the 128 waves.

"Success." After an unknown period of time, Linley opened his eyes, revealing a hint of joy. "After pondering for so long, I've finally managed to fuse the 256 waves into 128 waves. The power has multiplied several times over."

Although the number of waves had decreased, the power had increased dramatically.

The power of the current 128 waves, compared to the original 128 layered waves, was untold times more powerful. After all, the current 128 waves

embodied all of the profundities of the Throbbing Pulse of the World. But if one was able to fuse them all into a single wave that contained all of the profundities of the Throbbing Pulse of the World, then the power of that attack...

That would be the Deity level.

“Continue.” Without hesitating at all, Linley once more sank himself into his reverie, constantly mentally testing his ideas again and again. This time, however, the difficulty level was clearly much higher. He had to spend over ten times the effort to fuse two waves into one.

Within the main hall of this underground castle, there was a large group of people. Wharton, his wife, Barker and his brothers, Taylor, Sasha, and a group of children. These children also included the children of the Barker brothers. Everyone here was waiting for Linley.

“Why hasn’t Father come out yet?” Taylor said, somewhat frantic. Taylor was 1.7 meters tall now. He had grown very rapidly during this year.

Wharton laughed calmly. “Taylor, don’t be in a rush. Your Uncle Bebe has already gone to go call him. He should arrive soon.” Today was March 2nd. The War God had ordered him to arrive at War God Mountain before March 3rd. Linley had to head there tonight at the very latest.

“Barker, you are going to go as well?” Zassler, seated nearby, suddenly spoke out.

Barker nodded slightly.

Zassler’s eyes flashed with a green light. “Honestly speaking, I want to investigate this legendary Necropolis of the Gods. Unfortunately... I’ve only just recently reached the Saint level. My self-protective ability is far too limited.” Zassler was somewhat unwilling to accept this. All of these experts desired to reach the peak of training, after all.

Nobody feared a bit of danger. If they didn’t all have iron will, how could they have possibly trained to the Saint level?

“He’s coming.” Zassler was the first to notice Linley’s arrival.

Everyone looked towards the side door of the hall, because they knew that Linley would be coming from the hidden training room, which was linked by the side door. Indeed... soon afterwards, Linley, with Bebe on his shoulders, walked out while holding Delia's hand, entering the main hall.

Linley was shocked upon seeing the living room. Why were there so many people here?

"Boss, have a good meeting with the others. It'll be ten years before you see them again," Bebe's voice rang out.

"Ten years?" Linley felt incomparably shocked. He wondered to himself, "Isn't it just a trip into the Necropolis of the Gods? Entering a necropolis, then coming out... a month would be too long. Why would it need ten years?" Linley looked at Bebe, puzzled. Everyone in the main hall looked at Bebe in confusion as well.

Bebe said with absolute certainty, "The Necropolis of the Gods opens once every thousand years. Each time, one must remain inside for ten years, and only after ten years can one leave... but of course, if you die inside it, there's nothing for it."

"Bebe must have received this information from that one in the Forest of Darkness. It can't be false." Linley understood this, but he still couldn't help but frown.

Suddenly, Linley felt pressure against his hand. Linley turned his head and looked at the nearby Delia, and saw the look of longing in her eyes.

"Sorry," Linley said softly.

This trip to the Necropolis of the Gods symbolized that he would be apart from Delia for ten years.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me," Delia consoled Linley. "We'll have a long time together in the future. But Linley, you have to be careful." Delia didn't try to stop Linley from going to the Necropolis of the Gods, because Delia knew...

In Linley's heart, he had the goal of reaching the peak of training.

A place like the Necropolis of the Gods was a place where countless experts desired to enter but didn't have the chance to. How could Linley give up such a

precious opportunity?

“Thank you.” Linley’s heart swelled with gratitude.

“Spend some time with the kids,” Delia said gently. Linley turned his head and looked at his two children; Taylor and Sasha. “You are so big now. By the time I come out of the Necropolis of the Gods, you’ll be in your twenties.”

Knowing that he would be leaving for a long time, Linley spent a good amount of time with his son and daughter.

When dusk arrived.

“Taylor, Sasha. Go back.” Linley patted his two kids on their heads.

“Okay.” Taylor and Sasha both nodded obediently.

The nearby Barker looked at Linley. “Lord Linley, please help me on that matter.” Hearing this, Linley nodded. Barker wanted to go to the Necropolis of the Gods as well, but the number of names was limited. Linley had to go ask before knowing what the answer was.

“Delia.” Linley exchanged gazes with Delia.

“Be careful,” Delia said softly.

Linley nodded slightly. The two kissed gently, and then Linley and Bebe flew away, leaving the castle and heading towards War God Mountain in the west.

The wild wind howled as Linley and Bebe transformed into two rays of brilliant light, flying past the horizon.

“Bebe, why must one stay ten years in the Necropolis of the Gods?” While flying, Linley asked Bebe the question.

Bebe shook his head. “I don’t know either. This is based on what Grandpa Beirut told me. Oh, right... Barker wants to go to the Necropolis of the Gods? If you aren’t able to get it for him, I can go ask Grandpa Beirut. Grandpa Beirut would definitely agree.”

“No rush. Let’s ask the War God first,” Linley said.

Linley suddenly had a suspicion. Bebe was going to the Necropolis of the Gods along with him, and Lord Beirut had agreed to it? Linley couldn’t help but ask,

“Bebe, isn’t your Grandpa Beirut worried about your safety? Why is he letting you go to the Necropolis of the Gods?”

Bebe pursed his lips. “Grandpa Beirut said that in the past, he himself had experienced countless dangers before reaching his current accomplishments. He wants me to be trained and tempered. As for the Necropolis of the Gods, as long as my luck isn’t absolutely horrendous, staying alive should be fine.”

Linley nodded.

After all, weren’t Desri and Fain doing perfectly fine?

“Here we are.” Linley could already see the distant War God Mountain. The two immediately flew down.

“So many experts.” Linley immediately noticed those twenty-one experts. If he didn’t transform, many of those below were on par with Linley, and even the weakest of them wasn’t much weaker than him. “But in my Dragonformed state, only Fain can do battle with me.”

In terms of understanding, he was still inferior to Fain.

But Dragonblood Warriors simply had too much of an innate advantage. There was nothing that could be done about it. Or for example, Bebe... as a Godeater Rat, his innate advantages were even greater than that of the Dragonblood Warriors.

“So noisy.” Linley noticed those twenty-one warriors were currently in the midst of sparring matches. Suddenly, a loud, clear laugh could be heard. “Haha, Linley, you finally arrived. You are the last one to arrive.”

Linley immediately landed.

At this time, it was night. The empty area had quite a few chairs and tables. The experts were chatting, drinking, and even sparring, for those who had the interest. It was quite rare for these ultimate experts to have a chance to meet like this.

“Sorry, I came late.” Linley was a bit embarrassed, and he hurriedly greeted everyone.

Fain laughed as he walked over. “It’s fine. Master hasn’t come to receive us

either. He won't be here to meet us until tomorrow morning. Tonight, we'll just assemble here and have a good time."

"So he is Linley?"

Many of the experts who were drinking cast their gazes towards Linley.

These people had all been training in seclusion for thousands of years. Generally speaking, they didn't care about newcomers, but... Linley had simply become too outstandingly famous. Especially with Linley being a Dragonblood Warrior, one of the Supreme Warriors. None of the people present dared to look down on him.

"Everyone." Fain smiled as he stood up, and everyone turned to look at Fain.

Even the experts sparring in the air landed. Fain laughed calmly. "Most people here haven't met Linley yet. Weren't we discussing him just this afternoon? Right, Clay, weren't you shouting nonstop about how you wanted to check out the power of the Dragonblood Warriors for yourself?"

"Check out the power of the Dragonblood Warriors?" Linley couldn't help but reveal a hint of a smile on his lips.

"Pity that it's a Dragonblood Warrior, not an Undying Warrior." A loud, clear voice rang out, and a bulky, powerful-looking man with short gold hair stood up. He wore a sleeveless shirt, and his terrifying muscles made his shirt look as though it was about to split apart.

The golden-haired man looked at Linley and laughed. "Linley, let me introduce myself. I'm Clay. Normally, I train on an island in the North Sea. I've heard of the fame of the Dragonblood Warriors long ago, and I've been itching to have a go. I would like to have a spar with you, Linley. I wonder..."

"Sure." Linley smiled as he spoke.

"Wonderful." Clay's eyes lit up, and his muscles immediately began to tremble. With a sudden 'boom', his shirt exploded into tatters, and his body suddenly seemed to have turned to metal and shone with a metallic light.

Fain said to Linley, "This Clay also trains in the Laws of the Earth, but in terms of defense, he is more than ten times more powerful than Haydson."

Linley smiled. "I know."

"Clay's body looks like it is made from metal. It seems similar to the 'Sacred Earthguard Armor', which is made from diamonds at the Saint level," Linley mused. For a warrior's defense to reach such a terrifying level, he indeed had to be an exceptional expert.

With a flip of his hand, Linley withdrew Bloodviolet.

"Linley, go ahead and transform," the golden-haired Clay said loudly.

Linley shook his head. "No need for now."

Clay seemed a bit unhappy. He snorted. "Linley, you really are quite confident." As he spoke, Clay charged into the air. This was War God Mountain. They didn't dare to damage the War God Mountain when they sparred, so naturally they all flew into the air and sparred there.

In an instant, Linley appeared in mid-air as well, his speed clearly a level higher than Clay's.

"Haha... come!" in mid-air, Clay let out an excited roar, and then he transformed into a blur and charged at Linley. He suddenly struck out with his right fist, and it was as though it had pierced through reality, carrying a terrifying howling sound as it attacked Linley.

Where this fist passed, space itself rippled.

"Hrm?" Linley's face changed. Linley had been preparing to use the 'Rippling Wind' attack, but seeing the power of this fist, Linley immediately was forced to change his attack.

Retreating backwards, Linley slashed out with Bloodviolet, and it also seemed to pass through reality. Wherever Bloodviolet passed by, space itself seemed to congeal and slow, then fold in on itself. Atop Bloodviolet was a frozen spatial edge, and clear ripples appeared around it as well.

Profound Truths of the Wind – Tempos of the Wind, level two!

"Bang!"

Bloodviolet collided head-on with the fist of the shiny metallic man.

“Booom.” That terrifying force passed straight through Bloodviolet and attacked Linley. The battle-qi around Linley’s body roiled. Only the Pulseguard Defense guarding his body managed to protect him from this terrifying force. Clay himself was knocked backwards as well. His fist had a hint of blood on it, but he wasn’t harmed at all.

“What terrifying defense. In terms of defense alone, he should be on par with an Undying Warrior.” Linley was secretly shocked.

“Linley, I admit defeat,” Clay’s voice rang out. “This Linley really is a monster. He’s so powerful even without transforming. Once he transforms, I won’t have the power to fight back at all.” As he muttered to himself, Clay flew straight back down.

The Metallic Castle

“This Clay wasn’t injured at all, but he admitted defeat.” Linley chuckled, then stored Bloodviolet back into his interspatial ring, then landed as well.

By now, everyone present had a clearer understanding of Linley’s power. Clay was one of the more powerful experts present, and there were only a few present who were mightier than him. These experts knew very well... that Clay’s most powerful attack was his punches.

His body’s defense was slightly weaker than his fist’s power.

Linley’s sword had actually drawn a hint of blood from Clay’s fist. If it had landed on Clay’s body, it would have at least resulted in some blood loss.

“Linley, I haven’t seen you in thirteen years, but your power has reached such a level.” Fain’s eyes also had a hint of battle-lust in them.

From the battle just then, Fain could tell that Linley now had a fairly high level of understanding of the Laws. Paired with his natural gifts as a Dragonblood Warrior, Linley should now be able to have a proper duel with him. Fain, as well, wanted to have a sparring match with Linley.

“Everyone wants to fight with my Boss. Why don’t you guys fight with me?” Bebe sensed Fain’s desire to do battle and immediately flew in front of Fain.

Fain looked at Bebe, startled, and then he seemed to have remembered something. He hurriedly said, “Oh, Bebe, right?” Fain no longer mentioned anything about sparring. Instead, he pulled Linley and Bebe to join him in laughter, wine, and idle conversation.



*

Midnight. The mountain wind blew gently. The night wind of early spring was

very cold, but of course, these experts didn't mind at all. They continued to chat and laugh.

"Olivier's aura has completely changed from before." Linley glanced sideways at the distant Olivier. Olivier was one of the twenty-two experts as well. "In the past, Olivier would still talk and laugh, but now, he seems to have become much colder, and his eyes have become sharper as well."

The current Olivier was like a precious sword that had been unsheathed, extremely sharp and fierce.

This caused the experts around him to voluntarily draw away from him. Clearly, these people weren't very close to Olivier.

"Linley. This time, you and Olivier are the only new participants in our squad. Although Olivier's power is weaker than yours, he is still a hair more powerful than Clay." Fain sighed in approval. "His attack power is quite astonishing."

"Oh?" Linley was surprised.

Linley knew very well how powerful Olivier was. "In the past, Olivier had even lost to Haydson. Although I heard that twelve years later, he killed Haydson with a single sword, it's only been twelve years. How has he improved so astonishingly fast?"

The main reason Linley's own power had increased was because he had broken through to the Saint level, so as a peak Dragonblood Warrior his strength had increased by more than tenfold. And, of course, he had gained deeper levels of understanding as well.

But Olivier's battle-qi had reached the peak of the Saint level long ago. His only improvement would have been in his understanding of the Laws. How had he risen in power so quickly?

"Although Olivier's sword isn't very fast, it combines two different types of Laws, both light and dark. When he strikes... even Clay is unable to take the blow." Fain sighed in approval. "For one sword blow to contain two opposing types of Laws... I have never seen this in all my life. Even Master repeatedly sighed in praise."

"What?!" Linley couldn't believe it.

Linley stared disbelievingly at the distant Olivier, his heart filled with shock. “A single sword containing both types of Laws at the same time? How can two different Laws be used at the same time?” For example, Linley’s Profound Truths of the Earth was just that, and his Profound Truths of the Wind was just that.

To fuse the Profound Truths of the Earth and the Profound Truths of the Wind? Impossible!

After all, these were two different types of Laws.

“It is true. When Olivier attacks with his sword, darkness and light co-exist... and thus, Haydson was chopped directly in half by this sword.” Fain sighed in praise.

Linley nodded slightly.

Linley had to acknowledge this attack by Olivier. In terms of Laws alone, it had already surpassed Linley’s ‘Tempos of the Wind’ attack.

“I wonder how the power of his sword would match up against my ‘Throbbing Pulse of the Earth’.” Linley was still very confident. He had already transformed the 256 layers of the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the Earth’ to 128 layers of waves, and the power of the attack had multiplied several times over. More importantly...

Relying on his inborn gifts as a Dragonblood Warrior, Linley’s battle-qi, physical strength, and defense were all ten times that of Olivier’s.

The difference in their base abilities was simply too great.

This was the reason why Fain and Desri considered Linley as someone on the same level as them.



*

While making conversation and jesting throughout the night, Linley got to know these experts. The only ones that Linley got to know well, however, were Clay, Bowditch, and three of the personally trained disciples of the War God’s College. The rest, he only memorized their names and their appearances.

Dawn.

The red sun peeked out from the eastern mountains, slowly casting its light down upon War God Mountain. The twenty-two experts hadn't slept at all last night, but none of them felt uncomfortable at all. At their level, they had long since transcended the need to sleep.

"Creaaak." The door to the quiet little courtyard finally opened.

Twenty-two experts simultaneously rose to their feet, looking respectfully towards the person who walked into the courtyard. The man had a head full of long, scarlet red hair, and his gaze flashed with dagger-like light. His powerful, dominating aura made even these twenty-two experts feel afraid to breathe.

This man was the War God, O'Brien!

The War God swept the group with his gaze, pausing for a moment on Bebe, who was on Linley's shoulders, then said calmly, "Since all of you have come, then follow me." After speaking, the War God immediately flew into the air.

"The War God is blunt enough." Linley couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

But on the surface, Linley was like the others, quite obediently flying into the air and following the War God to fly towards the east. These twenty-two people flew in a particular order, and in the very forefront of the group were Fain and Linley.

Everyone had a sense of how powerful everyone else was.

The strongest were in front. The weakest were in the back.

"Fain, are we going to the Forest of Darkness?" Linley looked in front of him, at the heroic figure flying at their forefront. They were heading in the direction of the Forest of Darkness. He couldn't help but query Fain quietly.

"Right," Fain spoke very quietly as well. "Each time we head to the Necropolis of the Gods, the experts of the Yulan continent will first gather at the Forest of Darkness. After all, only Lord Beirut is capable of opening the passageway to the Necropolis of the Gods."

"Oh." Linley secretly nodded in understanding. "It seems it is very difficult to open the gateway to the Necropolis of the Gods. Even the War God isn't able to

do it.”

“Bebe, right?” A powerful, incisive voice.

Linley and Fain were both frightened. The Lord War God had actually appeared next to Linley and spoken. The frightening thing was, the War God actually had a hint of a warm smile on his face. Fain had almost never seen his master smile.

“That’s me.” Bebe looked at the War God.

The War God looked at Bebe carefully, then nodded. “Lord Beirut was actually willing to let you enter the Necropolis of the Gods.”

“What’s there to be afraid of? If the Boss goes, how can I not go?” Bebe raised his head proudly.

The War God let out a calm laugh and didn’t say anything else.

“Lord War God,” Linley spoke.

The War God looked at Linley, waiting for Linley to continue. Linley instantly said, “Lord War God, I have a good friend, Barker. He also wishes to go to the Necropolis of the Gods. I wonder if...”

“Lord Beirut only gave me the authority to bring twenty-two people,” the War God said calmly. “If you want to bring someone else into the Necropolis of the Gods, just have Bebe tell Lord Beirut. After all, Lord Beirut is the final decider of who will be allowed into the Necropolis of the Gods.”

After speaking, the War God flew back to the front.

Linley let out a secret sigh of relief. “Deities. Even when they are chatting and smiling, they have such an enormous, pressuring aura.” Just then, Linley had the feeling that it was hard for him to breathe, just like when he was young and had seen the Velocidragon for the first time. He had felt that sort of terror which came from the bottom of his heart.”

“This must be what Divine Presence is all about,” Linley said to himself.



The group continued to fly towards the deepest parts of the Forest of Darkness at high speed. Soon, Linley's group, under the direction of the War God, arrived at the heart of the Forest of Darkness. This was the first time Linley had gone so deep into the Forest of Darkness.

"The legendary Lord Beirut. What will he be like?" Linley was extremely curious.

Soon, a black, metallic castle appeared before them in the Forest of Darkness. This castle's size was approximately on par with Linley's underground castle, with just an area of several square kilometers. Only, this castle was pitch black, and was made from some sort of strange black metal.

"Everyone, stay in the area outside this castle for now. Do not go in without authorization," the War God said calmly, but then he himself flew into the castle.

There were already quite a few experts milling around the black metal castle.

"Many of these people are Grand Magus Saints. They should have been brought here by the High Priest," Fain landed from the skies while explaining to Linley, and Linley nodded slightly. The experts of the Yulan continent mostly belonged to a particular Deity's side.

"None of you are to go in without authorization. This metal castle will automatically attack any invaders," Fain said loudly.

Actually, aside from Linley and Olivier who were coming here for the first time, everyone else here knew this.

"Automatically attack invaders?" Linley was quite surprised, but Bebe snickered quietly. "Boss, this metal castle is actually a metallic life form. It has intelligence."

Linley was secretly shocked.

This 'King of the Forest of Darkness' was truly incredible. Even his castle had lifeforce of its own. This was the first time Linley had encountered such a curious lifeform as well.

"Boss, wait here for now. Didn't you want to discuss Barker's matter? I'll go

ask Grandpa Beirut,” Bebe said.

Linley nodded slightly.

With a flicker of his body, Bebe immediately entered that pitch-black castle. Seeing Bebe go in, many of the experts outside the castle were quite surprised. They all knew... any invaders would be attacked. But just then, Bebe hadn't been attacked at all!

“Linley, you came.” He heard the sound of laughter. Linley turned his head and looked.

He saw Desri, Hayward, and Higginson walk over towards him, and Linley immediately went to greet them. “Mr. Desri, where is your wife? She didn't come?”

“She's a bit too weak.” Desri laughed. “But I must say, I truly must congratulate you, for you to possess a magical beast such as Bebe. Twenty-three years ago, Lord Beirut personally communicated to several of us mentally, and we were all curious as to what fortunate youngster managed to acquire Bebe as his magical beast companion.”

Linley understood why.

Soon after Bebe had been born, Lord Beirut had probably discovered Bebe's existence by some coincidence. Thus, he had immediately mentally contacted the War God, the High Priest, Desri, Rosarie, and the other Prime Saints, asking them to look after the two of them a bit.

Lord Beirut certainly must have been paying close attention to Bebe this entire time.

“Those ‘several of us’ included myself, Rosarie, Tulily, and Rutherford. Only the four of us answer directly to Lord Beirut's commands,” Desri explained. “In the Yulan continent, the Saints in training are divided into three camps. Lord Beirut's, the War God's, and the High Priest's.”

Linley now understood.

Although the Yulan continent had five Deities, Dylin and Cesar had only appeared in recent years, and they didn't have many Saints subordinate to

them.

“Lord Cesar has arrived as well,” Desri said suddenly.

Linley raised his head and saw Cesar, dressed in a long, loose robe, a lazy smile on his face, fly into the metallic castle.

“All of you, stay here, don’t go in. Otherwise, if you die, don’t blame me,” a calm, cold voice rang out. Linley and the others couldn’t help but turn to look, and they saw a devilish young man who wore a dark golden robe issuing instructions to the magical beasts who had followed him here. And then, he entered the metallic castle as well.

“It’s Dylin!” Linley had personally seen Dylin once, when he was in Fenlai City.

Behind Dylin were three ‘kittens’ and six Saint-level magical beasts that had transformed to a size roughly equivalent to a normal human’s. Linley inspected them carefully. Indeed, these three ‘kittens’ had a pair of wings on their backs, and on their face, above their two eyes, there were another two pairs of shut eyes.

Six eyes, two wings.

“Saint-level magical beasts, Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. The children of Dylin,” Linley secretly said to himself.

Right at this moment, one of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions looked towards Linley. Suddenly... all six of its eyes opened, and he grinned at Linley. “Linley, right? Thank you!”

Three Corridors

“Thank me?” Linley was startled.

This was the first time he had ever met these Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. Why did this Ni-Lion immediately thank him upon seeing him?

What was the reason?

“Unfortunately, you were born just a little too late. If you had been born three thousand years earlier, then Fourth Brother and Fifth Brother wouldn’t have had to die.” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion murmured these two additional words, and the two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions next to him also glanced at Linley. And then, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions flew to the other side, along with the other six Saint-level magical beasts.

Desri laughed towards Linley. “Linley, you have a relationship with these three brothers?”

“No relationship at all,” Linley said.

Desri didn’t say anything, but from the look on his face, it was clear that Desri didn’t believe him.

“In the past, there were very few magical beasts who would enter the Necropolis of the Gods. Only a few of the powerful Saint-level magical beasts of the Forest of Darkness would enter. Now that Dylin has appeared, even the magical beasts of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts are able to enter the Necropolis of the Gods.” Desri sighed.

Linley glanced at the group.

Those six Saint-level magical beasts that had come alongside the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were no ordinary beasts.

“It seems as though four of them were amongst the number of Saint-level magical beasts that had attacked Fenlai City. Or perhaps they are of the same

race only.” Linley could immediately recognize four of them; the Bloody-eyed Maned Lion, the Tyrant Wurm, the Savage Worldbear, and the Violet-Eyed Goldfur Ape.

It was the Violet-Eyed Goldfur Ape who had squashed Kalan to death with one foot.

Only, he couldn’t be sure if the Violet-Eyed Goldfur Ape in front of him was the same Violet-Eyed Goldfur Ape that had attacked Fenlai City.

So many experts had gathered here. Human experts, and magical beasts as well. All of the powerful experts hidden away in the Yulan continent had come out today, and everyone present, humans and beasts alike, were chatting in quiet voices to each other. At this moment, humans and magical beasts were two races that were equal to each other.

“Swish!” A black shadow flew out from the metallic castle. It was Bebe.

All the humans and magical beasts present turned to stare at Bebe. In the past, aside from those three children of Lord Beirut as well as those Deities, not a single Saint-level expert had been qualified to enter this metallic castle.

“Boss, it’s all taken care of,” Bebe’s voice rang out in Linley’s mind. “Let Barker come.”

Linley laughed. In front of that mysterious Beirut, it seemed Bebe’s words were quite effective.

“Haeru, go inform Barker and bring Barker here.” Linley immediately spiritually communicated with his Blackcloud Panther, Haeru, and Haeru’s voice sounded out in Linley’s mind as well, “Yes, Master.”

After roughly an hour.

Barker, under Haeru’s guidance, flew here.

“So many people.” Barker looked at the experts present, and he couldn’t help but be shocked. All combined, humans and magical beasts, there were over eighty Saints here today. These experts all possessed astonishing strength. If he didn’t transform... Barker would be the weakest of them.

But of course, after transforming, Barker would be above average.

In this group, the highest tier belonged to the Desri, Fain, the other Five Prime Saints, and Linley.

The sun rose to the zenith of the sky. The Saints clustered in the empty space around the metallic castle were quite patient, and they all waited quietly. Suddenly, four shadows flew out from within the living castle. There was the War God with his absolutely dominating aura, the graceful High Priest, the devilish Dylin, and the lazy Cesar.

The four mighty Deities landed in front of the castle.

Everyone, humans and magical beasts alike, listened respectfully for their orders.

The High Priest, face covered by that green mask and long hair flowing gracefully, was the first to speak. "In this group, there are those of you who have gone to the Necropolis of the Gods before, and those who have not. But this trip is not like the previous trips, which is why we must remind you of a few things."

The High Priest's voice was very gentle, yet very neutral. From the sound of it alone, it was hard to determine whether the voice belonged to a man or a woman.

"Different from the past?" Linley smiled calmly. He had never gone there a single time before, so no matter what the past had been like, it didn't affect him at all.

All the humans and magical beasts present listened carefully to the High Priest's reminders.

"Those who have gone to the Necropolis of the Gods know that there are, in total, three tunnels that lead to the Necropolis of the Gods. One is here at the Forest of Darkness. One is on an island in the North Seas. And the third is in the watery depths of the South Sea." The voice of the High Priest remained very gentle.

The faces of the more experienced people, like Desri and Fain, began to change.

"Three thousand years ago, the entrance to the Necropolis of the Gods was

from the South Seas entrance. Two thousand years ago, the entrance was from the Forest of Darkness. One thousand years ago, it was from the island in the North Sea. Every three thousand years a cycle. This time, you will be entering the Necropolis of the Gods from the South Sea.” The High Priest’s voice entered the ears of every man and magical beast.

Linley was surprised.

“This Necropolis of the Gods actually has three tunnels?” Linley began to wonder. “But these three tunnels are extremely far apart from each other. North Sea, Forest of Darkness, South Sea... they are tens of thousands of kilometers apart. What’s going on?”

Although he was puzzled, Linley knew that this wasn’t the time to ask. He could only continue to listen patiently.

The High Priest’s voice seemed to contain a hint of laughter in it. “So you should know which tunnel will be used now. Those ten of you with previous experience should also know how dangerous this trip will be. Alright. Desri, come explain to everyone.”

“Remember. Anyone who wants to give up can do so. But tonight, the remainder of us will head out together.” The High Priest’s voice remained soft.

Dylin’s cold laughter rang out. “If you are afraid, then don’t go. There’s nothing embarrassing about it. It isn’t too late to give up now. If you give up later, after arriving there, and decide to flee at that point, that would be really shameful.” The four Deities walked to one side, waiting for midnight to come.

Desri walked to the front of the group.

Desri’s face looked extremely dark and downcast. Linley had never seen the suave Desri have such an ugly look on his face before.

“Those of you who experienced the opening of the Necropolis of the Gods two thousand years ago or a thousand years ago, listen carefully.” Desri’s voice was very cold. “There isn’t just one Necropolis of the Gods, nor is there just two. There are three. The three different tunnels lead to three different Necropolises!”

“Three?” Many people were shocked.

Even Linley felt shocked, and he focused his energy on listening to what Desri had to say.

“Although the Necropolises of the Gods that are reached through the tunnels in the Forest of Darkness and the North Sea’s island are dangerous, the danger isn’t that great. Generally speaking, as long as you are cautious and prudent, you won’t be in any risk. But the Necropolis of the Gods that is reached through the South Sea is extremely, extremely dangerous,” Desri said in a low voice, “In fact, I even believe that of the eighty or so experts present, even if we are extremely careful, we would be lucky to have a third of us survive.”

“A third?” Many of the Saints let out startled calls.

Many of them had gone to the Necropolis of the Gods before, but on the past two visits to the Necropolis of the Gods, only a quarter of them or so had died. But from what Desri was saying... it seemed two thirds of them were likely to die on this trip.

“And that assumes you are being extremely careful. If you get greedy... I expect that perhaps we might be lucky to see ten survivors out of our eighty people present.” Desri looked at the people in front of him. “Remember this. If you die, that’s no big deal. But don’t drag down others with you.”

After finishing speaking, Desri returned to stand next to Hayward and Higginson.

The atmosphere was extremely depressed.

“What is there to be afraid of? The more dangerous it is, the greater a chance of finding a divine spark or a divine artifact,” a voice rang out from the group.

“Make it out alive first,” Fain’s cold voice rang out.

Fain’s face was also exceedingly ugly to behold right now.

Desri, Higginson, and Hayward were all silent.

Linley walked towards them, then asked softly, “Desri, what’s wrong? This trip to the Necropolis of the Gods will be very special?”

Desri looked at Linley, then sighed and said, “Linley, do you remember your first trip to our village? At that time, when Hayward was sparring with you, you

asked why he, a Grand Magus Saint, didn't have a magical beast companion."

"I remember." Linley nodded.

When Hayward had been sparring with him, Linley had been under the impression that a Grand Magus Saint who sparred with him without a magical beast companion would definitely be defeated. But then, Hayward had shown him the error of his ways by demonstrating how a Grand Magus Saint fought.

"At that time, you said that his magical beast had died in order to save him. That was more than two thousand years ago. In addition, a good friend of yours had died as well," Linley responded.

"Right." Desri nodded. "And the event I spoke of was our journey into the Necropolis of the Gods three thousand years ago."

Linley nodded.

"Hayward's magical beast was an Electrobolt Panther, very useful for staying alive in the Necropolis of the Gods. I begged Lord Beirut for another slot in order to let that magical beast come as well. However, on that trip... on just the outer perimeter of the sixth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, our third brother and that magical beast both died. As for the three of us, we were on the fifth layer and didn't dare to enter the sixth layer. Just like that... we stayed there in the fifth layer for five years, waiting until the exit tunnel appeared." Desri's face was very bitter.

Linley's mind was stirred.

The fifth layer? Sixth layer?

Although he didn't know anything about the Necropolis of the Gods, from the sound of it, it was divided into many layers. And this 'sixth floor' was an extremely dangerous one.

The night descended. Not a single Saint left. If they were afraid of an unknown danger... then they truly would have been quite weak-willed.

A black shadow suddenly appeared in front of the group, then slowly solidified. This person wore a very simple black robe. His black hair was loose and unbound, and his beard was so long that it reached down to his chest. He

looked just like an old man.

“Lord Beirut,” the High Priest, Cesar, the War God, and Dylin all immediately rose and said respectfully.

All of the Saints immediately rose and bowed respectfully, regardless of whether it was their first, second, or third time meeting Beirut. The atmosphere was such that neither the High Priest nor the War God, much less the Saints, dared to even breathe.

Beirut had a pair of little eyes, but they were quite lively, like two brilliant stars. His face seemed to have a perpetual hint of a smile on it.

“Bebe, come over here.” Beirut looked at Bebe, then beamed at him.

Bebe immediately jumped into Beirut’s arms. Everyone present looked at Bebe.

“Grandpa Beirut, let’s go. I’ve waited here so long.” Bebe didn’t seem to feel any pressure from Beirut’s presence at all, and Beirut nodded indulgently, then flew towards the south with Bebe in his arms. “Let’s go,” Beirut’s slightly gravelly voice rang out.

At this moment, the four Deities and the eighty plus human and magical beast Saints all flew into the air as well.

While flying, many people looked at Linley. Clearly, the close relationship between Bebe and Beirut had caused them to pay attention to Linley as well. But those people only knew... that Bebe was Linley’s magical beast. Many people had come to a decision...

Even if they didn’t make friends with Linley, they couldn’t offend him.

After all, in front of Lord Beirut, even the likes of the War God and the other three Deities acted as though they were children, afraid to even breathe loudly. One could completely understand how, in Lord Beirut’s heart, the status of Bebe was far greater than that of the likes of the War God.

“This War God truly is formidable. He expressed goodwill towards me so early on, during my little brother’s wedding.” Linley laughed secretly to himself. “Lord Beirut has a relationship with Bebe, Bebe has a relationship with me, and I have

a relationship with Wharton... there are two layers of separation here!”

But the War God had even gotten involved in Wharton’s affairs, directly ordering that Emperor Johann to allow Wharton to become Nina’s husband.

One could completely imagine how much respect and dread the War God felt towards Lord Beirut.



*

The oceans took up an enormous amount of territory in the Yulan plane. The North Sea was already enormous, but the South Sea was simply shocking. Linley had once heard Hodan say that at the end of the South Sea, one would see the wild, chaotic space.

Late night. The endless waters of the sea seemed dark and heavy.

“Right here,” Beirut declared as he stood there in mid-air above the sea.

“In the depths of the ocean here, you’ll find the entrance to the tunnel to the Necropolis of the Gods. That tunnel is roughly twenty thousand meters away from the surface of the sea.” Beirut laughed calmly. “I trust the water pressure of the deep sea won’t have any effect on you. If you can’t even withstand a tiny little bit of deep sea water pressure, then it is best if you give up right away.”

As he spoke, Beirut himself was the first to dive into the water.

Wherever his body passed, the deep ocean water itself naturally split apart around him, creating a corridor.

The Necropolis' Sculptures

“Rumble, rumble.” The sea roiled, and then four pathways into the sea appeared, and the High Priest, the War God, and the others all dove into the sea as well.

The eighty-plus human and magical beast experts didn't hesitate at all, hurriedly entering the water.

“This deep sea is quite interesting.” Linley's battle-qi was swirling around him. With his Pulseguard Defense, he was able to easily offset the outside water pressure. As for Linley himself, he curiously stared at the various scenes here, deep in the ocean. This was Linley's first trip into the seas.

In the deepest part of the ocean, it was silent and pitch-black. The only things that could be seen were a few creatures that naturally radiated light.

Fain and Linley flew down together. Fain glanced at Linley, then his voice rang out in Linley's mind. “Linley, in this vast expanse of land here in the South Seas, there are actually a great many magical beast, such as Aquatic Dragons, Dragon Turtles, Nine-Headed Serpents, Titanic Octopi... all of these are Saint-level magical beasts.” Fain naturally had the ability to engage in spirit-projecting communication.

Linley secretly nodded.

The South Seas were far larger than the Yulan continent in size. It would be unnatural if they didn't contain a large amount of magical beasts in them.

“But even if the magical beasts of the depth drew near, upon seeing us, they would be so frightened they would immediately flee.” Fain smiled calmly as he mentally spoke to Linley.

Linley chuckled as well.

The group continued to fly deeper into the dark, silent depths of the sea,

while at the same time, they enjoyed the sight of these rarely-viewed sceneries. Occasionally, an enormous magic beast would appear, but upon discovering that so many experts were descending, it would invariably be so frightened that it wouldn't even dare to move.

The farther down they went, the greater the pressure was.

At the end, the pressure was so great, it was as though a small mountain was weighing down upon them. Fortunately, all of these people were amongst the most powerful Saints in the world, and thus they could take it. They would either cast magic spells, or use protective barriers of battle-qi. The rainbow of colors surrounding them was quite resplendent to behold.

"We're at the sea floor." The experts all came to a halt at the sea floor.

There were some life forms such as corals down here, which radiated a bit of light. The bottom of the sea was covered with rows upon rows of coral reefs, while the ground was not level, sometimes convex while other times concave. It could rise up to a height of hundreds of meters, and sink down so deeply that the bottom couldn't be seen.

"Almost there," Fain said mentally to Linley.

Linley nodded slightly.

Everyone continued to follow the leaders at the bottom of the sea. After travelling for several kilometers, they arrived at an enormous, pitch-black boulder. This pitch-black boulder stood by itself in the middle of a gorge, and in the water above the boulder, there was a translucent 'door' which was emitting strange ripples.

"Here we are," the gravelly voice rang out in everyone's ears.

Everyone stopped in front of this pitch-black boulder.

"Hrm? This 'door' seems quite similar to the 'door' of my pocket dimension. Only, it's twice the size." Linley was intrigued.

Lord Beirut's voice could be heard in each person's ears. "This interspatial door is the tunnel that leads to the Necropolis of the Gods. Normally, this interspatial door is shut and covered by a layer of invisible force." As he spoke,

Beirut's body suddenly emitted a ray of black light.

This ray of black light struck directly against the interspatial door.

"Rumble..." The quiet sea floor suddenly began to shudder, and the previously translucent 'door' suddenly emanated with a blinding, dazzling light, as though a membrane had suddenly covered and sealed it.

But a few seconds later, it burst apart like a popped bubble.

"Pop!" With a very soft sound, the membrane collapsed.

"Follow me. All in at the same time." Beirut flew to the interspatial door, and with one step, crossed through to the other side. As he did, Beirut completely disappeared from the line of sight of the people present.

The High Priest, War God, Dylin, and Cesar didn't hesitate at all. They immediately entered the interspatial door as well, disappearing from line of sight.

"So the Necropolis of the Gods is actually another plane." Linley now understood. "Only, the plane of the Necropolis of the Gods is connected to the Yulan continent's plane."

This was much like his pocket dimension. The hidden location of the Necropolis of the Gods was also linked up with the Yulan continent.

All of the experts present entered the interspatial door together, and Linley and Fain entered as well.

"What a strange vibration." Linley could clearly sense that the moment he stepped across the interspatial door, he had a strange feeling, as though he were a person swimming in the water who suddenly stepped onto dry land. It was as though the entire environment had changed."

The many experts had arrived at a different plane.

They were all still at the bottom of the sea. Only, it was the bottom of the sea of a different plane.

"What a strange feeling." Linley had a sense of being ill at-ease upon entering this new dimension.

Fain drew near Linley and said to him spiritually, “Linley, in this plane, even my spiritual energy can only encompass ten or so meters. In addition, this plane is filled with countless experts. We can’t fall behind the others, as if we do, if we are surrounded by those countless magical beasts, we will die for certain.”

Linley was secretly shocked.

The group of people followed Beirut forward. Beirut wasn’t the slightest bit nervous, leading them flying for over ten kilometers.

“That mountain-sized building over there is the Necropolis of the Gods,” Fain drew near Linley yet again and spoke to him spiritually. Linley stared at that distant, massive structure. He couldn’t help but feel his heart shake. “This Necropolis of the Gods really is astonishingly large.”

Linley was certain that this Necropolis of the Gods was over a hundred kilometers away from them, but Linley could nonetheless make it out clearly.

“The Necropolis of the Gods is nearly twenty thousand meters tall, and each of the four sides of its base is over ten thousand meters long,” Fain spoke to Linley spiritually. He was very familiar with this Necropolis of the Gods.

“How was such an enormous edifice built?” Linley couldn’t help but sigh nonstop with praise.

Given their flying speed, the distance of a hundred kilometers was quickly reached. Once they drew near it, Linley began to sigh in amazement yet again. The reason he sighed in amazement... was because although the Necropolis of the Gods was primarily cuboid, the top of it still tapered off into narrow edges.

The Necropolis of the Gods had four sides, and the side facing Linley had a massive carving on it.

“Dragon?”

Staring at this twenty-thousand-meter-high, ten-thousand-meter, massive carving, Linley saw that it was of an enormous, winding dragon. This dragon was different from the dragons of the Yulan continent’s plane, because this dragon didn’t have wings. And yet, the sculpture of the dragon gave off an aura of majesty which made others want to bow towards it.

“The four sides of the Necropolis have four different carvings,” Beirut’s voice rang out in everyone’s ears. “This side is of a massive dragon. It truly is the carving of a dragon. The opposite side is the massive carving of a white tiger. On the other two sides are massive sculptures of a phoenix and of a dragon-turtle.”

A massive dragon... a white tiger... a phoenix... and a dragon-turtle?

“Why does this Necropolis of the Gods have these four sculptures here?” Linley was puzzled.

Beirut patted Bebe, still in his arms. At this point, Bebe jumped off and scampered onto Linley’s shoulders. Beirut then laughed calmly and said, “These four massive sculptures represent four different parts of the Necropolis of the Gods. As for the side of the massive dragon, beneath it, there are a large number of smaller sculptures.”

Linley and the others saw it as well.

The massive sculpture of the dragon took up roughly 70%-80% of the entire area, while the other sculptures, all combined, only took up 10%. The rest was just blank.

“These sculptures...” Linley carefully inspected the smaller sculptures below the massive dragon. All of them, amazingly enough, were in the form of a dragon or serpent-type magical beasts. There was a certain rhythm and sequence to them as well.

“Judging from these small sculptures...” Beirut looked at the smaller sculptures as well. “This time, it seems that the guardian of the first eleven layers of the Necropolis of the Gods will be the divine beast, the ‘Ba-Serpent’.”

“The divine beast, ‘Ba-Serpent’?”

The eighty-plus experts of the Yulan continent’s plane were all very confused, but they all knew one thing... since it was termed as a ‘divine beast’, this ‘Ba-Serpent’ clearly had already reached the Deity level. How would the Saints here possibly break past it?

“Ba-Serpent? Lord Beirut, but... how will they even stand a chance?” Dylin spoke.

Lord Beirut glanced at him, then laughed calmly. “This divine beast, ‘Ba-Serpent’, reached adulthood tens of thousands of years ago. From what I understand, it has already reached the level of being a full God. Let’s not discuss the Saints for now; even if the four of you went in, once you got into a fight with the Ba-Serpent, you would definitely die.”

The faces of the eighty-plus experts changed.

“Last time, the leader of the upper eleven floors was only a Two-Headed Vile Dragon from the Infernal Realm. I didn’t expect that this time, it would actually be the divine beast, ‘Ba-Serpent’. And a God-level one at that.” Fain’s face was extremely sour.

Linley understood this as well.

This Necropolis of the Gods was for the group of Saints to enter. Even if the Deities entered, they wouldn’t enter alongside them. Given the power of Saints, upon encountering a full God, they would definitely die. There was no question about this whatsoever.

Lord Beirut laughed calmly. “Don’t worry. The path before you isn’t a path of certain death. First, let me explain some basics regarding the Necropolis of the Gods to you. The Necropolis of the Gods has a total of eighteen layers! The top ten layers definitely do not have divine sparks. From the eleventh layer onwards, there will definitely be corpses of Deities as well as divine sparks to be found.”

Many of the experts who had never been here before immediately had looks of joy on their face.

Hearing that there were divine sparks on the eleventh floor, many people immediately made the decision that they absolutely had to break through to the eleventh floor. Once they found a divine spark, they would become a Deity. The prerequisite, of course... was that they find the divine spark of a Demigod.

“The part of the Necropolis of the Gods that you are about to enter into has the divine beast, ‘Ba-Serpent’, as the leader of the top eleven floors. As for the twelfth floor and beyond... even Deities which enter it have a very high chance of death.” Lord Beirut laughed calmly, and the people who had unconsciously contemplating giving the twelfth floor a try immediately gave up the notion.

Beirut looked at the people present. “As for the Ba-Serpent, he might be on the first floor, or he might be on the eleventh floor. Regardless... he is definitely within one of the eleven floors.”

Linley couldn't help but feel nervous.

“If we run into the Ba-Serpent, doesn't that mean we are doomed?” Linley worried.

Beirut seemed to know what Linley was thinking. He explained, “Regarding the Ba-Serpent... the Ba-Serpent is fond of sleeping, and when asleep, a Ba-Serpent generally will not wake up, unless there is a huge commotion of some sort. If you encounter the sleeping Ba-Serpent on your floor, you'd best not wake him up, as otherwise, you would definitely die.”

Everyone present was secretly cursing in their heart.

Who would be idiotic enough to wake up the Ba-Serpent? But everyone knew as well that if the leader of these first eleven floors was the Ba-Serpent, then there would definitely be other barriers as well.

“The Ba-Serpent is fond of sleeping, but if the Ba-Serpent just so happens to be awake when your group enters... all you can do is blame your own terrible luck,” Lord Beirut explained.

The faces of all the experts present changed.

If they encountered the divine beast ‘Ba-Serpent’ while it was awake, most likely not a single one of them would be able to escape.

“Haha...” Lord Beirut laughed loudly. “All I can do is wish you good luck. Remember. The first eleven floors have more than just the divine beast, ‘Ba-Serpent’. It also has all sorts of other monsters, or undead creatures, or aberrations from other planes. There are quite a few creatures within that are much more powerful than even the most powerful of you.”

The faces of Fain and Desri were extremely solemn.

They knew this very well, because last time, they had suffered as a result of it.

“Remember. Be careful and be vigilant. Don't be greedy,” Lord Beirut said. “If you die inside, I won't be able to rescue you from outside either.”

As he spoke, Beirut's hands flashed with two rays of black light that struck the bottom of the wall. Instantly, two gateways appeared there at the bottom of the massive wall. "Human Saints will enter through the left gateway, while magical beast Saints will enter through the right gateway. If you survive the first four floors, then... you'll meet again on the fifth floor."

Linley immediately understood.

The insides of the Necropolis of the Gods were very complex, and these two tunnels led to different paths through the first four floors. Only on the fifth floor would it all merge together.

"All of you, go inside now." Beirut laughed calmly. "Remember. If you are afraid, you can just hide on the first floor, which has the least danger, and wait ten years. In ten years' time, every single floor will have portals to the outside world appear, at which point you will be able to leave."

Ten years!

Nobody hesitated. The human Saints and the magical beast Saints all separated into their own groups.

"Bebe, be careful," Linley said mentally.

"Boss, you be careful too." Bebe couldn't bear to part from Linley either.

Moving Cautiously

After the human experts and the magical beasts experts entered the Necropolis of the Gods, the High Priest finally spoke.

“Lord Beirut?” The High Priest looked at Beirut. “If that Bebe encounters the divine beast, ‘Ba-Serpent’, what then?”

Perhaps Beirut didn’t give a damn about the lives of the others, but he definitely cared about Bebe. And, in the Necropolis of the Gods, even Beirut wouldn’t be able to save them. The High Priest was confused... why did Beirut dare to do such a thing!

Beirut laughed. “It’s fine. Bebe won’t encounter the Ba-Serpent. Because... he took the right tunnel.”

“Lord Beirut, what are you saying?” Cesar’s face changed.

Beirut laughed calmly and nodded. “Just now, when I opened the tunnels, I did a quick investigation. The Ba-Serpent is in the area of the left tunnel, and it is beneath the third floor... thus, I had the magical beast Saints enter the right tunnel.”

The High Priest, War God, Dylin, and Cesar all sighed secretly.

“Then Linley...” Cesar said in a quiet voice.

Beirut said calmly, “I hope his luck is good. I can’t always protect them. They made the decision for themselves to enter the Necropolis of the Gods. Enough. Let’s go. We’ll come again in ten years.” Beirut immediately turned and flew out from the tunnel they came in from.

The High Priest, the War God, and the others all hurried after him.



The dark, gloomy tunnel was 'lit' by black light. The group of experts entered the tunnel. The waters of the deep sea weren't able to enter this tunnel at all. Fain and Linley walked side by side.

"Linley, remember. If you encounter anything dangerous, the safest thing you can do is retreat to a lower floor." Fain was giving Linley the benefit of his experience. "Every single layer here has a large amount of terrifying creatures or undead, but they remain on their own floor."

Linley nodded slightly.

"Also. No matter what, do not release your spiritual energy in the Necropolis of the Gods," Fain said solemnly. "If your spiritual energy draws the attention of some creatures, they will quickly discover your presence."

"I know." In a dangerous place like this, actively releasing his spiritual energy was telling all the creatures and undead of this floor his location. That was as good as looking for death.

Linley said questioningly, "Fain, the Necropolis of the Gods is built with so many types of creatures on each floor... I have the feeling that someone built it on purpose." It was simply too bizarre. After all, if many Deities had died here, it should have been a chaotic place.

But instead, it looked indeed like an enormous necropolis.

"From what Master said, Lord Beirut had told him once before that this Necropolis of the Gods is actually nothing more than a Sovereign's game," Fain laughed bitterly.

"A Sovereign's game?" Linley was stunned.

But then, Linley immediately understood. "That Hodan had said that in the Higher Planes, there are trillions upon trillions of Deities, but there are only seven of each type of Sovereign. Sovereigns sit on high thrones, far above the Deities. One must have sent his subordinates to construct a necropolis for the corpses of many dead gods, and then intentionally allow Saint-level experts or perhaps Deity-level experts to enter here and seek treasure." Linley felt a sense of helplessness.

Sovereigns were far and above their level.

All of them, including the High Priest, the War God, and the other Demigods were nothing more than a tiny chess piece in this game to the Sovereign.

“Perhaps the Sovereign would actually find some amusement in watching us fight for our lives.” Fain sighed.

Linley understood. The Sovereigns were far above them, looking down and watching as they struggled, much like how when he was young, him and the other children watched the ants on the ground.

All of them, including the High Priest and the War God, were nothing more than ‘ants’ in the eyes of the Sovereigns. Perhaps even the seemingly powerful Beirut, in the eyes of the high Sovereigns, was nothing more than a rather large ant.

“Regardless, the chance we have here to seize a divine spark is far greater than the chance we would have in the Higher Planes.” Fain sighed deeply.

Linley sighed deeply as well.

It was time to prepare to fight.

“If I can get a divine spark, even if I don’t use it, I can give it to Delia.” Linley deeply treasured Delia. He had left and would be gone for ten years, but she hadn’t said a single word of complaint. He truly felt lucky to have been able to marry such a wife, who always thought about him first and foremost.

“Everyone, we’ve reached the end of the tunnel,” a callous middle-aged man who wore a turban on his head said loudly. “If we continue forward, we will be at the first floor. Remember. Don’t be too greedy. You dying isn’t a big deal, but don’t drag down others with you.”

After speaking, the turban-wearing man walked out of the tunnel.

This person was one of the Five Prime Saints, the number one expert of the great plains of the far east, the War Saint Tulily.

Behind him, one Saint after another exited the tunnel.

“Who knows what will be on the first floor. We better not encounter that terrifying Deity-level ‘Ba-Serpent’ magical beast on the very first floor.” Linley stared at the pitch-black end of the tunnel, then stepped through it. Instantly,

the world spun and the environment changed.

“Whooooooooooooosh.” A wild wind was blowing desolately, and yellow sand was flying everywhere.

This was an extremely desolate desert world, and the wild wind blasted the yellow sand everywhere, causing the entire world to seem blurry. The heat waves here caused the air itself to distort as well.

“There’s magical beasts over there.” Linley could clearly tell that off in the distance, there was a ferocious, three-horned magical beast that was hundreds of meters tall, which was currently roaring with anger. Its entire body was covered with a metallic shine, and its fierce fangs were dripping with some sort of liquid. “This magical beast appears to be quite formidable.”

Linley was secretly surprised, and he immediately transformed into his Dragonblood Warrior form.

In a place like this, he didn’t dare to be incautious.

“Hrm?” Linley suddenly realized that a great deal of sand was being blown by the wind through the body of that ‘ferocious magical beast’. Soon, the ferocious magical beast disappeared from view.

“Mirage?” Linley began to understand.

Many of the Saints were inspecting their surroundings carefully upon entering this place, and then quickly were beginning to fly in search of the passageway to the second floor.

“Where’s Barker?” Linley hadn’t discovered Barker yet. “This damn place. There’s sand everywhere, the air is distorted, and mirages constantly appear. I can’t even see anyone clearly,” Linley secretly cursed. Aside from a few of the nearer Saints, whom he could make out clearly, he couldn’t see any of the other Saints at all.

Linley didn’t waste any more time thinking, and he immediately flew out as well.

“Linley.” Suddenly, someone drew near Linley.

Linley looked at him. This was the fifth personal disciple of the War God,

Eddins. Eddins reminded him, “Linley, remember, this damn place is filled with mirages that are hard to tell apart from reality. They are truly irritating. Don’t stay in one place. What you need to do is run everywhere and search for that gateway to the second floor. If you stay in this place and waste too much time, it’s possible that trouble will find you.”

After speaking, Eddins immediately flew away by himself at high speed.

The scorching waves of gas caused the air itself to distort. Soon, Linley could no longer see Eddins.

“I can only do what Eddins recommended.” Linley immediately began flying everywhere, searching for that gateway to the second floor. The most common life form here in this desert was an enormous cactus. As for creatures... he didn’t even see one.

Linley flew in the air while carefully inspecting all of his surroundings, searching for that gateway.

“Swish!” A flash of light suddenly shot out from beneath the yellow sands, shooting directly towards Linley. Linley’s iron-whip-like draconic tail struck at it lightning fast, and with a ‘whap’ sound, the ray of light was immediately shattered and broken.

Immediately afterwards, six skeletons whose entire bodies were covered with a diamond aura emerged from the yellow sand at high speed.

“Draconian, obediently give us your corpse, and we’ll give you a clean death,” one of the six Saint-level undead spoke out, his eye-sockets filled with two lively balls of fire. The six Saint-level skeletons surrounded Linley, their weapons at the ready.

Linley looked at the six Saint-level undead.

“Draconian?” Linley glanced at them out of the corner of his eyes. “You think I am...” Halfway through Linley’s words, the various weapons in the hands of these Saint-level undead, such as a skeletal sickle and a skeletal spear, simultaneously struck out at Linley.

The air immediately howled piercingly. The combination attack of these six Saint-level undead couldn’t be looked down upon.

But suddenly, countless flashes of violet light appeared, and with a metallic clanging sound, the six Saint-level undead found themselves being knocked backwards.

“Oh? They didn’t die?” Linley noticed that these six Saint-level skeletons only had some superficial scars on their skeletal bodies, but hadn’t collapsed. Although the ‘Rippling Wind’ technique’s attacks were extremely fast and could produce countless strikes, its raw attack force truly wasn’t very high.

The devilish purple light flashed yet again.

The six Saint-level skeletons didn’t hesitate at all. With a howl, they immediately tunneled back down into the sand.

“Crunch!” “Crunch!” “Crunch!”

Three of the Saint-level skeletons were broken in half by a chop, while the other three Saint-level skeletons managed to hide within the depths of the yellow sands.

“They fled rather quickly.” Linley flew forward at high speed.

After Linley left, those three bisected skeletons suddenly moved, immediately grabbing their other, severed half. To undead, as long as the fire of their spirits hadn’t been extinguished, they themselves wouldn’t die either. They absolutely could reconnect any of their broken or severed body parts.

“Rustle.” Suddenly, multiple Saint-level skeletons came up from the sand, surrounding and slaughtering those three heavily-injured Saint-level skeletons, and then devouring the spiritual flame of the three.

“That Draconian was terrifying.” One of the Saint-level skeletons raised his head, staring into the distance. “I wonder how long it will be before we collect enough corpses.” And then, those Saint-level skeletons immediately burrowed back down into the ground.

Much as Linley had expected, as long as the divine beast, ‘Ba-Serpent’, wasn’t on this first floor, then this first floor held the least amount of danger, here in the Necropolis of the Gods. Linley disposed of a few Saint-level skeletons that had rashly tried to kill him before finally finding the stairs to the second floor.

He climbed up the stairs.



*

The second floor of the Necropolis of the Gods was a jungle world. Dense foliage and brambles were everywhere, making it very hard to see any dangers that might be present here.

“There are no illusions here, but I need to be wary of ambushes.” Linley’s battle-qi had already formed his Pulseguard Defense, and he held Bloodviolet at the ready, heading into this jungle world at high speed. But suddenly, Linley came to a halt and stared into the distance.

A human Saint had appeared, not too far away.

“Him?” Linley let out a secret sigh of relief. Although Linley didn’t know the names of many of the human Saints, Linley still memorized what they looked like.

Linley began to fly again, but the trees of this jungle world reached all the way to the top of this level, and they were so dense that they completely blocked one’s field of vision.

Linley didn’t notice that a green little snake the size of a finger was coiled on the leaf of a tree. Its coloration was identical to that of the leaf, and Linley, flying through the jungle at such a high speed, didn’t notice it at all. But that green little snake’s eyes were filled with an icy glare as it stared below at Linley.

“Swoosh!”

As fast as lightning, the little green snake the size of a finger shot out towards Linley, biting towards Linley’s neck.

“Hrm?” Linley’s face instantly changed. His Pulseguard Defense had actually been instantly penetrated 70% of the way through. The power of this attack was truly too terrifying. If a slightly weaker expert had encountered this little green snake, he probably would have died immediately.

“Swish!” The devilish purple light flashed, and spacetime suddenly froze, then

began to fold on itself. Even as the little green snake was crying out, Bloodviolet chopped down on its body.

Profound Truths of the Wind – Tempos of the Wind, level two!

“Whap!” The little green snake was chopped in two. Afterwards, the two halves suddenly expanded in size, immediately transforming into an enormous green serpent that was over a hundred meters long and as thick as a water barrel. The corpse of the giant serpent fell to the ground.

Linley took a deep breath. “Saint-level snake-type magical beast, but of a type that doesn’t exist in the Yulan continent.” Linley glanced down at the corpse on the ground. “It’s a good thing that I Dragonformed, resulting in my battle-qi increasing significantly. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have been able to take that hit.”

Only now did Linley realize why both Beirut and Fain had said that one had to be absolutely cautious here.

“Someone’s there?” Linley suddenly turned around to look.

He saw a massive, three-meter-tall monster fly over at high speed, but when he saw it, Linley laughed. This was the transformed Undying Warrior, Barker.

“Lord Linley.” Barker flew over to him.

“Earlier, I saw you from afar on the first level, but by the time I flew over, I couldn’t find you,” Barker arrived next to Linley and said resignedly.

Plant Lifeforms

“Not so loud.” Linley was extremely cautious. “See that massive green snake corpse down below?”

Barker glanced down, then nodded. Linley said solemnly, “This massive green snake had transformed to the size of a finger and had hidden itself on a tree leaf. It suddenly ambushed me. If I had been too arrogant and hadn’t been in Dragonform already, my Pulseguard Defense in human form definitely wouldn’t have been able to take it, and I probably would’ve lost my life.”

“That bad?” Barker couldn’t help but say in shock.

Linley’s face was extremely grave. Staring at the surroundings, he said in a suppressed voice, “According to what Desri said, these three tunnels in the Yulan continent all lead to three different Necropolis of the Gods, and this is the most dangerous one. In the past, Desri and the others had hidden on the fifth floor and waited there until the ten years were up.”

Barker clearly was rather shocked. “And to think I wanted to go to the eleventh floor.”

“The eleventh floor? Desri didn’t even dare to go to the sixth floor, and you want to go to the eleventh floor?” Linley looked seriously at Barker. “Barker, don’t think that just because your defense is high that you can be rash. This damnable place has all sorts of creatures from different planes. There might be one that is perfectly suited for countering your abilities. If you aren’t careful, your life would be gone.

“Do you remember what Desri said? If we are just the slightest bit avaricious, we would be lucky to see ten of us survive, out of the eighty-plus total.” Linley glanced at Barker. “If only ten were to survive, I expect that five of them would be the Five Prime Saints, as well as the others who had already come here. As for me, if I’m not careful, I might die here.”

Hearing Linley's words, Barker immediately grew much more cautious.

After all, in terms of who would be able to survive, those who had come before naturally had a higher chance of survival. In addition, amongst the eighty-plus experts, there were the likes of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions and the terrifying magical beasts of the Forest of Darkness. When factoring in the human experts as well, there were definitely more than ten people who were as strong or stronger than Barker.

"Let's go," Linley whispered.

"Right." Barker immediately followed Linley. The two of them travelled very carefully, Bloodviolet and the greataxe in their respective hands, prepared to do battle at all times.

This actually made many of the powerful creatures in the forest decide not to attack them.

"Lord Linley, in this place, there are far too many thistles and far too much foliage. We can't even clearly tell which direction we are going in." After flying for a long time, both of them grew impatient. From the outside, the Necropolis of the Gods had seemed to only be ten thousand meters long, but inside, the space had expanded so dramatically.

Linley and the others could only stare in amazement at this.

"Don't worry. Be calm. Search calmly," Linley whispered.

Suddenly... "Ah!!!" A fierce, agonized scream could be heard from afar, and ravaged pieces of leaves blasted out from afar as well.

Linley and Barker glanced at each other, then quietly moved towards the direction of the battle. Soon, the two discovered an astonishing sight; an enormous flower had wrapped itself around and was 'biting' a Saint, like a massive mouth trying to devour something. The insides of the flower were quivering; clearly, the Saint inside was trying to fight back.

But in just a few moments, the insides of the flower regained its normal calm.

That Saint had died already.

"Man-eating?" Linley couldn't help but frown.

In the Forest of Darkness, upon seeing that living, metallic castle, Linley had come to understand... that it wasn't just humans and magical beasts that had life force. Even metals or plants could have intelligence, and sometimes were even more terrifying than humans.

"Lord?" Barker said in a hushed voice.

Linley gestured at him with his eyes. At this moment, Linley, too, had noticed... that some vines and thorns were slowly moving.

"These rattan vines are alive. Most likely, there's some plant lifeform that wishes to kill us." Linley quirked his lips. Against plant-type creatures, using the adamantine heavy sword probably wouldn't be very effective. After all, even if one demolished half of the plant, the other half would still be alive.

But if one used a sharp, quick weapon such as Bloodviolet, the effect would be much better.

"Rustle..." Suddenly, from afar, a rattan vine dozens of meters long suddenly shot out directly towards Linley and Barker, while at the same time, the vines wrapped around the various trees also left them, moving to surround Linley.

The vines in the grass also shot out.

In an instant... hundreds of rattan vines, thin or thick, covered the skies, attacking from above, from below, and from around them. Even the rattan vines in the mud snapped out. Linley and Barker had suddenly found themselves trapped within a prison of countless vines.

The countless rattan vines formed a giant, ten-meter-wide green rattan sphere.

Linley and Barker were within that giant sphere.

"This will be troublesome." Linley tried to use his arms to push apart the rattan vines that were wrapped around him, but the rattan vines were extremely soft and pliable. They only bulged outward slightly. Raw strength alone simply wasn't capable of breaking through this rattan vine cage. In addition, Linley had the sense that countless sharp needles were piercing out at his entire body from those rattan vines.

Although his 'Pulseguard Defense' was able to take it, his battle-qi was beginning to deplete at a rapid pace.

"Lord, I'm unable to break free." Barker was frantic as well. He wanted to wield his greataxe, but the large number of rattan vines surrounding his arms made it impossible for him to wield it. The elasticity and endurance of those vines was simply terrifying. "Lord, what should we do?"

Barker was frantic.

Although he was powerful, the life force of these enormous rattan vines was even greater.

Suddenly...

"Haha, the two of you, accept your death. After killing the two of you, I will kill three more, and then I'll have enough corpses. Once I offer the corpses to his Lordship, I will also become a Deity. Don't resist. You aren't able to resist. The strength of you humans can't possibly match mine," a thin, wild voice echoed from within this rattan cage.

"Enough corpses?" Linley was shocked.

He was beginning to understand why all of these creatures in the Necropolis of the Gods wanted to kill them.

"Die," That thin, sharp voice rang out again.

Linley sensed a terrifying force coming at him through the rattan vines. Every single one of the vines was exceedingly strong, and right now, hundreds or perhaps a thousand of them were exerting force at the same time. Even Linley and Barker felt themselves to be under tremendous pressure.

The large number of vines coiling around Linley had caused his arms, legs, and draconic tail to be bound. Even when using all of his raw strength, he was only able to move slightly.

"You want to kill the two of us?" Linley laughed coldly, and then with a flick of his wrist...

A devilish purple light immediately flashed. Under the attack of the 'Tempos of the Wind', wherever Bloodviolet passed by, rattan vines immediately split

apart. Linley's Bloodviolet sword quickly transformed into a blur, and countless vines split apart. A desolate, miserable cry could be heard.

Those remaining, unbroken vines quickly fled at high speed.

Soon, those undamaged vines disappeared, while the shattered vines lay there on the floor, but continued to twitch as though they were living tentacles.

"Hrmph." Linley stared at his surroundings.

Linley was searching for the core of that plant lifeform. And soon, Linley discovered some tiny tracks, but as he did, Linley could only shake his head and sigh. "This fellow's main body is actually hidden under the ground. Killing him will be troublesome."

Barker still felt some fear. "Lord Linley, if I were by myself and encountered this rattan life form, what could I have done? Bloodviolet is small and easy to use with but a flick of the wrist, but my greataxe is different. If I had to wield it with just my wrist, the attack power would have been weak and I wouldn't be able to break apart those rattan vines."

Linley nodded slightly.

Barker had huge strength and strong defense, and his greataxe was used for powerful chopping blows. But just then, with his entire body wrapped around by vines and his arms unable to move, it would have been very hard for him to break through the vines.

"Against this sort of plant lifeforms, brute strength is far inferior to sharp weapons." Linley glanced at Barker.

"The main problem is that your understanding of the Laws is not very high. Even empty-handed, I could use the 'Tempos of the Wind' technique and use the edge of my hand to chop apart those rattan vines. Using the 'Profound Truths of the Earth' would also be sufficient to disintegrate those rattan vines." Linley reminded Barker, "In the Yulan continent, it is fine for you to rely on your great strength and your mighty defense, but if you are to encounter any creatures with strange powers, you would really be in trouble."

"Right." Barker firmly took this lesson to heart.

“Let’s go,” Linley said.

But after the two had flown only a few dozen meters away, Linley suddenly turned and charged towards the ground as fast as a thunderbolt. He smashed down with his right hand like a heavy mace and delivered a vicious blow to the ground. The entire world seemed to tremble slightly.

Profound Truths of the Earth – Throbbing Pulse of the World, 128 Layered Waves

This was Linley’s current limit, and it was far more powerful than his previous 256 layered waves.

“Ah!” A miserable cry could be heard from underground.

“Hrmph. You are fortunate to not die.” Linley quickly flew up again. “Barker, let’s go.”

When the rattan vines had fled, Linley had actually been able to more or less calculate the general location of the rattan lifeform beneath the ground. But this was just a general area. As Linley saw it... this rattan lifeform’s main body was undoubtedly huge.

Linley predicted where it probably was, and then delivered the ‘Profound Truths of the Earth’ into the center of that area.

“Although I am not able to attack the heart of the creature, I should still be able to attack the general location it is in,” Linley had thought to himself. Indeed, as he had predicted, although he hadn’t struck the creature’s core and the rattan lifeform had been lucky enough to survive, Linley still had caused it great harm.

Soon after their battle against the rattan lifeform, Linley and Barker found where the second gateway was hidden. It was a set of stairs surrounded by a large amount of vegetation. Linley and Barker climbed directly up the stairs, finally arriving at the entrance to the third floor.

“Be careful. Every single floor potentially has the divine beast, ‘Ba-Serpent’, within it. You cannot be too rash,” Linley reminded Barker.

“I know. If we discover the Ba-Serpent, I won’t even say a word.” Barker

noded.

Linley and Barker then headed directly into the third floor. Upon entering it, Linley and Barker both couldn't help but shiver. It was too cold. This sort of cold, Linley and Barker had never felt before.

This was a world of ice.

Icebergs dotted the landscape like mountain ranges, and a large amount of white energy was flowing everywhere. When that white energy drew near them, Linley and Barker couldn't help but shiver yet again.

"How can it be so cold?" Linley was secretly shocked. "I have both my Pulseguard Defense and my draconic scales, but I still feel cold. This is monstrous."

But although both Linley and Barker thought this, they didn't dare to make a sound. Before fully ascertaining whether or not this floor contained the divine beast, 'Ba-Serpent', the two wouldn't dare to make any noise at all. Linley and Barker flew carefully.

Suddenly...

"It is Eddins." Linley saw the Saint from not too far away. Right now, Eddins was currently flying carefully with two other Saints.

When Linley and Barker drew near them, Eddins seemed to have noticed Linley as well, and he hurriedly gestured at Linley with his eyes.

"What is it?" Linley was secretly surprised.

Eddins' glance clearly conveyed that he was worried, while at the same time, he pointed in a certain direction.

Linley immediately looked towards the direction which Eddins was pointing at, and he saw what looked like a serpentine creature, covered with green scales. It was over ten meters thick, and as for length... Linley was only able to see a few dozen meters of its length. The rest of it was blocked off by the various icebergs.

"Could that be the Ba-Serpent?" Linley's heart shook.

Barker was astonished as well. He shared a glance with Linley, and they both

flew cautiously and quietly. It wasn't just them; Eddins and the other two Saints didn't dare to make any noise at all either, afraid that they might awaken the terrifying divine beast, the Ba-Serpent.

After flying for a while, Linley was able to see the main part of the Ba-Serpent's body.

The body of the Ba-Serpent was actually wrapped around a mountain-like iceberg, and one couldn't see the end of its body. But the part wrapped around the iceberg alone had to be thousands of meters long. This was, physically, the largest magical beast that Linley had ever witnessed in his life. Normal magical beasts were at most a hundred meters long or so.

But the visible portion of this Ba-Serpent was already thousands of meters long.

"Could it be that it is over ten thousand meters long?" Linley, Barker, and the others continued to fly about in search of the next gateway. Linley saw that from behind, more experts had entered the third floor as well. "I hope these people won't awaken the Ba-Serpent. If we get dragged down by them somehow, that would be disastrous."

There were now quite a few experts on the third floor. If a single one of them made noise, all of them would be doomed.

"The head of the Ba-Serpent." Linley saw from afar a massive serpentine head, at least twenty meters high. The Ba-Serpent's eyes were closed. Its breathing wasn't very loud, but in the silent atmosphere of the third floor, Linley and the others could make it out very clearly.

When the Ba-Serpent was asleep, it would constantly emit puffs of black gas from its mouth. The black gas scattered towards the surrounding area like the wind, and whenever the black gas touched the nearby icebergs, the icebergs would immediately crumble into ground ice dust.

The Ba-Serpent Awakens?

On the third floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, all the Saints were moving with the utmost of caution, not daring to make a single sound for fear of startling awake this slumbering, terrifying creature... the Ba-Serpent. In the entire third floor, the only sound was the soft, quiet snores of the slumbering Ba-Serpent.

“Whoosh. Hiss. Whoosh. Hiss.”

With each breath the Ba-Serpent took, scattered pieces of ice nearby were drawn into its mouth. Whenever it exhaled, black gas came flowing out.

“Fortunately, there are no other creatures on this third floor aside from the Ba-Serpent.” Linley cast a glance at the distant Ba-Serpent.

The ten-kilometer-long scale-covered body of the Ba-Serpent, wrapped around that massive iceberg, had a massive head that was the height of a building with six or seven floors. From its closed eyelids came flashes of metallic, steel-like light. The feeling those dim flashes of light gave off alone made many Saints feel terror in their hearts.

After searching for a long time.

“Where is the passageway to the fourth floor?” Linley was growing somewhat impatient.

Not just Linley. The other experts on the third floor were growing frantic as well. If they were forced to stay on the first or second floor for ten days or a month, they wouldn’t be too afraid, but this was the third floor. Even a few hours was difficult to bear.

If anyone made any loud sounds, this Ba-Serpent would definitely wake up.

Even if it didn’t wake up from noise, the Ba-Serpent might wake up on its own. If they just so happened to be here while the Ba-Serpent was awake, then

the Saints wouldn't even have the chance to cry before dying.

"There are more and more people arriving on the third floor now. There's over thirty, I wager." Linley turned back and glanced. Those experts that had been on the first or second floor were all making their way to the third floor now. Nobody in the third floor had found the fourth-floor entrance yet.

Naturally, the population in the third floor was continuing to increase.

"Whoosh."

Although the Ba-Serpent's breathing wasn't very loud, it still struck at each person's heart like a hammer.

"Desri, Tulily, and Fain came in first, but I haven't seen them yet." Linley carefully moved past a flow of black gas, which brushed against a nearby iceberg. The iceberg immediately transformed into powder.

The black gas that the Ba-Serpent exhaled was not to be touched.

"Desri and the others are experienced. Most likely, they have already found the entrance and have gone to the fourth floor already." Linley understood that while he had been searching for the gateway in the first floor, Desri and Fain probably had already begun moving up into the higher floors.

There was nothing for it. They had the benefit of experience.

A person drew near. It was Eddins. Linley looked questioningly at Eddins.

Eddins used a finger to point towards another direction, then a second direction, indicating that several of them would search in the first direction, while Linley and Barker were to search in the other direction.

Linley nodded.

Eddins smiled, and then flew in the first direction with the other two Saints. Linley and Barker exchanged a glance, knowing what the other was thinking. They flew in the second direction. What mattered right now was finding that gateway!

Time passed, one minute at a time, one second at a time.

The experts in the third floor became more and more in number. From what

Linley understood, by now, there were around forty of them. After all, there were only sixty or so human Saints, while the magical beasts numbered nearly twenty. Desri and Fain had already entered the fourth floor.

But if they continued to waste time like this, then the number of people here would naturally grow larger and larger.

“Eddins.” Linley looked to the distant Eddins.

Eddins and the other two shook their heads. Clearly, they hadn’t found the gateway. Linley also shook his head. Him and Barker had yet to find it either.

Quite a few of the Saints who knew each other were exchanging messages through meaningful looks. Clearly, none of them had found the gateway. As time went on... Linley, Eddins, and the others grew more and more nervous. But this large group of people still couldn’t find the gateway.

“Impossible.” Linley frowned. “This third floor is rather large, but with so many experts flying around searching for it, it’s impossible that we can’t find it.”

“The only possible explanation is...”

Linley looked towards the Ba-Serpent. “The passageway is next to the Ba-Serpent’s body!”

Ever since arriving at the third floor, every single Saint, upon seeing the Ba-Serpent, immediately moved away from it in terror. None of them dared to go near it. First, the Ba-Serpent was too terrifying. And second... the Ba-Serpent was surrounded by a large amount of black gas.

The power of that black gas was simply too great. Even those extremely tough icebergs crumbled into dust upon touching it.

Nobody dared to go near the Ba-Serpent!

“But precisely because no one dares to go near it, that’s why there’s a chance the gateway is there.” Linley nudged the nearby Barker, who looked questioningly at Linley.

Linley pointed towards the Ba-Serpent, then gave Barker a meaningful look before flying directly towards the Ba-Serpent. Barker didn’t hesitate either, immediately following behind Linley. Soon, the two arrived close to the Ba-

Serpent's body.

Many Saints saw Linley and Barker do this, and they frantically tried to signal them with their eyes, telling them to stay farther away.

It wasn't because these Saints felt worried about them. It was because they feared that Linley and Barker would awaken the Ba-Serpent, and cause the deaths of all the Saints present!

"Now that we are fairly close to the Ba-Serpent, let's begin flying alongside its body and try our best to search for the gateway." Linley pulled Barker, not letting him go any closer to the Ba-Serpent, and then the two of them began to fly around the Ba-Serpent's massive body, trying to search for that opening.

They started from the safest area, near the tail of the serpent.

Saints were very intelligent. Seeing Linley and Barker do this, many Saints suddenly understood. They, too, now guessed... that perhaps the opening was next to the Ba-Serpent's body. Immediately, many other Saints drew near and began to carefully search as well.

"Rumble..."

The Ba-Serpent moved. Its enormous body actually moved.

"The Ba-Serpent woke up!" Linley's face instantly turned ugly to behold. Barker's face, as well, immediately turned pale, without a hint of color. The Saints that had been in the process of searching close to the Ba-Serpent's massive body, in virtually the same instant, disappeared like locusts, flashing away from the Ba-Serpent's vicinity.

Without hesitating at all...

Linley and Barker flew back at high speed to the entrance to the second floor. After all, right now, there was only two ways to escape. One was to return to the second floor through the gateway to the second floor. The other method was to immediately go to the fourth floor.

"But..."

Nobody knew where the fourth floor's gateway was. Without any other options, they had to return to the second floor as fast as possible!

“Quick, quick!” Linley was frantic. “We’re out of time!”

At this moment, Linley’s mind suddenly flashed back to Delia, who was still waiting for him back at the Yulan continent, as well as his two children, Taylor and Sasha. Linley wasn’t the only one frightened; the other Saints were frightened as well.

But...

“Wait a second.” Linley suddenly halted.

He had once more heard that sound of snoring, the sound of the Ba-Serpent’s snoring. After Linley halted, Barker flew a short while, realized Linley wasn’t flying, and turned back.

“The Ba-Serpent didn’t wake up.” Linley was surprised.

Linley wasn’t the only one to discover this. Many of the other fleeing Saints had discovered this as well. All of them began to fly back. If the Ba-Serpent really had woken up, how could it possibly have let them cross that long distance from its body to the opening as easily as that?

Seeing that the Ba-Serpent was still slumbering, many Saints didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry.

Linley and Barker exchanged a glance, both grinning.

“So it just rolled over in its sleep.” Linley could tell that the position of the Ba-Serpent’s body had moved slightly.

Many Saints hesitated only a short while before once more drawing near the Ba-Serpent and once more searching carefully around it. In just a short period of time, a Saint discovered the location of the gateway. Linley and Barker could both clearly see seven Saints standing there in mid-air, staring at a location next to the Ba-Serpent’s head.

“Could it be there?” Linley and Barker both flew over.

Indeed...

The Ba-Serpent’s head was facing the cliff of that giant iceberg. The black breath of the Ba-Serpent was rapidly crumbling the cliff of the giant iceberg, revealing a passageway within it. The stairs were easy to spot.

“So it is here. How terrible.” Linley and Barker shared a glance. They both had a terrible feeling.

Just then, before the Ba-Serpent had turned over, the head of the Ba-Serpent had been resting against the other side. If they had found the tunnel then, they’d have to go close to the Ba-Serpent’s head, true, but it would be towards the back of the head. Linley and the others still would have been able to soundlessly sneak past.

But now...

The Ba-Serpent’s head was directly facing that passageway, and with each breath, that black gas blew towards the stairs. In addition, a large amount of black gas was still circulating around in that area.

It would be very hard to reach the passageway to the fourth floor!

“Right now, there’s only two ways we can enter the fourth floor.” Linley frowned. “The first is to rely on speed to dodge past the black gas and charge straight through to the stairs and enter the fourth floor quickly. The second method is...” Linley raised his head.

This iceberg was enormous.

Clearly, the stairs were continuing to the top.

Linley expected that stairs ended somewhere in the middle of the iceberg mountain. They could drill a hole down through the iceberg mountain and directly reach the insides of the iceberg mountain, then look for the entrance to the fourth floor.

“But drilling through the mountain would definitely create noise.” Linley was rather worried.

Just as Linley was hesitating, two black shadows suddenly charged towards the black-energy shrouded entrance. Those two black shadows were very fast and agile. Despite the density of the black gas... one of the shadows was touched by the black gas, but the other made it onto the stairs.

“Shadowshape Doppelganger Technique!” Linley said to himself.

Just then, that person had relied on the Shadowshape Doppelganger

Technique to risk his life and pass through the black gas blocking the stairs.

“Can’t keep wasting time like this. If we keep wasting time, the Ba-Serpent will have breathed even more times and the black gas surrounding the tunnel will become even denser. Once it completely blocks off the entrance, then there won’t be any chance to go in at all.” Linley ground his teeth.

He glanced at the nearby Barker, who nodded back at Linley.

All of the forty-plus experts present understood that they couldn’t waste any more time. The more time they wasted, the less of a chance they would have.

“Whoosh!” A flash of light suddenly sped towards the entrance at high speed. With but a flash, the person entered the tunnel. Yet another Saint had passed through and entered the fourth floor.

Although the black gas was very dense and seemingly dangerous, all of the Saints present had their own consummate techniques, and thus still had a high chance of making it past.

After two had made it past, the forty-plus remaining Saints all felt their confidence increase. Yet another Saint transformed into a blur and streaked towards the tunnel entrance. Linley recognized this Saint; it was the War God’s disciple, Eddins.

Eddins was extremely fast, but suddenly, with a ‘puff’, Eddins was suddenly caught in a pincer by two flows of black gas. There was no way for him to dodge at all.

Instantly...

The terrified Eddins opened his mouth, as though he wanted to let out a scream of pain, but he didn’t even have the chance to make a sound. The black gas surrounded him, and then he crumbled into tiny pieces. Not even his soul was left.

“Eddins, he...” Linley’s heart contracted violently. This black gas was too terrifying.

The faces of the forty-plus other Saints instantly turned pale. This black gas was too terrifying. Although they had guessed at how strong it was, they hadn’t

imagined that just by touching it, even someone with Eddins' power wouldn't be able to withstand it for half a second. Even his soul had been destroyed.

The mood was gloomier than ever before. On the third floor, only the Ba-Serpent's slumbering snores could be heard.

True Awakening! The Impending Calamity!

What to do?

All of the Saints were pondering this question. The situation was clear. That black gas couldn't be touched at all. Touching it meant death.

"Even Eddins wasn't able to withstand it for even a moment. Perhaps even I wouldn't be able to hold on for a second." Linley knew very well that this divine beast, the 'Ba-Serpent', was a full God-level Deity. The gas it breathed out carried just the slightest hint of its power, but the power of a God, even just a hint of it... wasn't something these Saints could withstand.

Suddenly...

Three people simultaneously charged towards the gateway to the second floor. Clearly, they wanted to return to the second floor.

"Gave up?" Linley glanced at them.

These people were returning to the second floor. Clearly, they were giving up this opportunity and preparing to stay on the second floor for the ten full years. After ten years, they would leave the Necropolis of the Gods.

"Giving up means giving up all of the treasures of the Necropolis of the Gods as well, but they will at least have their lives." Linley wasn't able to determine if these people made the right choice or the wrong choice, but Linley himself didn't wish to give up. Until the last moment came, he wouldn't give up.

Seeing the three leave, another five of the forty people present left as well, returning to the second floor.

Only thirty or so people were now left on the third floor.

"Swish." A shadow flashed past, paying no mind to the black gas as it charged in. Clearly, this Saint was extremely nimble. He quite agilely dodged past the gas, and in the twinkling of an eye, ascended the stairs. Yet another expert had

entered the fourth floor.

But the next person, his face grim, who had charged out was suddenly surrounded by that randomly flowing black gas.

“Whooosh.” The Ba-Serpent’s breathing continued unabated.

The middle-aged man was transformed into crumbled bits, not even his soul remaining.

All of the experts remaining had very solemn looks on their faces. They had a look of determination in their eyes. Yet another Saint charged down, but this one's luck was very bad. It just so happened that several waves of black gas joined together and blocked off the entire passageway.

He could only watch as the black gas surrounded him. Yet another man had died.

“The longer we wait, the more black gas there will be in the passageway. There’s no pattern to the movements of the black gas. If I fly over just when the black gas is sealing off the gateway, then I’ll be finished.” Linley knew that this was no longer a matter of speed or agility. It was also a matter of luck.

Linley glanced the nearby Barker.

The two shared a look, then nodded.

It was time to prepare to go down.

“Whooooosh.” “Hisssss.”

The Ba-Serpent continued to snore, and that sound was a sound that seemed to ring throughout this third floor. The atmosphere surrounding the thirty remaining Saints, by contrast, seemed extremely grim and terrible. If one was unlucky, one’s soul would be destroyed and wouldn’t even have the chance to become a departed spirit in the Netherworld.

“Swoosh!” The next person was that burly man Linley had sparred with, Clay. Clay moved like a bolt of lightning, going in an arced line towards the tunnel entrance. Clay was extremely lucky; he dodged all of the flows of black gas and strode onto the stairway.

Clay had a hint of a smile on his face. He glanced back at the other Saints,

then went up.

“This is the moment.” Linley noticed that the black gas had revealed a fairly large opening, and immediately prepared to charge. But there was someone who was even faster than Linley, and charged down before Linley did, forcing Linley to come to a halt.

Indeed, because the opening was fairly large, that Saint had managed to seize the opportunity to charge through.

Just as that Saint was letting out a sigh of relief, he suddenly felt enormous pain. Lowering his head, he saw that an extremely thin current of black gas had wrapped around his right foot, and that his right foot had already transformed into powder.

At the same time...

Stretching up from his right foot, his entire right leg instantly disintegrated. By the time this Saint reacted to what was going on, his entire body below his chest had disintegrated.

The feeling of his soul suffering extreme anguish caused this Saint to let out an uncontrollable scream of pain.

“Ah!!!” A piercing, agonized howl pierced through the calm of the third floor.

The pain he felt was so great that it was worse than being cut by ten million knives. The Saint didn’t want to make any noise, but he simply couldn’t endure it. He had never suffered pain like this before...

The faces of all the Saints present instantly changed. No blood could be seen in their faces.

They were finished!

“Flee!” Someone let out a sudden, angry roar. By now, it no longer made a difference if they made any noise at all.

The thirty-plus Saints were like a flock of terrified sheep as they wildly began to flee at their maximum speed.

But with a terrifying rumbling sound, the ten-kilometer-long body of the Ba-Serpent suddenly began to move, and as it did, the massive, tough iceberg

mountain exploded into tiny pieces.

The entire iceberg mountain shattered apart, revealing the passageway that had been hidden within it. The exit of that passageway... was like a little window hanging in mid-air.

The exploding iceberg mountain carried with it an irresistible amount of force in the shards it sprayed everywhere. Many of the Saints were struck by the ice and knocked flying backwards while they vomited blood. Each piece of ice contained within it a terrifying amount of force.

“Terrible.” Linley felt that he was like a soldier who was dodging an endless rain of arrows. Large pieces of crushed ice transformed into countless streaks of light, blasting in each direction.

“Barker.” Linley’s face suddenly changed greatly.

Barker’s dodging abilities weren’t comparable to Linley’s. He was finally struck by a large piece of ice.

The ice itself wasn’t frightening. What was frightening was the enormous power with which it had been hurled out.

“Bang.” The piece of ice shattered apart, knocking Barker backwards. Barker spat out a large mouthful of blood. “Lord, flee, hurry!” A weak voice escaped from Barker’s mouth.

The apocalypse had descended upon the third floor.

The previously slumbering Ba-Serpent’s metallic eyelids opened. His dark, enormous eyes which had a hint of blue in them swept the surrounding area with a glance.

The Ba-Serpent had awoken!

Just a casual movement of its body had contained such terrifying force. If the Ba-Serpent had truly been trying to kill these Saints just then, would any of them have been able to flee?

“You want to go in?” The Ba-Serpent raised its head, staring at the entrance to the fourth floor that was located above it.

At this moment, someone was charging towards the entrance at high speed.

Clearly... this person was trying to enter the fourth floor. If Linley raised his head to look, he would have seen that this was the Prodigy Sword Saint, Olivier. But he had been noticed by the Ba-Serpent.

“Swish!”

The Ba-Serpent’s eyes emitted two rays of dark blue light. Given the speed of these two rays of dark light, Olivier definitely would die.

But suddenly, Olivier’s body was surrounded on one side by a cover of black battle-qi, and on the other side by a cover of white battle-qi. His speed suddenly tripled, and with a ‘hiss’ sound, his two severed legs fell down from the sky.

But Olivier himself flew into the fourth floor.

Those two rays of dark light originally should have pierced into Olivier’s chest, but Olivier’s sudden increase in speed caused these two rays of dark light to only strike his legs. Two holes had appeared in his legs, which had quickly began to grow at an appalling speed.

But Olivier was very decisive.

He had cut off his own two legs!

If that Saint who had his foot brushed by black gas had known how powerful the black gas was and had immediately severed his leg, he might have been able to preserve his life.

“None of you will escape.” The Ba-Serpent rose up, staring around itself.

Right now, there were two Saints who had already reached the exit to the second floor, but just as they were about to enter, for no reason whatsoever, their bodies suddenly turned into ice, and then, like cracked ice, suddenly shattered into dozens of pieces.

The other experts on the third floor now felt true despair.

“That bastard dragged our entire group down.” Linley felt his heart tremble.

Terror!

Right, Linley was currently terrified!

The Ba-Serpent hadn't even moved, but two Saints who had already reached the entrance to the second floor had suddenly died. What technique had the Ba-Serpent used? Linley didn't know. And this not knowing was what was so terrifying.

"Perhaps in the next instant, I will suddenly be frozen as well."

"I don't even know where Barker is right now." Linley's heart was filled with bitterness.

Linley suddenly gritted his teeth.

No time to worry about anything else. Even if he died, he'd die trying.

Linley's hands were currently wielding Bloodviolet and the adamantine heavy sword. Linley raised his head to stare at the entrance up high. At this moment, Linley was only a few thousand meters away from the entrance to the fourth floor. This sort of distance, Linley could cross in the blink of an eye.

"Swish!" A human form shot towards the entrance to the fourth floor at high speed.

But in mid-air, the Ba-Serpent's eyes once more shot out with those two rays of dark light, piercing through the man's head. Yet another Saint died.

"Everyone, together..." A Saint didn't even have the chance to finish his words before, just like that, he died.

The Ba-Serpent's eyes stared with amusement at the dead person. The Ba-Serpent wasn't in a hurry to kill those people. He had just taken a long nap. Now that he was awakened, it would be somewhat diverting for him to play with these ants in front of him.

"Swish!" "Swish!"

Several human forms charged towards the skies. One of them was the Dragonformed Linley.

Each of the Ba-Serpent's two eyes shot out four rays of dark light in succession. A total of eight rays of dark light suddenly shot out at the eight people, Linley included. The others were unable to do what Olivier had done and suddenly triple their speed.

One human figure after another died in mid-air.

One of the rays of blue light was striking towards Linley's head. Linley felt a sort of dread in his heart. Without question... once he was struck by the blue light, he would definitely die. In the last instant, Linley suddenly brandished Bloodviolet.

"Clang!" Linley moved like a flash of lightning, scurrying into the fourth floor's entrance.

Of the eight people present, seven died, one survived.

"Eh?" The Ba-Serpent raised his head in a surprise glance, and then murmured softly, "Intriguing. I didn't expect to find so many wonderful surprises amongst this group of humans. One of them was capable of simultaneously using the Laws of Darkness and Light, while this one...actually has such an incredibly precious divine artifact."



*

This was a world of snow, endless snow.

Linley stood in the middle of the blizzard, panting. Even now, his heart was still gripped by fear. Just then... Linley had seen the cold, remorseless eyes of the Ba-Serpent as it had shot out those rays of dark light. The little bit of power he had gained from his understanding of the Laws, in front of such an attack, was nothing but a joke!

What to do?

"It saved my life." Linley looked at the Bloodviolet sword in his hands. This was truly a divine artifact.

Although the adamantine heavy sword was very tough, it still couldn't be described as a divine artifact. Thus, in the last moment, Linley had chosen to use Bloodviolet to block that ray of dark light. Bloodviolet hadn't disappointed Linley. When that ray of dark blue light had struck Bloodviolet, it only made Bloodviolet tremble once; it didn't damage Bloodviolet at all.

“The ray of dark blue light didn’t possess any impact force. What it only had was a strange devouring force.”

Linley stared carefully at Bloodviolet. It was the same as it had always been. Linley knew that Bloodviolet was no ordinary weapon... because from that day when he had first activated its baleful aura, Linley had discovered those large amounts of corpses, many of which emanated an aura that surpassed that of living Saint-level magical beasts.

This was the weapon of a Deity. As to whether Bloodviolet’s former owner was a Demigod, a full God, or a Highgod, Linley had no idea.

But Linley believed that this divine artifact shouldn’t be damaged so easily by the God-level Ba-Serpent’s attack.

Linley had bet his life on it, and he had betted correctly. He had survived.

“But Barker...” Linley looked back at the nearby entrance. Below the entrance was the third floor, and Barker was still there. Linley, however, wasn’t able to do anything. In front of the Ba-Serpent, he had no ability to resist whatsoever.

“I didn’t expect that you would survive as well,” a cold voice rang out from nearby.

Linley turned to look.

Olivier was currently sitting on the snowy ground, his twin leg stumps surrounded by an aura of white light. At the same time, they were quickly regrowing. By now, they had already regenerated to the knees.

The World of Snow

Olivier's face was currently very pale. Just then, he had used all the power available to him, but the price of tripling his speed was not a low one. And with the loss of both his legs... Olivier was currently in very bad shape.

"Why aren't you leaving?" Olivier raised his head, staring at Linley.

Linley just stood there, in no hurry to leave. He could tell that at present, Olivier's strength had dropped dramatically. With his legs gone, Olivier's movement ability in any battle with enemies would drop greatly as well. Although he could fly... flying while lacking two legs would make one's agility drop by half.

"Thank you." After a long silence, Olivier said these two words. And then, he focused on healing his wounds.

Linley's heart was in great pain right now. He turned back to look at the third floor. "Barker... if Barker truly died, then if in the future, his wife Leena, their two kids, Gates, and the other brothers ask me..." Linley felt helpless.

In front of the divine beast, Ba-Serpent, he had been lucky to even stay alive.

There was no way Linley could have saved Barker at all.

"I hope that Barker's luck was as good as mine. Perhaps he will enter the fourth floor, or flee back to the second floor." Linley stood there without moving, partially to help Olivier protect against any creatures from attacking him, and partially because he wanted to wait...

Wait to see if Barker would come out into the fourth floor as well.

After a long while...

"I'm done." Olivier stood up and glanced at Linley, not saying anything else. He immediately transformed into a blur as he flew high into the sky.

Linley stood there for another half hour. In the end, he finally let out a long sigh before flying into the air as well.

The frozen ground was blanketed with white snow, and it was also dotted with many large, proudly standing trees. The snow covered these trees with a layer of silver decoration. After flying for a while, Linley saw a familiar face. It was Clay, who had sparred with him at War God Mountain.

“Linley.” Clay laughed as he flew over. “I thought that you had already... below...”

“I just entered the fourth floor. The person after you let out a scream of pain, and the Ba-Serpent woke up.” Linley shook his head. “I was only lucky, but my good friend Barker...”

Clay said consolingly, “Don’t be too sad. Soon after I entered the fourth floor, I discovered Olivier with his legs severed. From him, I learned that the Ba-Serpent had woken up. I thought that all of you had been killed by the Ba-Serpent. It’s already very lucky that you survived. Your friend would feel happy for you as well.”

Linley nodded.

The two flew side by side, and Clay cautioned, “Stop thinking about your friend. This fourth floor is extremely dangerous as well. If you are distracted and die as a result of it, that would be a terrible waste.”

Linley suddenly came to himself. Taking a deep breath, he shook his head a few times. “Got it.”

“Fain told me that in the past, they had retreated to the fifth floor. This Necropolis of the Gods has eighteen floors in total. In the top eleven floors, every five floors represent one ‘layer’. The first four floors aren’t too dangerous, while the fifth floor is actually the least dangerous of the entire layer,” Clay explained.

Clay had been alive for much longer than Linley. He knew many more things as well.

“Oh? The fifth floor is the safest of the first five floors?” Linley was surprised.

“Right. From what Fain told me, according to the War God, every five floors is a layer. The danger from the first to the fifth floor is fairly average, while the sixth to the tenth floors are extremely dangerous. Even Fain could die at any time,” Clay reminded.

Linley nodded. In the future, he would be extremely careful.

“The sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth layers are all extremely dangerous. Compared to these four floors, the tenth floor is actually less dangerous by comparison.” Clay laughed.

Linley memorized these words. This was all information that Fain had no doubt received from the War God.

The War God had definitely passed through the first ten floors. Naturally, he knew the situation in these floors.

“Five floors a layer, with the fifth floor being the safest floor of the first layer, while the tenth floor is the safest floor of the second layer.” Linley suddenly had a strange feeling. “It seems as though the safe level is to allow everyone some time to prepare.”

Clearly, the sixth floor would suddenly rise greatly in difficulty and danger.

The eleventh floor was a place where there were corpses of Deities and divine sparks. As long as one wasn't a fool, one would understand... the eleventh floor was most likely far more dangerous than the earlier floors.

While flying past the snowy landscape, Clay laughed, “Only in the first five floors can we rely on our personal strength to fight through those various life forms. Once we reach the sixth floor... we will have to rely on our intelligence, our strength, and our luck, all combined.”

Linley nodded.

In the past, Desri and Fain had been so frightened that they didn't dare to enter the sixth floor. They had hidden in the fifth floor until the ten years were up.

“Whooosh.”

There was a pile of snow below. Suddenly, a creature erupted from beneath

the snow, flashing at Clay like a white flash of lightning. Clay's body instantly turned metallic, then with a furious roar, his right fist punched down directly towards that attacking creature.

“Bang!”

The fist slammed directly against a furry palm.

Clay was sent flying backwards at high speed, while that furry creature also landed hard against the ground.

“Such enormous power.” Clay inwardly sighed in amazement.

Linley looked down with surprise as well at that furry creature. Linley had sparred with Clay before, and he knew how physically powerful Clay was. “Clay is ten times as powerful as Haydson was, and his defense is comparable to Barker's. But he was only on par with this creature.”

The creature below suddenly stood up like a human would.

“A bear?” Linley stared with shock at the creature below and spoke out.

That seemingly bear-like magical beast was covered with white fur, but he had a black ring of fur lining his eyes, as though someone had punched his eyes and made them swell. Actually, that made this furry magical beast seem very adorable.

“I'm not a stupid bear. I'm a Snowy Panda-Cat,” that furry magical beast rebuked.

“Swoosh!” At this moment, the Snowy Panda-Cat suddenly rose up again, this time charging straight at Linley... like a flash of white light, the Snowy Panda-Cat arrived in front of Linley. Linley couldn't help but be shocked by its speed.

“Whap!”

Linley's draconic tail, glittering with metallic light, struck against the Snowy Panda-Cat. The sudden attack by the draconic tail was extremely fast, not giving the Snowy Panda-Cat any chance to respond at all.

“Bang.” The Snowy Panda-Cat slammed into the snowy ground again, while at the same time, a hint of blood appeared atop its pure white fur over its chest. The Snowy Panda-Cat stared at Linley, then at Clay, before finally bending over

on all fours, then scampering away.

He had fled!

Linley and Clay both couldn't help but laugh.

"This Snowy Panda-Cat is really amusing. After a simple exchange of blows, he immediately fled." But Linley was shocked by the power of the Snowy Panda-Cat. Its strength wasn't one whit inferior to the Worldbear, but its speed was far greater.

No wonder why it was called the Snowy Panda-Cat, and had the word 'cat' in its name.

"Haha... if I had to fight this Snowy Panda-Cat by myself, it would really be troublesome. The Snowy Panda-Cat's speed seems to be faster than mine," Clay chuckled bitterly. "Linley, I have the feeling that at most, I'll be able to rest on the fifth floor. The sixth floor, I probably won't be able to break through."

"Enough. Let's first find the tunnel." Linley flew alongside Clay, searching for the tunnel.

The Snowy Panda-Cats on this fourth floor were very strange. Aside from a few of the Snowy Panda-Cats that would suddenly attack, most of the Snowy Panda-Cats didn't attack them at all. Instead, most of them were just rolled up into a ball and sleeping on the snow. At first, Linley and Clay had been worried, but afterwards, they felt more relaxed.

"Listen up, the two of you," an ancient voice suddenly rang out.

Linley and Clay, in mid-flight, started, then immediately turning to look at the location from which the voice rang out from.

Beneath them was a Snowy Panda-Cat that was only one meter tall that was staring calmly at Linley and Clay. Although the Snowy Panda-Cats were much smaller than Worldbears, they were usually two or three meters tall at their full height. But this Snowy Panda-Cat was only a meter tall.

"This Snowy Panda-Cat is extremely dangerous." Linley immediately became guarded. This Snowy Panda-Cat, although physically small, gave Linley a sense of danger, not too far from the feeling that the War God and the others gave

him.

The ancient voice of the Snowy Panda-Cat rang out again. "I am the clan leader of this clan of Snowy Panda-Cats."

Linley and Clay exchanged glances. Snowy Panda-Cats had clan leaders?

"Remember. On this fourth floor, as long as my children do not attack you, you are not to attack them either. If you kill any of them, then don't blame me for acting viciously against you." With a flip of the Snowy Panda-Cat's hand, a bamboo flute suddenly appeared.

Right. A bamboo flute.

"Is he going to play the flute?" Linley had never seen someone who was able to injure someone else by playing the flute.

But Linley and Clay both felt that this old fellow in front of them posed an enormous threat. They didn't dare to say anything, and so Clay hurriedly said, "Don't worry. Just then, when that Snowy Panda-Cat attacked us, we didn't go full force against it either. As long as your citizens don't attack us, we definitely won't attack your children either."

"The passageway to the fifth level is over there, next to that giant tree. The passageway is inside the giant tree." The leader of the Snowy Panda-Cats pointed towards the distant tree.

Linley and Clay immediately began to fly in that direction.

Seeing Linley and Clay leave, the leader of the Snowy Panda-Cats let out a long sigh. His clan of Snowy Panda-Cats had been placed here on the fourth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, which was like being placed in a prison. As the leader of this clan of Snowy Panda-Cats, he wasn't able to do anything about that.

Given his current level of strength, it wouldn't be too hard for him to kill many outsiders and then exchange their corpses for the divine spark of a Demigod. But he didn't want to do this. The reason was, only he had the power to threaten and frighten experts on Linley's level.

"If I become a Deity and leave, then these children will die soon afterwards as

well.” The Snowy Panda-Cat leader let out a long sigh.

He, too, was a Prime Saint, only a single step away from becoming a Deity. But the power of this leader of the Snowy Panda-Cats was greater than that of the Five Prime Saints. This was because the profound truths he had gained insight into were different from that of others. It was much like how Linley... trained in the Throbbing Pulse of the World. In terms of attack power, it surpassed the insights which most others had gained.

The profound truths this leader of the Snowy Panda-Cats had gained insight into was one of the rarest types of profound truths of the Elemental Laws of the Wind.



*

The fifth floor. The world of fire.

Linley and Clay, immediately upon arriving in this floor, felt themselves being attacked by waves of heat. The center of this fifth floor was a volcano, while the surrounding area was filled with desolate lava flows. It was an empty land... one could see off into the distance easily.

But the temperature of the lava flows here was very high.

“Boss!” A black shadow suddenly flew over at high speed.

“Bebe.” Linley could clearly feel that it was Bebe who was flying over. Bebe leaped directly into Linley’s arms, his eyes turning misty. “Boss, I arrived at the fifth floor long ago. I’ve been waiting for you here the entire time. Desri and the others said that you encountered the Ba-Serpent on the third floor. I’ve been worried about you the entire time, Boss.”

Linley couldn’t help but think back to what happened on the third floor, his heart once more filled with fear.

“Fortunately, nothing happened. Wonderful.” Bebe’s face was all smiles.

Bebe’s experience had been much easier than Linley’s. He hadn’t encountered the Ba-Serpent, and the attacks of the undead and the other

creatures simply didn't pose any threat to Bebe at all.

"Hey, Boss, where's Barker? Isn't Barker with you?" Bebe suddenly wondered.

Linley's face froze. The look on his face couldn't help but become somewhat ugly, and his eyes had a hint of pain in them.

Bebe was intelligent. Seeing Linley's reaction, Bebe was able to guess what happened. "Boss, Barker, he... could it be on the third floor...?"

Linley let out a sigh. "Right. On the third floor, the Ba-Serpent woke up. We didn't have the ability to fight back at all. I was lucky and managed to rely on Bloodviolet to flee to the fourth floor. As for Barker..."

Linley's voice grew low, and in the end, he wasn't able to continue.

Eight Years in the Necropolis

Waves of heat permeated the fifth floor. It was hard to even see people in the distance, due to the distorted air.

“Linley, hurry on over!” a familiar voice rang out from afar. Linley couldn’t help but turn to look towards the voice. The distant figure was very blurry, but Linley was still able to tell that the person standing in the distance was the Senior Apprentice of the War God’s College, ‘Fain’.

Although Linley was very dispirited, his will was still very firm.

In a place like the Necropolis of the Gods, unless you chose to give up, your only choice was to harden your faith in yourself and continue, one step at a time.

“Bebe, let’s head on over,” Linley said calmly, and Bebe immediately jumped onto Linley’s shoulders.

Transforming into a blur, Linley quickly arrived at the place where the many experts had gathered. Not only Fain was there. Desri, Rosarie, Tulily, and Rutherford were there as well. All five of the Prime Saints were together.

Aside from the five of them, there were three of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions as well.

“Now that the two of you are here, everyone is present,” Desri said with a calm laugh.

Linley couldn’t help but feel puzzled. What did that mean? Everyone was now present?

“Linley, come, sit,” Fain gestured. “I heard that in the lower floors, the Ba-Serpent woke up. That truly is a calamity. Fortunately, you survived. Now, let’s discuss the matter of ascending to the sixth floor.”

Linley came to a rest, sitting down cross-legged.

To Linley's scales, the waves of blazing heat coming from below didn't pose much of a threat.

"You aren't going to discuss things with those people?" Bebe pointed in confusion to another group of men and magical beasts off in the distance.

Over thirty experts had survived and made it to the fifth floor. Amongst them were over ten magical beasts, with a similar number in men. Originally, there had been sixty human experts of the eighty plus experts present, but thirty or so had died on the third floor, and several had most likely died on the first and second floor as well. The ten or so remaining people were probably hiding on the second floor, not daring to enter the third floor again.

"Them?" The severe-looking Tulily said calmly, "If they get involved, they'll only disturb us."

Linley immediately understood. Glancing at the distant Olivier and Hayward, he thought to himself, "Tulily's intentions are very clear. Only these ten experts are the cream of the crop. Bebe and I aren't any weaker than them. As for those three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, their power is also unfathomable. As for Olivier, Hayward, the disciples of the War God's College, and the various magical beast experts... they are at least a level lower in power."

In a place like this, the top tier experts naturally would form a unit.

Those twenty-plus slightly weaker experts formed into a second unit.

Although the second unit contained people like Desri's good friends, 'Hayward' and 'Higginson', along with several fellow disciples of Fain's, and two of Tulily's apprentices, there was nothing that could be done.

"Linley, Bebe, Cleo and your two brothers, you five probably aren't that familiar with the sixth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods. Let me explain," Desri said solemnly. "Bebe, you saw just a while ago that the only creatures here on the fifth floor are a few 'Magma Demons'. In terms of power, they are only comparable to the likes of Hayward."

"Magma Demons?" Linley was puzzled.

He had never seen any Magma Demons. Desri looked at Linley. "Linley, you didn't come in time. Those Magma Demons are formed from lava, and are

roughly comparable to a human in size and shape. They are extremely strong and possess great defense, but they are a bit slow. Their power... is most likely comparable to your good friend Barker, although their defense is perhaps a bit weaker than Barker's."

Linley now had a clear understanding of these creatures.

"The fifth floor is the weakest floor of the first five. Those Magma Demons have already been destroyed by us," Desri continued. "This fifth floor is a floor for us to prepare and rest. But soon, we will be entering the sixth floor..."

Linley, Bebe, and the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were listening carefully.

On the sixth floor, the danger level would rise dramatically, far beyond that of the fifth floor.

"The sixth floor is a world filled with lava and rocks. There is a powerful creature there; the Flame Tyrant."

Flame Tyrant?

"To be precise, this Flame Tyrant is hundreds of meters tall, and his body is composed of countless tough boulders. His strength is boundless, and his defense has also reached a terrifying level." Desri's face was solemn. "Most importantly of all, he wields a Bloodlust Greataxe. If any of us are hit by that greataxe, we will most likely die."

Linley's heart twitched.

As long as one was hit, one would die. That was too terrifying.

"And that's not all. Aside from the Flame Tyrant, the sixth floor also has hundreds of Magma Demons." Desri's face grew even more solemn. "One or two Magma Demons aren't a problem, but hundreds of Magma Demons are extremely dangerous."

Linley felt himself at a loss for words.

"Hundreds of Magma Demons. Isn't that equivalent to hundreds of Undying Warriors?" Linley was inwardly shocked. "Although these Magma Demons have slightly weaker defense than an Undying Warrior, there are hundreds of them. That is simply terrifying."

Desri continued, "These large numbers of Magma Demons all obey the orders of the Flame Tyrant. Actually, I have a feeling... that the Flame Tyrant is an evolved form of the Magma Demons. Think about it. They are all formed from lava rocks, except the Flame Tyrant is as massive as a mountain, while Magma Demons are the size of a human."

The nearby Rutherford laughed coldly. "A Flame Tyrant is essentially a Magma Demon magnified hundreds of times over. Its strength and attack power is also hundreds of times that of a Magma Demon."

Linley and Bebe looked at each other.

"Boss, those Magma Demons really were strong, on par with Barker. If the Flame Tyrant's power is hundreds of times greater than the Magma Demons'..." Bebe's voice rang out in Linley's mind. Linley maintained his silence.

Linley now had a clear understanding of what the sixth floor was like.

The sixth floor's adversary was a Flame Tyrant who commanded hundreds of Magma Demons. The Flame Tyrant itself was like a mountain, and had the power to smash a mountain to dust with a single punch. Nobody could withstand that sort of power.

Desri was silent for a long time. After Linley and the others had fully absorbed this news, Desri continued, "None of us are a match for the Flame Tyrant by ourselves. Only if we join forces and work together will we be able to charge into the sixth floor."

Linley nodded slightly.

"Three thousand years ago, we did battle against the Flame Tyrant," Desri said.

The eyes of Linley, Bebe, and the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions lit up. Only with experience could one form a good strategy on how to deal with the Flame Tyrant.

"In truth, last time, it was Fain and Tulily who attacked the Flame Tyrant. As for the rest of us, we were sent fleeing by a swarm of Magma Demons," Desri added. Three thousand years ago, he hadn't even had the chance to touch the Flame Tyrant.

Fain spoke. "Of the five of us, Tulily possesses the strongest attack."

No one disputed this.

Linley couldn't help but look at this person, the number one expert of the great plains of the far east, the man known as the 'War Saint', Tulily. Tulily said calmly, "The defense of the Flame Tyrant is the most terrifying defense I have ever seen. But three thousand years ago, our power was weaker than it is right now."

The others all nodded.

After three thousand years, the five of them had become Prime Saints. Their power had improved dramatically compared to three thousand years ago.

"Once we enter the sixth floor, the seven of you need to help me, Rutherford, and Rosarie clear a path. The three of us, joining forces, should be able to deal with that Flame Tyrant," Tulily said. Rutherford and Rosarie both nodded.

Desri explained to Linley, Bebe, and the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, "This is a powerful attack that the three of them have developed together after researching for a long time. Most likely, this is the most powerful attack we are capable of."

"Alright. I'll help clear a path." Linley nodded.

Since Tulily was publicly acknowledged as the Prime Saint with the greatest attack, and had two others helping him, the power of their combined attack definitely would not be weak.

"Now, what we need to do is..." Desri laughed calmly. "Train here and prepare on the fifth floor!"

Fain laughed as well. "We'll first train for eight years, then head off to the sixth floor."

"What?" Linley was somewhat astonished. They only had ten years in the Necropolis of the Gods, but they were going to spend eight of them here on the fifth floor?

But Linley quickly understood. He had learned from Clay that the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth floors were extremely dangerous. In these four

floors, they probably wouldn't even have the chance to rest.

To go past these four floors, if they were successful, most likely they would only need ten days or half a month.

"Prepare well. Each of the following floors, if we aren't careful, will be the death of us. If you are afraid, you can also stay here on the fifth floor and wait for the ten years to be up," Tulily stood up as he spoke calmly, and then flew by himself off into the distance to begin his meditations.

Not just Linley and the other nine experts. Even Olivier, Hayward, and the other twenty experts knew how terrifying the sixth floor was, and so nobody was in a hurry to enter. All of them focused on seizing every available moment to train. Perhaps in this short period of time, they might make some breakthrough.

Waves of heat distorted the air. Embers could be seen everywhere.

The experts in the fifth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods began to train and meditate.

Linley stared at the distant figures, all made blurry by the waves of heat. Olivier, the human experts, the magical beast experts... these thirty-plus people were the most elite group of experts in the Yulan continent. Right now, all of them were training quietly.

Linley and Bebe glanced at each other, their minds linked. The man and his magical beast began to train.

"Thrum!" "Thrum!" "Thrum!" "Thrum!" ...

The Throbbing Pulse of the World was omnipresent. Even though Linley was in the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley could still clearly feel that mysterious, profound throbbing pulse of the world. Every single pulse contained extremely profound mysteries. Linley began to meditate and attune himself to it, while at the same time, quickly mentally experimenting the 'Profound Truths of the Earth' over and over.

One year. Two years. Three years.

Many of the experts would train for a year or half a year, and then get up and

test out the attacks they had developed or improved. Just like that, time continued to move forward.

In the past, Linley had needed only a year to condense the 256 waves of the Throbbing Pulse of the World into 128 waves, but he needed five full years to make it a bit past halfway on his attempt to further condense the 128 waves into 64 waves.

This was all as Linley had predicted. The Throbbing Pulse of the World became harder and harder to fuse in the later stages.

In the blink of an eye, eight years had passed.

The fifth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods was as it had been in the past, with waves of heat distorting the air. Many experts had finished their training long ago. After all, many of them had been training for thousands of years. A few years now was only enough to further perfect some of their existing attacks and condition themselves.

“Why is Linley still training? We’re waiting on him now.” Rutherford couldn’t help but frown as he stared at the distant Linley, still in the meditative position.

By now, the Five Prime Saints, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, and Bebe had stopped training. Bebe had actually reached the level of transforming into eight doppelgangers using the ‘Shadowshape Doppelganger Technique’. In their unit, the only one left was Linley, who was still totally immersed in his training.

“Don’t be impatient. My Boss has already reached the critical juncture point. Once he makes this breakthrough, his power will multiply several times over,” Bebe stood next to Linley, staring coldly at the people in front of him as he spoke.

“A breakthrough that will allow him to increase his power several times over?” Desri, Tulily, and the other experts couldn’t help but feel astonished.

They had already reached the level of being Prime Saints, and had reached the end of the path of training they had chosen. Unless they made the true, final breakthrough and reached the Demigod-level, it was very hard for them to improve at all. At their current levels of insight, it was impossible for their power to multiple by several times over, unless they truly became a Deity.

“Whew.” Linley let out a long breath, then opened his eyes, a smile on his face.

After spending eight years, Linley had finally, fully mastered the 64 layered waves of the Throbbing Pulse of the World, and the attack of his ‘Profound Truths of the Earth’ had once again multiplied several times over.

Linley looked at the people standing there, and he instantly understood. He couldn’t help but let out a calm laugh, then said, “Apologies. I’ve made you wait for a long time. Shall we head out now?”

The Flame Tyrant

The thirty-plus experts came together in front of the corridor from the fifth floor to the sixth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods.

Linley could tell that Olivier's aura seemed to have changed. In his heart, he couldn't help but feel astonished. "This Olivier, could it be that he has made another breakthrough?" As the Prodigy Sword Saint, Olivier had needed only twelve years to reach a level where even Haydson was no match for him, rising to the level of being just beneath the Five Prime Saints.

This rate of improvement was very terrifying.

Now that another eight years had passed, it would be strange if Olivier hadn't improved, actually.

Desri looked at Hayward and the twenty other experts, then said loudly, "You should know the situation on the sixth floor. The ten of us will be responsible for dealing with the Flame Tyrant. As for the rest of you, your responsibilities will be lighter. As long as you can stay alive, go search for the exit to the seventh floor."

The other twenty experts nodded.

Their task was far easier. Even if Desri hadn't instructed them to do so, they would've still gone in search of the exit.

"Enough. Let's head out," Desri said in a bright voice.

And then, Desri and the rest of the Five Prime Saints, Linley, Bebe, Cleo and his sibling Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, took the lead, stepping into the stairway and heading out towards the sixth floor. Behind them, the twenty remaining experts followed closely.

Linley and Bebe exchanged glances.

They were both very confident. Compared to eight years ago, Linley not only

had improved in his 'Profound Truths of the Earth', his spiritual energy had improved as well. In fact, Linley had the feeling that he was about to make a breakthrough and reach the rank of Grand Magus Saint.

Battle-qi refining, after all, only needed a bit of spiritual energy to control it.

But eight years of training had caused Linley's battle-qi to reach the maximum possible amount a Saint-level Dragonblood Warrior could reach.

"Whoosh!" "Whoosh!" ...

The ten most powerful Saints of the Yulan continent transformed into shadowy flashes. In the blink of an eye, they simultaneously entered the sixth floor... the world of the Flame Tyrant!

"Hot!" As soon as he entered the sixth floor, Linley felt greater heat than he had ever felt before.

Right now, Linley and the other nine experts were standing atop glowing red rocks. This entire sixth floor was colored red by lava and molten rock.

"Drip, drip..." Scarlet flows of lava streamed like rivers throughout the sixth floor, occasionally releasing bubbles of gas. In the area around the lava rivers were glowing red rocks. Normal creatures would not be able to survive in a place like this.

The other twenty experts entered the sixth floor as well.

"Quick, search for the exit," Desri instructed mentally. The twenty-plus experts didn't say anything, immediately flying away.

Desri glanced at Linley, Tulily, and the others. Without needing to speak, all of them began to fly together. Tulily, Rosarie, and Rutherford flew in the center, while the other seven experts surrounded them. Tulily and the others were already beginning their preparations.

They might encounter the Flame Tyrant at any time.

"If we can avoid even meeting the Flame Tyrant before we enter the seventh floor, that would be good," Linley secretly thought to himself, while at the same time he carefully inspected his surroundings, searching for the passageway that would lead them to the seventh floor.

Suddenly, within one of the rivers of lava, a stone popped out. The strange thing was... this stone had eyes and a mouth. The stone suddenly flew out from within the magma river. It was actually the head of one of the Magma Demons.

That Magma Demon roared, “Humans!”

“Not good.” The faces of Linley and the others instantly changed.

“Swish!” “Swish!” “Swish!” ...

From within the river of lava, suddenly one Magma Demon after another appeared. The bodies of the Magma Demons were pure scarlet, and wrapped by faint wreathes of flame. They were roughly 2.5 meters tall, and wielded stone axes, warhammers, and other heavy weapons.

In the blink of an eye, Linley saw three hundred Magma Demons appear within the area of their group.

“The sixth floor is extremely large. If all the Magma Demons in the nearby areas are as numerous as they are here, then there are definitely over a thousand of them,” Linley thought inwardly. At the same time, the experts began to fly at high speed while maintain high alert, ready to attack at any moment.

“Oh, humans have come?” a rumbling, thunderous voice rang out within the sixth floor.

The rocky ground of the sixth floor began to shake, and even the lava flows began to bubble and rise up in waves, as a massive figure arose from within the middle of a lava river. It was simply enormous. As it stood up, even the level of the lava river itself dropped dramatically.

“It really is like a mountain.” Linley saw that distant, enormous creature: The Flame Tyrant!

The Flame Tyrant’s entire body was formed from tough, unyielding boulders, with fire surrounding its entire body. With such an enormous body, its physical strength alone was no doubt at a terrifying level.

“Everyone, be careful.” The faces of the ten experts were solemn.

The Flame Tyrant glanced at them with a contemptuous look, then laughed

wildly. “The likes of you would dream about entering the seventh floor? In your dreams. Today, all of you will die! Children, come kill these outsiders along with me!” The Flame Tyrant’s voice was extraordinarily loud, and his words echoed like the thunder in every part of this world.

As the Flame Tyrant spoke, he suddenly summoned a dark red greataxe into his hand.

The axehead of this greataxe alone was over a hundred meters wide. In the hands of the Flame Tyrant, however, this Bloodlust Greataxe was nothing more than a small hatchet, and he twirled it with grace and ease.

“Kill!”

Having received the order, the large amount of Magma Demons hovering in mid-air simultaneously let out howls of rage as they charged towards Linley’s group. Even Olivier and the other twenty-plus Saints came under attack from the Magma Demons as well.

“Charge through them,” Tulily ordered.

The ten major experts didn’t hesitate at all, charging straight towards the Flame Tyrant. Halfway there, over a hundred Magma Demons surrounded them.

Earlier on the fifth floor, it was Desri, Bebe, and a group of experts killing several Magma Demons. But now, it was over a hundred Magma Demons attacking them.

“Have to block them.” The outer layer of seven experts knew this very well. Facing the attacking Magma Demons, Linley fought empty-handed.

“Fuck off.” Linley directly punched towards one of them.

“Haha...” The Magma Demon laughed loudly as it sent a fist smashing towards Linley. Linley used his draconic scales and the outer layer of ‘Pulseguard Defense’ to accept this punch, taking the heavy blow of the Magma Demon’s stony fist head on.

Linley’s body trembled slightly, but the Magma Demon’s body trembled, then exploded into shards of rock.

“What terrifying strength!” Linley was inwardly shocked.

If he were to take those blows at full strength, he wouldn't have been able to repel it so lightly. Just then, he had primarily used his Pulseguard Defense to ameliorate 90% of the power of the enemy's attack. How could the 10%, upon encountering Linley's draconic scales, possibly harm Linley?

Against the Magma Demons, Linley only utilized the 256 layered waves of the Throbbing Pulse of the World.

“Boom!” Every single Magma Demon that attempted to attack Fain were smashed flying away by Fain's lightning-fast fists. Fain's speed was simply too fast. Those Magma Demons couldn't touch him at all. But Magma Demons were extremely durable, and Fain's attacks were only able to heavily injure them.

It wasn't that Fain wasn't powerful; it was that Fain didn't dare to use his full force. He had to conserve his energy.

Each of the Magma Demons that attacked Desri, upon drawing near him, suddenly toppled down from the skies for seemingly no reason at all.

Desri was originally a Grand Magus Saint of light-style magic. He was currently a Prime Saint, and his spiritual attacks were at a terrifying level. Although these Magma Demons possessed tremendous physical attack and defense, Desri's spiritual attack just so happened to strike at their weakness.

“Slash!” The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions very forthrightly smashed the Magma Demons with their dancing paws, sending rocks everywhere and heavily injuring those Magma Demons, with many dying.

At times, when the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions wished, they would suddenly open their mouths and directly swallow the Magma Demons into their stomachs.

But Bebe... Bebe was terrifying. His speed was comparable to Fain's, and those Magma Demons weren't able to touch Bebe at all. But even the most casual claw swipe from Bebe would heavily injure the Magma Demons.

“Boss, these Magma Demons are really tough to deal with. Their bodies are too hard,” Bebe's voice rang out in Linley's mind.

“Of course they are hard.” Linley understood.

He had once tried to be like Bebe, and to use his speed to dodge the enemy’s attack, and then use pure force to strike against the bodies of the Magma Demons. But the defense of the Magma Demons was simply too great; Linley’s pure strength-based attacks were only able to injure the Magma Demons.

“Bang!” Yet another fist from Linley shook yet another Magma Demon in front of him into powder.

“Different profound truths clearly result in different levels of power for attacks.” Linley couldn’t help but sigh inwardly. “My Profound Truths of the Earth, despite not having reached the limit, in terms of power, is far more powerful than the Profound Truths of the Wind.”

Even Prime Saints could have fairly large differences in power. For example, that leader of the Snowy Panda-Cats, who had mastered an extremely powerful and profound truth of the Elemental Laws of the Wind. As for Desri and Fain, the profound truths they had gained insight into could only be considered ones with fairly low attack power amongst the manifold Elemental Laws.

“Boom!” “Boom!” ...

Every single one of the Magma Demons attacking Linley was reduced to powder. This sight caused many of the other Saints to feel astonished. Based just on pure physical attacks, at most they might be able to break the Magma Demons into small pieces of rocks, but they couldn’t possibly reduce them into powder.

“The Flame Tyrant is here,” Desri called out softly.

“You little rascal. You’ll be the first to die.” The Flame Tyrant stared angrily at Linley. Then, like a thunderbolt, it leapt off the rocky ground, making the rocky ground tremble and crack as it delivered a mighty chop with the Bloodlust Greataxe in its hands.

Clearly, Linley’s ‘military exploits’ had been seen by the Flame Tyrant.

“Rosarie,” Tulily growled.

Rosarie, Tulily, and Rutherford, who had been prepared this entire time,

finally unleashed their attack. Suddenly, countless amounts of ice and frost descended in an area of many kilometers, and even the rivers of lava were chilled to become rocks.

The fires covering the body of the Flame Tyrant were extinguished, and the scarlet red stones on his body turned a much dimmer red as well, as countless amounts of frost and ice covered his body.

The Flame Tyrant's attacking motion suddenly came to a halt, as though he had been frozen.

Water-style forbidden-level spell – Absolute Zero!

Under the attack of this Absolute Zero spell, generally speaking, when it was used, that terrifying drop in temperature alone would cause the opponent to freeze, then shatter into countless pieces. Even the opponent's soul would be frozen, then shatter.

But the target of this spell was the Flame Tyrant. This forbidden-level spell, 'Absolute Zero', was only capable of affecting his soul and making him temporarily dizzy. In addition, encased in countless amounts of ice, his weakness, his power dropped as well.

"Swish!" Immediately afterwards, Rutherford transformed into a ray of light, charging straight towards the Flame Tyrant.

Rutherford, the number one Saint of the Arctic Icecaps, who had been training there for thousands of years, had reached a level of perfection in terms of utilizing the forces of glacial ice. Rutherford's palms suddenly glowed with a faint blue light, and he smashed them hard against the body of the Flame Tyrant.

The strange thing was...

The countless amounts of ice and frost that had been layering the body of the Flame Tyrant suddenly sank deep into the Flame Tyrant's body. "Crunch!" The enormous body of the Flame Tyrant actually began to be covered with countless tiny cracks.

The body of the Flame Tyrant was extremely hot, but after being covered by the opposite-element spell, 'Absolute Zero', and then with Rutherford forcing

that energy deep into its body, the incomparably tough rocky body of the Flame Tyrant began to crack on a wide scale from the sudden change in temperature.

“Bastard.” The Flame Tyrant finally recovered from his state of dizziness. Realizing the situation he was in, he couldn’t help but roar in anger.

“Die!” Tulily had already reached the Flame Tyrant’s body.

Dark black light surrounded Tulily’s fists, and the entire area around them was filled with countless cracks in spacetime. Tulily’s fists seemed to carry the strength of the heavens themselves, as he smashed viciously against the body of the Flame Tyrant. The already cracked body, suddenly...

“BOOOM!”

Countless rocks were sent flying everywhere by that terrifyingly powerful explosion. The Flame Tyrant had exploded into countless rocky fragments.

“Success.” Tulily, Rosarie, and Rutherford all let out a long sigh.

This was the ultimate attack of the three of them. First they pooled their energy together to cause the Flame Tyrant’s soul to be attacked, while at the same time counteracting the heat of the Flame Tyrant’s body with the Absolute Zero spell. Then, Rutherford would control the frost and the ice to make it go deep into the Flame Tyrant’s body.

Fire and ice were polar opposites, and the sudden clash between them would cause the rocks which made up its body to crack. This caused the defensive power of the Flame Tyrant to drop by 90%. With only 10% of its defense remaining, it had naturally shattered when facing Tulily’s most powerful attack.

“If they didn’t work together, that terrifying defensive power of the Flame Tyrant probably would allow it to take Tulily’s full power attack without much impact,” Linley said to himself.

Now that the Flame Tyrant was dead, everyone naturally felt much more relaxed. It would be fairly easy to deal with the remaining Magma Demons.

“Let’s hurry up and find the exit,” Desri said. Everyone nodded, feeling much more relaxed.

However...

What nobody noticed was that during that wild explosion earlier, when countless rocks had been blasted in every direction, there was a seemingly translucent, fist-sized rock that had also been shot out far away. This translucent rock, in the distance, began to spin.

“Rumble...”

The entire rocky ground was beginning to shake.

“What is going on?” Tulily, Rutherford, Linley, and the others felt shocked.

“Crunch!” Large amounts of cracks appeared in the ground of the sixth floor, and then one enormous rock after another flew up, as well as a large amount of the rocks in the lava rivers. Over billions of enormous boulders flew up.

Linley and the others watched with gaping mouths and stunned gazes.

“Not good.” Everyone had the sense that something bad was happening.

However... nobody knew what the problem was. All ten experts were on guard, carefully inspecting their surroundings. But on the sixth floor, one rock after another continued to rise into the air.

“Whoosh!” “Whoosh!” “Whoosh!”

All of the giant rocks, as though listening to some command, shot out to one location at the same time. With a terrifying series of sonic booms, trillions of boulders instantly clustered around one location, and that location was the place where the translucent rock was floating.

Countless boulders surrounded that translucent rock.

In the blink of an eye...

Yet another Flame Tyrant appeared!

The faces of the ten experts changed dramatically.

“That translucent rock.” The ten experts seemed to see, just then, those countless boulders clustering around the nucleus. Desri’s face sank down. “That was the core of the Flame Tyrant. Without destroying that translucent rock, we can’t kill the Flame Tyrant. He can just make himself be reborn.”

“You have truly made me angry.”

The mountain-like Flame Tyrant's body was once again wreathed in flames, and his eyes were filled with fiery rage as well. Wielding its Bloodlust Greataxe, he bellowed with fury, "You detestable humans want to enter the seventh floor? In your dreams! All of you will die!"

The mighty bellow of the Flame Tyrant echoed throughout the sixth floor!

The Tunnel's Location

On the sixth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, the mountain-like Flame Tyrant strode forward on the rocky terrain, wielding that Bloodlust Greataxe in his hand, twin eyes blazing with rage while also howling furiously. Instantly, all of the lava flows in the sixth floor began to bubble and rise up.

Linley and the rest of the ten major experts, hovering in mid-air, had a bad feeling.

“What should we do?” Rosarie asked quietly.

The others were all silent.

“We lost the best opportunity that we had. To kill the Flame Tyrant a second time will be very difficult.” Tulily’s gaze was completely focused on the distant Flame Tyrant. “Rutherford, Rosarie, all we can do is to try again and see if we can succeed.”

Rutherford and Rosarie all nodded slightly.

“Children,” the Flame Tyrant roared furiously. “All of you, attack. Kill them alongside me.” As he spoke, the Flame Tyrant transformed into a fiery blur, carrying a terrifying howling sound with him as he charged forward. Although the Flame Tyrant was physically large, his speed was also extremely fast.

The ten major experts reacted in perfect unison.

“First retreat backwards. Buy Rosarie and the others some time,” Desri’s voice rang out in the minds of the other nine experts.

Forbidden-level spells, especially large-scale ones, needed a good period of time. The ten major experts flew backwards at high speed like ten meteors. All of them were extremely fast, not slower than the Flame Tyrant at all.

“Hrmph!” The Flame Tyrant’s furious snort could be heard.

“Grooooowl...” A thickly dense crowd of Magma Demons began to surround them, coming from all corners.

“Can’t allow ourselves to get corralled by these Magma Demons. Once our speed drops and the Flame Tyrant catches up, we’ll be in terrible shape,” Fain’s voice rang out in the minds of the various experts. All of the experts present understood this logic. Instantly, the seven major experts on the outside perimeter began to utilize their special skills.

They had to protect the three inside their perimeter and make sure they weren’t affected.

“Strange.” Linley flew at high speed, but found out that not a single one of the Magma Demons dared approach him.

“The Magma Demons are all afraid to go near Linley.” Desri, Fain, and the others, upon seeing this, didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. All they could do was to work hard to force each of the Magma Demons back.

Against the other magical beast experts, or against the likes of Fain and Desri, the Magma Demons would at most be heavily injured. All the Magma Demons needed to do was rest and heal for a while, and they would be fine. But against Linley... as long as Linley’s fist hit them, those Magma Demon’s bodies would transform into powder, and they would become deader than dead.

“Linley, protect Rosarie!” Desri’s voice rang out in Linley’s mind.

“Understood.” Linley flew closer towards Rosarie.

Instantly, none of the Magma Demons dared to attack Rosarie either. Any that did attempt to attack Rosarie, Linley would suddenly flash next to and swing a fist at. Linley’s fist... was death to any Magma Demons it touched.

“Kill that human female,” the Flame Tyrant roared frantically.

The Flame Tyrant knew how powerful Rosarie was. The Flame Tyrant was a fire-type creature, while Rosarie just so happened to be his nemesis... although Desri was also a Grand Master Saint, to the likes of the Flame Tyrant, the threat he posed was far weaker than that of Rosarie.

“Roaaar!” “Roaaar!” “Roaaar!” ...

Instantly, a large number of the Magma Demons ground their teeth and, no longer paying Linley any more mind, roared with fury as they all charged towards Rosarie.

“Wonderful, they are coming.” Linley let out a loud laugh, sweeping his dark golden gaze across the many Magma Demons, and then he transformed into a gust of wind. Not only did his twin fists dance about, even his two legs whirled about in a dance of death-like blades. Anything struck by Linley’s legs were also instantly reduced to powder.

“Rumble...”

The temperature suddenly dropped precipitously. The previously boiling lava rivers suddenly congealed, transforming into flat rock. Even the scarlet red coloration of the rocks turned to a dark black color. Countless amounts of frost and ice descended down from the heavens within an area of several kilometers around the Flame Tyrant.

Water-style forbidden-level magic – Absolute Zero!

“Roaaaaar!” The Flame Tyrant’s entire body was covered with frost and ice as well, but then, letting out a loud bellow, its body, which had already turned a dark grey rocky color, suddenly once more slowly began to turn red. As for that layer of ice and frost covering it, it slowly began to thaw and melt.

Seeing this, everyone had a bad feeling.

“His soul wasn’t affected.” Rosarie’s face changed. The forbidden-level magic, ‘Absolute Zero’, also had a secondary soul-affecting attacking. Earlier, the first time they used it, the Flame Tyrant had felt dizzy due to the attack on his soul. But this time, the Flame Tyrant wasn’t impacted at all.

“Whoosh!”

An invisible burst of energy erupted from Desri, striking towards the Flame Tyrant at astonishing speed. Instantly, it entered the Flame Tyrant’s body. The light-style Grand Magus Saint, Desri, was highly skilled at spiritual attacks.

The bellows of the Flame Tyrant halted.

“Good!” The eyes of Fain, Tulily, and the other experts lit up.

“Rutherford,” Tulily growled.

A lightning-quick flash. Rutherford’s face was rather fierce, and his palms were completely covered with blue light. Anyone near Rutherford wouldn’t be able to sense a hint of cold at all, because Rutherford had already reached an extremely high level of control over the freezing power of the Elemental Laws of Water.

But at this moment, below the Flame Tyrant, dozens of Magma Demons suddenly appeared, which simultaneously charged towards Rutherford, attempting to block him.

Like a flash of blue lightning, Rutherford dodged past more than half the Magma Demons, and then landed successive blows with his palms against two of them. Those two Magma Demons instantly charged into blocks of ice, and with a ‘crunch’ sound, the two Magma Demons instantly shattered into icy flakes.

“Die.” Rutherford had already reached the Flame Tyrant, and he was about to strike down with his twin palms.

“Whoosh!” The motionless Flame Tyrant’s enormous body suddenly retreated at high speed, while at the same time, the Bloodlust Greataxe in his hand, gleaming with bloody aura, cast a dazzling, devilish flash of light as it chopped down towards Rutherford’s head. The speed of this chop was extremely fast, and had reached a simply astonishing speed.

Although the flying speed of the Flame Tyrant was lower than Rutherford’s, the speed at which he wielded the Bloodlust Greataxe was terrifyingly fast.

“Careful!” Linley, Desri, Fain, and the others grew worried.

“Ah!” Rutherford raised his head and saw the freezing light of that hundred-meter-long axehead chop down at him. He was terrified, his heart shaking. He didn’t have the chance to run or flee, so all he could do was let out a furious roar, slamming his blue, glowing hands upwards in an attempt to block.

Using his palms against the Bloodlust Greataxe!

The two were simply incomparable.

“Clang!” A metallic sound could be heard, and Rutherford’s body was sent flying backwards like a meteor. But this time, the Flame Tyrant wasn’t in a hurry to continue charging after him. He just stood there, laughing loudly.

“Rutherford.” Tulily and the others immediately went forward to catch him.

Rutherford’s face was extremely pale. His arms were gone beneath the elbows, but the strange thing was, they weren’t just cut off; they had completely disappeared. His shoulders and his clothes were torn and stained with blood.

“Don’t touch that axe. That axe is very strange and very frightening,” Rutherford said, his entire body still trembling.

Desri immediately stretched out his hands and shot out a glittering, starlight-like ray of light, covering Rutherford’s entire body. Rutherford’s wounds began to regenerate at an astonishing speed, and even those two disappeared arms began to rapidly regrow.

“Haha, amusing, amusing.” The Flame Tyrant actually began to laugh loudly.

“The Flame Tyrant is toying with us.” Desri frowned.

Linley glanced at the Flame Tyrant as well. The Flame Tyrant truly was toying with them. Perhaps just then, its earlier rage was just an act.

In particular, Linley was certain of one thing: “Just then, when the Flame Tyrant was struck by Desri’s spiritual attack, it should have been faking its reaction. Otherwise, it would be too much of a coincidence for him to have suddenly recovered and attacked Rutherford at the critical moment. He wouldn’t have been able to seize the opportunity so perfectly, preventing Rutherford from even being able to flee.”

“Haha...” The Flame Tyrant’s thunderous sound shook the world of the fifth floor. “Amusing. Truly amusing. Are you very surprised?”

“Indeed, the first time you attacked me, you had the chance to kill me. However, that was me being over-confident.” The Flame Tyrant stared at the distant group of humans hovering in mid-air. “Spiritual attacks? In terms of spirits, mine is incomparably powerful. In addition, I have ‘Bloodlust’.”

The Flame Tyrant looked at the greataxe in his hand. “This is a true divine artifact. By relying on ‘Bloodlust’, I can enter a bloodlusted state. In this state, your spiritual attacks cannot harm me at all.”

Desri and Linley exchanged a glance.

“Terrible.” Everyone felt the situation was grim.

“Originally, I could’ve perhaps spared one or two of you. But now...” The Flame Tyrant’s body began to faintly emit a bloodthirsty red light. “All of you will die.” As he finished speaking, the Flame Tyrant’s body began to emit a ‘crunch’ ‘crunch’ series of sounds.

The Flame Tyrant’s body was shrinking!

The originally hundreds of meters tall Flame Tyrant, wreathed by flames and red light, soon...

Transformed from being hundreds of meters in size to only a few dozen meters tall.

Currently, the Flame Tyrant’s body was completely covered with a layer of red light, and its aura had become even more terrifying.

“It has been a long time since I have been in my battle-form.” The Flame Tyrant’s Bloodlust Greataxe shrank by more than half as well. It truly was a divine artifact.

“Everyone, be careful.” The ten experts all felt that this matter had just become very dangerous. For now, they weren’t sure how to deal with this Flame Tyrant.

“Swish!”

The Flame Tyrant’s body flickered, transforming into a devilish, bloody red streak of light which cut through the air, so fast that he was comparable to Fain. In terms of speed, Fain, Bebe, and Desri had the fastest speed amongst the ten, while the others were a level lower in speed.

The devilish red light surged towards Tulily.

Tulily couldn’t dodge in time.

“Break!” Tulily’s face was extremely ferocious. He let out an angry roar, smashing out with his twin fists.

“Clang!”

Tulily’s twin arms immediately exploded apart, and he himself was smashed backwards like a meteor. Blood splattered everywhere from that vicious collision. Tulily, the Prime Saint with the greatest attack power of the five, was knocked by a single blow into a state where his life or death was unknown.

At this time, Linley and the rest of the nine remaining experts fled to a distant location.

Desri’s body had transformed into a beam of light. He moved extremely fast, and discovered Higginson and the others. “Have you discovered the exit yet?” Higginson and the other twenty-plus experts had been searching for the exit to the seventh floor this entire time.

“Can’t find it.” Higginson was both frantic and helpless.

“The exit? Haha...” A greataxe flashed past Desri’s group, and Desri immediately grabbed Higginson and dodged in a flash.

Blood flew everywhere, and a magical beast as well as two human Saints were instantly bisected. Their corpses fell from the skies. The corpse of the magical beast fell onto the rocky ground, while the other two corpses fell directly into the river of lava.

The distant Fain’s face changed. “Sixth Brother!”

“You won’t be able to find the tunnel.” The Flame Tyrant, hovering in mid-air and wrapped by that red light, was laughing loudly. “The exit to the seventh floor is actually in the center of the sixth floor, but I have over a thousand of my children protecting it, and they have already fully blocked it off. If you want to enter the seventh floor, you have to kill over a thousand of my children.”

Linley and the other experts felt their hearts tremble.

“Over a thousand.” Linley and Bebe exchanged glances.

“Boss, even if I were the one to charge over, at most I’d be able to kill ten before the Flame Tyrant reached the exit again.” Bebe also realized how bad

the situation was.

This Flame Tyrant's speed was comparable to Bebe and Fain, but his attack... even the most powerful of them, Tulily, was far from being his match. If they kept fighting like this, not a single one of the experts present would survive.

"How can there be so many Magma Demons?" Linley glanced at Desri.

From what Desri had said, in total, there should only be a thousand Magma Demons here on the sixth floor. Desri glanced at Linley. "Linley, three thousand years ago, we were beaten back as soon as we entered the sixth floor. A thousand was just our estimate."

Linley was speechless.

"Desri, give me a hand," Linley suddenly took a deep breath and said softly to the nearby Desri.

"Hrm?" Desri looked at Linley with surprise.

"This is my most powerful attack. If it doesn't work... then let's try to come up with a way to flee from the sixth floor." With a flip of his hands, Linley retrieved his adamantine heavy sword.

The Fate-Determining Strike

“Most powerful attack?” Desri’s eyes lit up, and he mentally said, “How confident are you?”

“Right now, 70% confident,” Linley said. “The prerequisite being I have to get near him.”

Linley stared at the distant Flame Tyrant. The Flame Tyrant, upon entering his battle-form, had shrunk dramatically in size, and even the rocks making up his body had changed. One could imagine how dramatically the power of the Flame Tyrant’s defense and speed had risen.

Right now, the Flame Tyrant truly was terrifying!

But to Linley, this sort of rocky defense was useless against him.

“If the Flame Tyrant didn’t shrink in size and was still hundreds of meters tall, then the rocks making up his body alone would be nearly a hundred meters thick. My ‘Profound Truths of the Earth’, after traveling a hundred meters, would probably have dropped in power to a fairly low level. It would be hard to destroy that gemstone core. But now...

Linley was quite confident in his heart.

“Now that it is only a few dozen meters tall, the translucent rock should be fairly close to the outside layer of its stone body, perhaps not even ten meters away.

The closer the distance was, the less weakened the waves of the Profound Truths of the Earth would be. At such a close distance, Linley was quite confident in himself. “If I can’t even kill him in a situation like this, then that Flame Tyrant should be a Deity-level creature.”

Desri glanced at Linley, his eyes filled with surprise and delight.

But right at that moment...

The Flame Tyrant, which had been chatting with them just now, charged at them once again. He bellowed wildly, “Haha... puny humans, none of you will survive. All of you will die!” As he spoke, he chopped out with his axe yet again.

An expert who hadn’t managed to dodge in time was chopped directly into two halves.

“Clay!” Linley’s face changed.

Clay was a very open and valiant man, with extremely powerful defense. His weakness was his speed... but no matter how tough his defense was, it still couldn’t withstand a single blow from the Flame Tyrant.

“Hurry.”

Desri, Fain, Rutherford and Linley all retreated at high speed alongside the other major experts, pulling away from the murdering, bellowing Flame Tyrant. As they flew, Desri hurriedly spoke mentally to the others.

“Rosarie, Rutherford, Fain, Bebe, Cleo and brothers. The three of you, listen up. Linley has 70% confidence in being able to kill that Flame Tyrant, but of course, he first has to be able to get close to its body,” Desri’s voice rang out in the minds of all the other experts.

While flying at high speed, Rosarie, Rutherford, and Fain all immediately looked at Linley.

Linley nodded.

“Good. I have the energy to just barely be able to force myself to cast one more ‘Absolute Zero’,” Rosarie spoke back mentally as well. Rosarie was also a Grand Magus Saint. Generally speaking, a Grand Magus Saint would only be able to cast a single wide-effect forbidden-level spell, and even if they had some sort of precious treasure, they would at most be able to cast two.

But Rosarie was capable of casting three, even in an environment such as the sixth floor.

And clearly, the power of her spells had been modified and improved. First of all, the area of the ‘Absolute Zero’ spell had been reduced greatly; it wasn’t like how the books had written about it, with an area of dozens of square

kilometers. But in terms of single-target damage, it clearly was far more powerful as well.

“We three brothers will defend Linley as he heads over towards the Flame Tyrant’s body,” one of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions said.

Linley and Fain stared in surprise at the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions.

“You’ll be able to take one of his hits?” The experts present were all a bit worried.

The eldest of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion, Cleo, snorted. “Don’t worry. In the past, we three brothers, alongside our father, encountered even more dangerous situations when we were in the Gebados Prison. Although the three of us haven’t gained insight into other things, we have gained quite a bit of insight into life-saving measures.”

In the Gebados Planar Prison, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had continuously struggled to stay alive.

For them to be able to survive in that sort of environment was partially due to the protection of their father, Dylin, but their own power was one of the main reasons as well.

“I can also cast one more forbidden-level spell. I hope it will be able to affect the Flame Tyrant,” Desri said.

“Boss. I...” Bebe was frantic.

“Bebe, no need.” Linley knew Bebe’s situation very well. Bebe’s defense was extremely tough, but whether or not Bebe would be able to take a hit from the Flame Tyrant was something Linley wasn’t certain about. After all, Bebe hadn’t been alive for long enough. Although Godeater Rats had their own amazing powers, he hadn’t gained insight into most of them yet.

While flying at high speed, Desri was occasionally looking back and keeping an eye on the Flame Tyrant.

But suddenly, Desri’s face changed, and he let out a fierce, grief-stricken cry. “Hayward!!!”

A devilish blood red hatched cut a swathing blur through the air, and the

fleeing fire-style Grand Magus Saint, Hayward, was chopped directly into two, with the chopped section disappearing into nothingness. Hayward's two chopped halves fell down from the air, collapsing into the lava river.

"No fun." The Flame Tyrant turned to stare at Linley and the others. "It's more interesting dealing with you people. You sure can run."

The Flame Tyrant's body, dozens of meters high, transformed into a red blur, charging straight towards Linley's group. As the Flame Tyrant charged towards them, it laughed loudly and wildly, "Haha, no matter how you run, you'll still die. Haha..."

Only eleven or twelve of the experts in the group of twenty-plus experts that Olivier and Hayward had been in were still alive.

In a short period of time, more than ten had perished.

"Whew." Olivier was hiding next to a boulder, and he secretly let out a relieved sigh. "This Flame Tyrant..." Olivier stared at that distant, terrifying red blur and he couldn't help but shake his head toward himself. He was famous for his powerful attacks, but this Flame Tyrant was his bane.

And right now, the Flame Tyrant was currently chasing after Linley's group.

"Haha, fleeing is useful—" The Flame Tyrant was laughing loudly, but he only finished half his words.

Suddenly, Rosarie turned around. Her long jade hair fluttering, she stared coldly at the distant Flame Tyrant as she extended her hands and pointed towards it.

Countless amounts of snow and frost began to descend from nowhere.

The extremely hot environment instantly transformed into a world of ice and snow, and the lava once again congealed. The flames around the Flame Tyrant's body were extinguished, and a layer of ice and frost covered it. Only, the Flame Tyrant's body continued to be covered by that layer of red light.

Water-style, forbidden-level magic – Absolute Zero!

"This technique yet again," the Flame Tyrant bellowed angrily. "This technique is useless against me!" Although this spell wasn't very effective, the

Flame Tyrant truly hated it.

As a fire-type creature, the Flame Tyrant truly hated ice and snow. What he liked best was sleeping in the middle of hot lava.

The nine major experts halted in mid-air, with Rosarie and Desri in the center. After Rosarie finished casting her spell, Desri, who had been mumbling a spell this entire time, pointed one hand at the distant Flame Tyrant, and a holy aura suddenly descended.

The sound of holy chanting could be heard, and dream-like dots of white light suddenly surrounded the Flame Tyrant.

An Angel that was dozens of meters tall suddenly appeared out of nowhere, but its body was hazy and indistinct, as though it were an illusion. Behind the Angel were three sets of wings. The sudden appearance of this massive Angel caused the Flame Tyrant to be even more enraged.

Light-style forbidden-level magic – Angelic Descent.

This Angel wasn't a true Angel; rather, it was a manifestation of light-style energy, much like the earth-style forbidden-level spell, 'World Protector'. It wasn't a true life form. This sort of creature was very hard to deal with, because it was formed from pure energy. It didn't have any true vital points. The only thing that could be done was to cause it to use up all of its energy.

"Fuck off." The Flame Tyrant swung his greataxe straight at it.

This one blow from the greataxe caused the illusionary Six-Winged Angel's body to shudder, and a good amount of its energy disappeared.

"What a ferocious axe." Desri's face changed, and with a sudden thought...

The illusory Six-Winged Angel suddenly charged down, not giving the Flame Tyrant any chance to dodge. All six of its wings were spread, and it suddenly clutched tightly around the Flame Tyrant, preventing the Flame Tyrant from moving while its six wings wrapped around the Flame Tyrant as well.

"Explode!" Desri softly spat out this single word.

"Bang!"

Even the rocky ground of the sixth floor shuddered, and a storm of energy

blasted in every direction, breaking apart large amounts of stone. But right in the middle of that energy storm...

“Let’s go.” Linley and the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions transformed into four blurs, charging forward.

“Linley, let us deal with the attack of the Flame Tyrant. All you need to worry about is attacking and killing him.” The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions seemed very reliable and confident.

“Don’t worry.” Linley held Bloodviolet in one hand and the adamantine heavy sword in the other.

The Flame Tyrant’s body wasn’t too badly damaged, but suffering two forbidden-level spell attacks in a row had made the Flame Tyrant very angry. Bellowing madly, he charged forward once again, but as he did, the Flame Tyrant suddenly discovered that four blurs were already by his side.

“Detestable.” The furious Flame Tyrant brandished his greataxe, chopping down.

The Bloodlust Greataxe glowed with that blood red light as it descended, but the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions’ bodies suddenly emitted a black substance, like some sort of form-fitting armor. The strangest part of it was... atop the black armor, there was a layer of dim, multicolored barrier.

“Bang!”

The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions didn’t dodge at all, receiving the attack of that Bloodlust Greataxe head-on as one unit. The translucent, multicolored barrier around their bodies caved downwards as the three brothers received the blow of the Bloodlust Greataxe, while Linley transformed into a black rainbow as he charged next to the Flame Tyrant.

While charging, Linley struck out with the adamantine heavy sword in his hand.

“Hrmph.” The Flame Tyrant didn’t fear Linley’s attack in the slightest. In his battle-form, his defense was several times greater than it had been originally. He didn’t fear any Saint-level human experts at all. What he did care about was these three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions.

The adamantine heavy sword moved with grace, but it was as fast as lightning, and it struck directly against the chest of the Flame Tyrant.

“Clink!” A very gentle, soft sound.

The previously confident Flame Tyrant suddenly froze. A strange vibration seemed to completely ignore the defense of his rocky body, and in fact actually caused the countless stones that made up its body to begin to vibrate, as it made its way to his inner core.

When the vibrational waves reached the translucent gemstone which was his core...

The power of Linley’s full-force strike suddenly exploded. The fierce, profound power of the earth’s vibrational waves caused that translucent gemstone to instantly begin to crack, and then...

“BOOM!”

The translucent stone completely shattered into countless fragments!

Profound Truths of the Earth – Throbbing Pulse of the World, 64 Layered Waves!

Linley’s most powerful attack!

“Rumble...” The Flame Tyrant stared at Linley in disbelief. The fire that had been wrapped around his body was extinguished, and the fire that lit his eyes grew dim as well. His enormous body transformed into countless boulders which began to fall from the sky.

With the translucent stone shattered, the Flame Tyrant’s body itself began to crumble.

“Success!” Desri called out, wildly overjoyed.

“Haha, Boss, success!” Even Bebe began to shout in joy.

As for the extremely ashen-faced Rosarie, even she revealed a hint of excitement as she smiled. Rutherford and Fain also stared at the distant Linley, hovering in mid-air. It was Linley who had finally killed the Flame Tyrant and rescued everyone.

“The King... the King is dead!” The dozens of nearby Magma Demons, seeing this, were completely stupefied.

The ‘King’ whom they all felt to be invincible had been trampling these humans just a few moments ago, but now... he was dead!

“This axe is so strange.” One of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions flew directly downwards. The Bloodlust Greataxe had already shrunk to the size of a human palm, and it had fallen by the side of a lava river. The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion grabbed the axe, then flew back up.

“Linley, this divine artifact is yours.” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion offered the dark red hatchet to Linley.

Three Divine Artifacts

Linley looked at the dark red hatchet.

“Not long ago, this hatchet was over a hundred meters long, but now, it’s so tiny.” Linley, in his heart, valued this greataxe very highly. “Most importantly, that Flame Tyrant was only a Prime Saint-level expert, and yet in his hands, this axe was capable of such tremendous power.”

Linley thought of his own Bloodviolet sword.

“Both of them are divine artifacts, but in my hands, Bloodviolet is only capable of unleashing a portion of its power.”

Linley understood that his own Bloodviolet was perhaps an even more terrifying weapon, but at the Saint level, he simply wasn’t capable of fully unleashing the power of Bloodviolet. It was much the same with the Coiling Dragon ring. The current Linley couldn’t actively utilize the Coiling Dragon ring at all.

The more powerful an artifact was, the greater the requirements were for activating it.

However... this divine artifact greataxe was something that even Saints could use. To a Saint, this greataxe was a better weapon.

“Linley, take it. You made the greatest contributions in killing the Flame Tyrant.” Desri flew over as well.

Linley suddenly thought of Barker, and said, “Then I won’t hesitate.” At the same time, Linley accepted the dark red hatchet, storing it into his interspatial ring. “I hope Barker survived. If he truly... well, I’ll gift this greataxe to Gates and the others.”

Linley still felt guilt in his heart towards Barker.

“The Flame Tyrant is finally dead. But Hayward and the others...” Desri felt

extremely miserable right now. Higginson, Olivier, and the rest of the twelve remaining experts flew over from afar. There had originally been over twenty of them. But now, only a few were left.

“Big brother.” Higginson was in great pain as well.

Desri and Higginson looked at each other, agony in their eyes. But they understood... ever since they chose to come to the Necropolis of the Gods, they set on a path where they could not blame others if they died. Actually, Hayward had already lived for thousands of years. Dying now wasn't a big deal.

After all, these people had already experienced many things in life.

Olivier looked at Linley, a hint of a resigned smile on his lips. “This Linley saved me yet again.” Olivier was a very arrogant person and he hated owing others. But Linley had saved him twice now.

“Linley, your attack is very unique.” Rutherford sighed in amazement. “That Flame Tyrant had incredible defense, but your attack seemed to completely ignore it.”

Linley didn't try to hide anything. “This is an attack that I have gained insight into which can ignore the target's defense.”

“What a bizarre, shocking attack.” Fain sighed in amazement as well.

The nearby experts all felt their heart shudder. Linley was a Dragonblood Warrior, and thus his natural talent was at the absolute peak of what humans could reach. But now, Linley's understanding of the Laws had reached such a terrifying level as well. Linley was more powerful than others in both aspects.

With those aspects combined, it could be said that his attack power was the greatest amongst the Saints of the Yulan continent!

“The number one Saint-level expert of the Yulan continent... that is you!” Desri sighed approvingly as he looked at Linley.

“I only possess powerful offense and decent defense. In terms of speed, I cannot compare to you and Fain, Desri,” Linley replied honestly. The understandings he had gained in the Elemental Laws of the Wind were still very far from the level of mastery.

“Right. How is Tulily?” Rosarie, looking much better now, suddenly said. “Let’s go see if he is still alive.”

“Right.” Fain and Desri nodded as well.

Tulily was the Prime Saint with the most powerful attack of the group, after all. If they wanted to make it further into the Necropolis of the Gods, they couldn’t lack someone like him. Linley and the others immediately flew towards the place where Tulily’s body had collapsed and landed next to him.

Moments later...

Next to the boiling hot river of lava, his body covered with blood, Tulily was currently seated cross-legged on a stone. His arms were completely shattered, and even one of his legs had been partially torn off. There was a large amount of fresh blood on his chest.

“Tulily.” Desri flew over. “You are lucky to be alive.”

Tulily, seeing Desri fly over, revealed a bitter smile on his face. “I was almost finished just then. Desri, give me a hand... your powers in utilizing healing energy is the best amongst all Saints.” Desri immediately stretched his hand out and immediately released healing magic.

At Desri’s level, he was capable of instacasting light-style magic of the ninth rank.

But Olivier, despite also training in the Laws of Light, was a warrior, after all. His healing abilities were far inferior to Desri’s.

Rosarie, Rutherford, and Fain all landed as well. Tulily looked at the four of them, then said in surprise, “Desri, how can you all be so leisurely? Can it be that you killed the Flame Tyrant? What method did you use to kill him?”

Tulily was extremely surprised. He had personally witnessed the terrible might of the Flame Tyrant.

“It was Linley who killed him,” Rosarie said, while pointing at the distant Linley, who was still in mid-air.

Tulily raised his head and glanced at Linley. “Linley?”

“Right. All by himself, he landed one sword blow against the body of the

Flame Tyrant, and then the Flame Tyrant died.” Desri sighed in praise. “In terms of attack power, Linley has to now be ranked number one amongst the Saints of the Yulan continent.”

Soon, Tulily’s injuries were completely healed.

“That exit to the seventh floor is in the center, where the Magma Demons are clustering.” The most powerful group of Saints in the Yulan continent flew directly towards the center of the sixth floor.

Indeed, there were a large number of Magma Demons clustering here.

“That Draconian is coming. Flee, quick!” Seeing Linley, the many Magma Demons were so terrified that they immediately fled.

“Yet again, they call me a Draconian!” Linley shook his head and sighed, while Bebe snickered, “Boss, those fellows have no experience. They don’t know what a Dragonblood Warrior is. They only know about the relatively common ‘Draconian’ race which lives in the other realms. Compared to your Dragonblood Warrior lineage, Boss, those Draconians are far weaker.”

As they spoke, the many experts landed.

There was no need to fight. Linley’s prestige from being the slayer of the Flame Tyrant had caused the many Magma Demons scurrying everywhere in terror.

“The exit!” The experts immediately saw the nearby stairway. They were now in the heart of the volcano, and the stairways here emanated a black aura. This was the exit to the seventh floor.

“Hey, what’s that?” Bebe flew over.

Next to stairway, there were two weapons there. One of the two weapons was a blood-red scimitar, while the other one was a magistaff. The magistaff was topped with a large gemstone, and the powerful energy coursing through it filled Linley with awe.

“Two divine artifacts,” Desri said in astonishment, and Fain and Tulily were both shocked and delighted as well.

“Two divine artifacts?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

But then, Linley instantly understood. Lord Beirut had previously said that only on the eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods would divine sparks appear, and that the first ten floors wouldn't have any divine sparks. However, the first ten floors might have divine artifacts."

"This is the Necropolis of the Gods. Many Deities have died here. It is normal that they left behind some divine artifacts." Linley knew very well that divine artifacts weren't nearly as valuable as divine sparks.

The sixth floor was so hard to defeat that for there to be a total of three divine artifacts here wasn't too strange, actually.

"There are two more divine artifacts here. How should we divide them?" Bebe stood next to the divine artifacts and said in a loud voice.

"This..."

Everyone was silent. Many people turned to look at Linley.

On the sixth floor, the person who had truly rendered the greatest merit was Linley. But of course, Rosarie and the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had contributed as well. In terms of dividing up the divine artifacts, only people who had contributed should be awarded the divine artifacts.

Linley didn't say anything.

He had already taken one of them. If he took too many, others would feel unhappy as well.

"Everyone, let me take this scimitar. I won't take any of the other divine artifacts that appear in the higher floors. In addition, consider this as me, Tulily, owing all of you a favor," Tulily said with sincerity. "This scimitar truly is the type of weapon that I like the most."

Scimitar.

The warriors of the great plains to the far east commonly used scimitars, and Tulily himself had reached an extremely high level of skill in using them.

Only... at Tulily's level, ordinary 'good' weapons weren't as effective as Tulily's fists. However, divine artifacts were different. Divine artifacts were usually wielded by Deities, and from this, one could imagine how powerful they were.

“Linley, what do you say?” Fain and Desri looked at Linley.

Tulily also looked hopefully towards Linley. Truthfully speaking, Tulily rarely was so nervous, but he truly was worried right now that Linley would refuse. If Linley didn't agree, there was nothing he could do... after all, on the sixth floor, Linley had essentially saved his life.

“I have no objections,” Linley smiled as he spoke.

Although Tulily was at a very high level of enlightenment, he still felt a strong surge of excitement in his heart.

“Linley, thank you,” Tulily said solemnly towards Linley.

Tulily wasn't a very good talker, but these two words, ‘thank you’, included boundless gratitude.

With Linley having no objection, Rosarie naturally had no objection either. As for the others... none of them were qualified to object. Tulily immediately grabbed the blood scimitar. “With this scimitar, my power will multiply several times over.” Tulily was boundlessly excited.

“Alright, the scimitar has been distributed. The magistaff?” Bebe pointed at the magistaff.

“Boss, Delia needs a magistaff, right?” Bebe said.

Rosarie, a Grand Magus Saint, had wanted to claim this divine artifact of a magistaff for herself, but hearing Bebe's words, she no longer could speak.

Linley was paying attention to the look on Rosarie's face.

“There will be divine artifacts on the seventh and the eighth floors as well. And it's hard to say whether Delia will need a divine artifact or not,” Linley said mentally to Bebe. He wasn't a person who couldn't see the big picture. He immediately laughed and said, “It is better if we make immediate use of this divine artifact. That way, we have a better chance of surviving in the higher floors.”

Linley looked at Rosarie and Desri. “Rosarie, Desri, the two of you are Grand Magus Saints. You two decide who this divine artifact will go to.”

“Rosarie, you take it,” Desri immediately said.

On the sixth floor, the various experts prepared for roughly a month, and Rosarie and Tulily grew accustomed to their new divine artifacts as well. The first group of ten major experts all remained here on the sixth floor, while only three of the experts in the second group remained. The others had all given up and returned to the fifth floor.

One of the three experts remaining in the second group was Olivier.

Higginson had given up. Clearly, Hayward's death had negatively impacted him quite a bit. After all, the upcoming seventh, eighth, and ninth floors would not be any less dangerous than the sixth floor.



*

A month passed in the blink of an eye.

Next to the flowing river of lava, Desri spoke out. "Let's go!"

Linley, Tulily, Rosarie, Fain, Rutherford, Olivier, and the others all rose to their feet. Everyone had reached their peak condition over the course of this month.

Including Olivier's group of three, the thirteen experts continued up into the stairway to the next floor.

Necropolis of the Gods, floor seven!

"Whew!"

As soon as the thirteen experts of the Yulan continent entered the seventh floor, they felt a breeze.

"How comfortable." Linley's lips had a hint of a smile about them. Compared to the scorching hot environment of the sixth floor, the environment of the seventh floor was much better.

The seventh floor was a desert world, but Linley and the others had entered an oasis amongst the desert. This oasis was extremely large, at least ten square kilometers in size. The thirteen experts carefully inspected their surroundings, all of them on their guard.

"There's water in the distance." Bebe saw the lake in the middle of the oasis,

and couldn't help but feel excited.

"Hey? What's going on with the plants in this place? Why is the grass here so sharp?" Desri frowned as he spoke.

Suddenly...

The 'oasis' suddenly moved, and tens of thousands of tendrils of vegetation rose into the sky, as this 'oasis' of ten square kilometers in size suddenly enveloped all of the experts within. Linley, as well, was suddenly trapped in this prison of countless blades of grass and leaves.

"Not good." Linley's face changed dramatically, and a devilish flash of violet light suddenly flashed out in his hand.

"Ah!" A miserable scream split the air from afar.

In the blink of an eye, another expert had been heavily injured or killed. Who knew which of the thirteen it was?

The Magical Beasts in Action

The thick, dense grass had completely surrounded Linley in an airtight seal, and the surrounding grass and leaves were gurgling. The grass tendrils were wildly squeezing down, and in the blink of an eye, the pressure was so great that Linley's face began to change color.

"The strength of this pressure alone would instantly crush most Saints into meat pulp," Linley said to himself.

"This plant life form is dozens of times more formidable than the plant life form on the second floor!" Linley didn't dare to waste any time.

"Break!" Bloodviolet in his hands flashed...

Wherever Bloodviolet passed by, spacetime froze and then folded over itself, and a spatial blade appeared at the blade of the weapon. Although the grass tendrils were tens of times more durable than the vines of the plant life form of the second floor, in front of Bloodviolet, they were still chopped open as easily as pieces of cloth.

"Bang!"

The shattered pieces of grass and tendrils exploded everywhere, and Linley shot out of the prison of dense grass like an arrow.

"Boss, I'm fine!" A tunnel suddenly appeared in another distant ball of grass, and then Bebe, his entire body covered with black light, flew out at high speed.

"Bebe, what technique is this?" Linley felt joy in his heart.

"I'm a Deity-level magical beast, the 'Godeater Rat'." Bebe raised his little head proudly, but then Bebe noticed the scene not too far away... a large amount of grass had formed a massive ball, clearly surrounding a person, and within that massive ball of grass, a faint hint of white light could be seen.

"Boss, Desri's not looking so good." Bebe instantly recognized that it was

Desri who was radiating that white light.

Linley had noticed as well. Without hesitating at all, he immediately flew over there while sending out his spiritual energy to scout the situation inside. He clearly saw that inside... Desri's body was covered with a faintly glowing armor of light that was protecting his entire body, while many white arrows of light were attacking the grass surrounding him wildly.

Unfortunately, the grass tendrils were simply too durable.

"Swish!" Bloodviolet flew out and multiple rays of violet light flashed past the grass, chopping them apart.

Desri escaped from his prison. Upon seeing it was Linley, he immediately said, "Thanks. That grass monster really was tough. Even my instacast spells of the ninth rank weren't able to break through it. Without your help, it really would have been problematic."

A red light suddenly flashed by, and grass flew everywhere. Tulily, wielding that divine artifact, the blood red scimitar, flew out and into the skies. With this scimitar, Tulily was like a tiger who had been given wings. Tulily even roared angrily, "Who is it? Don't skulk around. If you have any ability, come and fight us openly."

"Bang!" Yet another ball of grass exploded, and Rutherford, his entire body covered with blue light, escaped from his imprisonment as well.

One expert after another escaped.

However, at present, Olivier's situation was quite dire.

Just now, surrounded and crushed by those countless tendrils of grass, Olivier didn't have the chance to react at all. And he suddenly discovered...

All of the blades of grass crushing him suddenly began to grind against him at high speed. These grass tendrils all had extremely sharp edges, and this constant high-speed grinding... made these grass tendrils constantly slice against his body like sharp fangs, or a sawtooth which a farmer might use to plow the earth.

In the blink of an eye, Olivier's body was sliced open.

“Hrmph.” Olivier’s eyes turned cold.

“Swish!” A brilliant light flashed, and shattered bits of grass flew everywhere.

His long, flowing hair colored both black and white, and with that black icy sword in his hands, Olivier flew into the air. Only, Olivier’s body had a hint of blood on it. Olivier was secretly shocked. “What a fierce saw.”

The thirteen experts floated there in mid-air. Desri looked around him, then let out a sigh of relief. “Fortunately, no one died.”

Olivier glanced at a nearby Saint. This human Saint’s waist already had a huge wound around the waist. “Karossa, that really was quite dangerous. You almost lost your life.”

That man named Karossa let out an exhausted breath as well. “Very nearly. That creature’s ‘teeth’ were simply too fierce. If I had been slightly slower in reacting, those grass tendrils probably would have plunged into my body.”

“Plunged into your body?” Linley and Fain, upon hearing this, couldn’t help but feel shocked.

If the grass tendrils were to enter one’s body, most likely they would ravage the internal organs almost instantly.

“Don’t move.” Desri flew to one of the human experts, executing healing magic on him.

This Karossa was one of the three experts in the second group.

The three experts in that second group consisted of two humans, Karossa and Olivier, and one magical beast, a Blackscale Scorpion King. Blackscale Scorpions were generally beasts of the ninth rank, but this Blackscale Scorpion King had trained to the peak Saint-level, which was quite incredible and rare.

“I hate encountering these plant life forms.” Linley lowered his head, studying the area around him.

The area below was covered in sand. The previous ‘oasis’ had already completely disappeared, leaving behind only some tendrils of shattered grass. Linley had earlier witnessed with his own eyes those undamaged tendrils of grass sink down into the sand and disappear.

“Let’s go,” Desri said. “If that plant creature doesn’t bother us again, let’s not waste the time to deal with it either. The most important thing right now is to find the entrance to the eighth floor.”

“Let’s go.” Linley and the others all nodded.

The thirteen experts didn’t pay any more attention to that plant creature, quickly flying away and beginning their search in the boundless desert.

“Yet another oasis up ahead,” Fain frowned and shouted loudly.

Linley took a close look. Indeed, in the distance, there was a hazy hint of green. Upon flying a bit closer to it, everyone could clearly see that it was indeed a massive oasis. After the previous experience, however, nobody would be incautious again.

“Let’s not get too close.” Rosarie shook her head. “Let’s stay farther away from it. That monster is very hard to deal with.”

Everyone agreed, and the group intentionally made their way around the oasis. But after Linley’s group flew away in another direction, that green oasis actually sank down into the sand, while the sand itself began to tremble slightly.

The direction the vibrations in the sand were heading to at high speed was, quite coincidentally, the direction in which Linley’s group were flying.

“Hrm?” The Blackscale Scorpion King, at the very back of the line, glanced downwards and then immediately shouted in warning, “Everyone, be careful. That monster is currently hurrying towards us at high speed from below the sand.”

In the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, magical beasts would often launch ambushes from below. As a Saint-level magical beast, the Blackscale Scorpion was quite familiar with this type of attack.

“That really does seem to be the case.” Linley, Fain, Tulily, and the others all halted in mid-air, staring below.

If one looked carefully, one would be able to see... that on the surface of the sand, there were one or two barely noticeable tendrils of grass. This sort of plant creature could use all of the grass as its ‘eyes’. Wherever the grass could

see, it could see as well.

“What should we do?” Linley, Desri, and the others looked at each other.

To kill this plant creature was very troublesome, but how could they just allow it to follow in such a sinister manner?

“Swoosh!” “Swoosh!”

Like two sharp arrows, two long tendrils of green grass suddenly shot out from beneath the sand, wrapping themselves around Desri’s legs in almost the same instant. These two tendrils of grass were as thick as a man’s arm, and there were a large number of smaller blades of grass on top of them as well.

In an instant, they surrounded Desri.

“Swish!”

They suddenly pulled downwards, hard. The two tendrils of grass had shot out at simply too fast a pace. Shooting out, wrapping around, pulling down. In the blink of an eye, Desri was pulled down. Desri let out a furious roar, while at the same time, sending a wild Mindstorm towards the below area.

“Not good.” The faces of Linley and the others changed, and they immediately chased downwards as well.

“Thud...” Desri was pulled directly into the sand, and in the blink of an eye, he disappeared from everyone’s field of vision. The surface of the sand looked so ordinary, as though nothing had happened.

“Go down!” Bebe shouted loudly.

Bebe, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, the Blackscale Scorpion didn’t hesitate at all. The five magical beasts shrank in size rapidly while charging down into the desert. It was very troublesome to dig when one was physically large. Compared to magical beasts, human experts definitely weren’t as fast when they tunneled through the ground.

Fain, Rosarie, Tulily, and the rest of the seven waited there in mid-air, not knowing what to do.

“Right now, we can only place our hopes on Bebe and the others. Hopefully, they’ll be able to rescue Desri.” Linley himself wasn’t able to do anything.

If he entered the sand, first of all, his digging speed would be lowered by half, and he simply wouldn't be able to chase down the plant creature.

"That grass monster's tendrils are simply too fast. They move like an expert wielding a sword." Tulily was frowning. "In a flash, they wrapped around Desri's legs. In addition, just then, Desri utilized a spiritual attack, but it seemed to not have any effect."

"It's impossible for it to have any effect." Linley shook his head. "That monster's body was as large as the oasis itself, ten square kilometers. Just now, only its tendrils were revealed. Its main body is most likely many kilometers away from us. Desri wasn't certain where the monster's body was. For him to just wildly cast his spiritual energy without knowing where to aim... it would be impressive if he was able to harm it at all."

Olivier let out a cold sneer. "That Desri was looking to be killed."

"Why would you say such a thing?" Fain and the others looked unhappily at Olivier.

Olivier glanced at them, then said calmly, "The Necropolis of the Gods has countless creatures here, and the techniques one would use against humans aren't necessarily suitable. This Desri is just a Grand Magus Saint. When faced with a sudden attack, at most he would be able to instacast a spell. But how powerful could the spells he is capable of instacasting be? Against these sorts of monsters, those spells don't pose a threat at all. And yet, he still came to the Necropolis of the Gods. Isn't that looking to be killed?"

"What sort of talk is this?" Rosarie was somewhat unhappy.

"Grand Magus Saints are poor at close combat, but upon reaching the Deity level and upon gaining their divine body, they will naturally have their deficiencies in close combat addressed," Fain said.

But Linley actually felt that Olivier's words made some sense. Grand Magus Saints were indeed weak when facing sudden attacks.

"So?" Olivier said calmly, "After becoming a Deity, one will indeed be transformed and gain a divine body! Divine bodies are extremely powerful and suited for close combat."

Olivier laughed mockingly, “But then, why wait until becoming a Deity? Can’t a Grand Magus Saint, upon reaching the Saint level, spend a little bit of time and effort on his close combat skills. To the likes of Desri, a few hundred years is nothing much.”

“To have a Grand Magus Saint become a Warrior Saint as well? Do you think it’s as easy as that?” Fain frowned as he spoke.

“Enough,” Linley said. “Enough talk. Everyone has their own opinions.”

Linley’s face suddenly had a look of delight on it. “Excellent, that creature has been dragged out.”

“Dragged out?” Everyone was surprised and delighted, immediately looking downwards.

The sand below began to rumble, and then rose up. Finally, with a ‘boom’ sound, sand exploded everywhere, and the first one to fly out was Desri. Desri’s body was covered with bloodstains, and his face was rather pale. Upon seeing Linley and the others, he still let out a chuckle. “That was really dangerous.”

“Boss, we’re coming,” Bebe’s voice rang out.

And then, Bebe also emerged from the sands, while in Bebe’s claws there was a thick tendril of grass, the thickness of a man’s arm. Using the thick tendril of grass, he actually dragged out the monster from below, and an enormous creature appeared in front of everyone.

This was a creature at least ten stories high, and its entire body was covered by thick, earthen yellow tendrils of grass roots, at least the size of a house.

The grass roots surrounding the monster’s body were only a hundred meters long at most. Clearly, all of the longer grass tendrils had already been broken off. Bebe dragged the monster up, while below came the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions and the Blackscale Scorpion.

“This fellow still wants to flee? Jeeze...” Bebe, holding that tendril in his hands, easily spun the massive creature a few times in mid-air, as though it were a giant windmill. “Boss, I thought it would be very powerful, but I didn’t expect it to be as soft as a persimmon. Boss, how do you want to deal with this monster? Your call.”

The Blackscale Scorpion flew over as well. “This fellow really was nothing special. It only knew those two or three attacks. When we drew near it, it was finished.”

The Queen Mother, 'Lachapalle'

“Don’t kill me,” A gravelly, terrified voice rang out.

The monster, which had been spun around like a windmill, suddenly came to a halt. Bebe dangled it there by one of its tendrils and shouted at it, “What, are you afraid now? Too late! Boss, we’re going to kill this monster anyhow. Lemme just take care of it now.”

Linley nodded slightly, and Desri and the others didn’t say anything. Just then, this monster clearly wanted to kill Desri. How would they so easily spare it?

“Halt!” the huge maw of the monster howled fiercely.

Bebe chortled twice, looking at the monster. “Halt? Are you afraid to die?”

“Bebe, stop wasting your breath on it,” Linley said.

“You can’t kill me. If you kill me, you will all die!” the monster roared in its gravelly voice.

Linley, Desri, Fain, and the others all looked at each other, and then glanced with amusement at this already captured plant life form. Fain laughed loudly, “If we kill you, we’ll all die? Go on and tell us, how will you kill us?”

Only now did the monster let out a sigh of relief. Seeing the attitude of these people, it came to a decision, and it sounded out with its hoarse voice, “If you kill me, I myself will not be able to seek revenge. But... you need to understand that in this seventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, I’m not the only one of my kind here, right?”

Linley frowned.

On the sixth floor, they had encountered the Flame Tyrant, and many people had died there. Killing the Flame Tyrant had been an extremely dangerous task. The danger of this seventh floor shouldn’t be lower than that of the sixth. It wouldn’t be as simple as just disposing of this plant creature.

“Speak.” Fain frowned as he barked at it.

The experts all looked at the monster.

“On the seventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, I am only an ordinary creature. The truly powerful creature here is the Queen Mother!” The monster’s voice had a hint of arrogance in it. “I urge you to let me go. If you kill me, the Queen Mother will definitely slaughter you all.”

“The Queen Mother?” Linley frowned in puzzlement.

One of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions explained to the other people present, “In the other planes, there are some special life forms that are divided into a ‘mother’ component and ‘child’ components. Those ‘child’ components are given birth to by the ‘mother’ component, and the power of the ‘mother’ is hundreds of times that of the ‘children’. Actually, the Hornet-type magical beasts are a good example of this. Each clan has just one ‘Queen Mother’, and the other magical beasts are all her children.

“Mother component? Child component? Queen Mother?” Linley and the others were all secretly surprised.

If this was the case, then the power of the Queen Mother would be far greater than that of its children.

“Right. The relationship between myself and the Queen Mother is the relationship between a ‘mother component’ and a ‘child component’,” the monster immediately said. “You had best release me. If you kill me, the Queen Mother will definitely sense it, and at that time... you will have incurred the Queen Mother’s wrath. You will definitely die.”

The monster seemed very self-confident.

The power of the Queen Mother wasn’t something that it, a ‘child component’, could compare with.

“What should we do?” Desri looked at Linley and asked him.

Amongst this group, Linley’s status had slowly risen, especially after his performance in the sixth floor. After all, his power was clearly greater than that of everyone else. In addition, Tulily and the others had been assisted by Linley.

“To kill, or not to kill.” Linley hesitated a bit as well.

He couldn’t tell if this creature was telling the truth or not.

“Whoosh!” A sudden gust of wind. One of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions charged at the monster, while at the same time, its body dramatically increased to the size of a titanic dragon. Its scaly, gold-fur covered sharp claws also reached several meters in thickness, and its thick, massive claws ripped viciously down at the creature.

The monster couldn’t help but want to let out a scream of terror.

The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion’s six eyes simultaneously sent out rays of black light, and as soon as the six rays of light enveloped the monster, the monster was no longer able to move.

“Bang!”

The sharp claws, carrying a faint, space-ripping power, slashed down on the monster’s body, pausing only slightly while cutting through it. And then, like a vase being shattered into pieces, the monster’s body exploded into four or five fragments, with green liquid flowing forth.

Although describing it took some time, in truth, this happened in the blink of an eye. The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion had killed the monster in a twinkling.

“Why did you kill him?” Rosarie’s eyes, flashing with a faint green light, stared at the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion. She asked coldly, “Aren’t you afraid of drawing the attention of the Queen Mother?”

“If you don’t want to be killed by the Queen Mother, then follow me.” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion didn’t explain anything, immediately flying towards a certain direction. The other two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions immediately followed. Linley, Desri, and the others were puzzled, but they still followed and flew behind them.

After flying for roughly a hundred kilometers, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions came to a stop.

“What is going on?” Linley asked.

“We killed him, so the Queen Mother would probably chase after us,”

Rutherford said with a frown.

The leader of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions laughed, revealing its fangs as it grinned. “You people are really stupid. That monster said a few words, and you really believed it? Just one or two words made you afraid to kill it?” The other two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had laughter in their eyes as well.

The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had been alongside Dylin for countless years, and the amount of experience they had, the likes of Linley and the others could not possibly match.

“What? Can it be that what the monster was saying about it being a ‘child’ component and there being a Queen Mother on the seventh floor was a lie?” Fain asked.

“No, that part should be true.” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion nodded its great head. “That sort of plant life form, we three brothers have encountered before in the Gebados Planar Prison. Plant type creatures generally do have Queen Mother’s, and the power of the Queen Mother is indeed hundreds of times greater than that of its children.”

“And yet you still killed it?” Karossa frowned.

Linley was puzzled as well.

The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion snorted. “You don’t even understand this? This Queen Mother can give birth to hundreds of thousands of child components. To the Queen Mother, its children are nothing more than little soldiers. Have you ever seen an Emperor who immediately went to seek revenge for the sake of the death of a single soldier?”

The Blackscale Scorpion also rumbled, “Amongst the hornet-type magical beasts, the deaths of ordinary soldiers are indeed paid little attention to by the Queen Mother’s.”

“That’s just the first reason. The second reason is, it would be good if the Queen Mother chases after us,” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said.

“Hrm?”

Everyone was puzzled. Why was it good for the Queen Mother to chase after

them?

The other Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said, “Remember the sixth floor? At first, the Flame Tyrant was next to the corridor, but after leaving, it ordered the thousand-plus Magma Demons to block up the tunnel. Same logic. Their responsibility is to prevent us from leaving. I expect that the Queen Mother should be next to the exit to the eighth floor.”

“Right.” Fain nodded. This logic was very simple. Only, the experts present hadn’t thought of it.

“Would killing one of her ‘child’ components make the Queen Mother leave the tunnel? What a joke. If she truly left, we would actually be able to seize the opportunity to find the tunnel and immediately enter the eighth floor.” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion licked its lips. “Let’s keep looking for the tunnel. However, while searching for the tunnel, it’s best to be careful. You cannot compare the ‘child’ monster to its Queen Mother.”

All of them knew this to be true, and they immediately went to look for the monster.

None of them dared to be rash. After all, the Queen Mother was here, somewhere.

“The creator of this Necropolis of the Gods has really spent quite a bit of effort.” Linley, while flying in search of the tunnel, had to sigh inwardly with praise. Linley had never seen the likes of the Flame Tyrant or these plant creatures.

“But if it truly was developed by a Sovereign, then perhaps he would only need to have his subordinates go search for these strange, unique races and bring them here.”

Linley sighed in his heart.

They continued searching. This desert world was extremely vast, and each time, before flying too far, they would see some oases from afar. They weren’t afraid, and they would immediately fly over to see if there were any tunnels near the oases. If the oases transformed into a monster to attack them, then... the five magical beasts would immediately go kill the monster.

After a long time.

The wind blew across the desert world, whirling the sand high in the air, some dunes rising while other places sinking down. Along with the gust of wind, “rustle, rustle”, a large amount of sand rolled about, revealing a black rocky wall.

“Look. That seems to be the exit.” Fain pointed excitedly off into the distance, and everyone saw it as well.

Everyone here had excellent vision. That black rock wall, in the yellow desert, stood out very much.

“That is definitely the tunnel.” Linley and the others immediately flew over.

“Whoooosh.” Linley summoned a gust of wild wind which immediately landed against the stone wall, blowing the sand on it off into the distance, instantly revealing the full edifice that had been covered by the sand.

This was a black, pyramid-like structure. Beneath the black pyramid, there was a ten-meter-tall set of stairs, and the faint black glow let everyone here know... that they had found the right place. This sort of black glowing stairway was the symbol of the exit.

“Rumble...” Suddenly, countless vines and tendrils of grass erupted from around the tunnel beneath the black pyramid.

In virtually the blink of an eye, the entire black pyramid was covered by countless rattans and grass tendrils, and even the exit tunnel was completely sealed off airtight. With the black pyramid at the center, within an area of a hundred square kilometers, countless rattans and grass vines rose up towards the sky.

Linley and the others felt their hearts tremble, and they immediately flew back and flew higher.

“Haha...” A clear voice rang out from below, and then from within the countless vines and grass tendrils, an enormous green light charged upwards into the sky, then came to a halt in mid-air.

The green female creature stood there in mid-air. She was fully ten meters

tall, but her body was covered with countless intersecting vines and tendrils of grass. At the same time, in the area around her body, there were countless vines and roots that were nearly a thousand meters long.

Her tendrils and vines were clearly different from those of the 'child' components. This was because the countless tendrils and vines around her were so green that they seemed nearly translucent.

It was as though they weren't plants, but were a type of soft, translucent gem-like material. It was an extremely strange thing.

"It's been so long since an outsider has come." The green female laughed as she spoke. "This period of time has been so boring. Mm... humans. Oh, what beautiful bodies. I like human bodies. Oh. Before that. Let me introduce myself first."

The green female creature swept everyone with her gaze. "I am Lachapelle. You can address me as the Queen Mother."

"As we thought." Linley and the others grew still more cautious.

Linley and the others carefully inspected this 'Lachapelle'. Lachapelle's tendrils were a soft green color, like a gemstone. Just from appearance alone, they were far larger than the tendrils of the 'child' components as well.

"Lachapelle," one of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions said in its loud voice. "I trust you have encountered other outsiders here before as well, and won't necessarily want to make trouble for us. I hope you can allow us into the tunnel, as otherwise... if we fight all out against you, I think you won't have a good time of it either."

The Queen Mother, Lachapelle, stared at the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. "Oh, threatening me. How intriguing. Then let me see if you have that level of ability!" While she was still speaking, suddenly...

"Swish!"

The Queen Mother, Lachapelle, suddenly charged into the sky, shortening the distance between her and Linley.

"Retreat." Linley and the others immediately retreated back at high speed,

not hesitating at all.

But the countless rattans and tendrils of the Queen Mother, Lachapelle, shot out like sharp arrows at the same time. As Linley was retreating, he hadn't paid attention to his back, but he suddenly realized... that the thousands of tendrils and rattans which Queen Mother Lachapelle had shot out weren't attacking in a wild, unorganized way.

These rattans were actually attacking in accordance with some sort of strange profoundness.

"Spatial freezing?" Linley discovered, to his astonishment, that it was as though space had suddenly frozen. But of course, it hadn't truly frozen; only, Linley and the others felt as though they had fallen into a pit of mud, and even flying became extremely arduous.

"Swish!"

Suddenly, the countless tendrils instantly surrounded Rutherford and Karossa. Rutherford and Karossa were a bit slower in terms of flying speed compared to the others, and thus were directly surrounded by the countless vines.

The countless vines and rattans immediately began to contract...

"Squelch."

Countless amounts of blood leaked out from the cracks between the constricting rattans and vines, and then they were quickly absorbed into the rattans and vines.

"Rutherford and Karossa are dead." The faces of the fleeing Linley and the other fleeing experts changed dramatically. Even someone as powerful as Rutherford, one of the Five Prime Saints, had instantly been killed after being surrounded, without even being able to resist.

The countless constricting vines and rattans once more began to dance, but not even the bones of Rutherford and Karossa remained.

"Mmm. So tasty." The dark green eyes of the Queen Mother, Lachapelle, still stared at the distant, hurriedly fleeing Linley and the others.

Regrowth

The Queen Mother, Lachapelle, had the face of an angel, but her actions were that of a devil's.

"Children, keep a tight watch on this exit. As long as a single one of you remains alive, you cannot permit them to enter." The voice of the Queen Mother, Lachapelle, shook the heavens, and instantly, a large number of noises could be heard in the ground below the sand.

Countless tendrils and vines erupted forth from beneath the sand, and the black pyramid structure was covered by three layers on the inside and three layers on the outside by the tendrils.

Lachapelle's lips curved upwards slightly, and then with a "swish", the air around her suddenly began to tremble.

The Queen Mother, Lachapelle, transformed into a streak of green light, chasing after Linley's group at high speed. It had to be said that Lachapelle's speed was simply too fast. In but a short while, Linley's group discovered that Lachapelle was behind them in hot pursuit.

"Quick, quick." Each person in Linley's group were exerting themselves to fly at their utmost speeds.

"Rutherford and Karossa, two powerful experts, were killed and devoured in the blink of an eye. The power of this Queen Mother is simply terrifying." Linley felt his heart clench as well. Before, when Bebe had captured that 'child' component plant, although it had also been able to surround everyone, not a single person had died.

In particular, the likes of Linley and Fain hadn't even been injured.

The difference between the 'child' and the 'mother' was simply too great.

"Boss, be careful," Bebe's voice suddenly rang out in Linley's consciousness,

and Linley immediately looked backwards. He saw a green, semi-translucent tendril the thickness of an arm shoot towards him through space at high speed like a sharp arrow.

Linley's speed was only considered below average amongst the eleven remaining experts.

"Break!" Linley delivered a backhanded chop with Bloodviolet, and Bloodviolet carried with it its devilish violet flashes of light, causing space to suddenly distort as it chopped down against the semi-translucent tendrils.

Profound Truths of the Wind – Tempos of the Wind, level two!

Linley had a feeling... much like how, when he was young, he had tried to use a hatchet to chop down a tree.

"Bang." Bloodviolet sank into the tendril, but Linley's full-strength blow had only been able to cut 80% of the way through this arm-thick tendril. At the same time, Linley suddenly sensed a tightness around his waist. That tendril had already wrapped itself around Linley.

"It didn't break?" Linley was amazed.

Linley knew exactly how powerful this full force sword attack of his was. But a single tendril of this Queen Mother, Lachapelle, had reached such a terrifying level. Linley didn't think anything else, and immediately the Bloodviolet flexible sword in his hand began to tremble.

Profound Truths of the Wind – Rippling Wind!

In almost an instant, the Bloodviolet sword that had already sank into the tendril trembled more than ten thousand times, sawing straight through the remaining 20% of the tendril.

But as Linley was chopping off this first tendril, his speed was impacted, and instantly, hundreds of tendrils swept towards Linley, seeking to surround him. Linley's face instantly turned absolutely pale. "A single tendril was already so hard to break, but hundreds..."

Those hundreds of tendrils surrounded around Linley in the blink of an eye, and those people who were fleeing ahead of them felt their hearts tremble.

This had happened once already, not too long ago. Rutherford and Karossa had been surrounded by these tendrils, and the result was... not even their bones were left. Linley was the expert with the most powerful attack in this group. If even Linley were to die, what could the rest of them do?

“Boss!” Bebe called out in terror, and at the same time, ignoring the danger, he immediately turned and charged back towards Linley.

“Swish.” Bebe transformed into a black ray of light as he flew at high speed.

In the same instant those hundreds of tendrils surrounded him, in Linley’s other hand suddenly appeared the adamantine heavy sword. Linley now had the adamantine heavy sword in his right hand and Bloodviolet in his left. The adamantine heavy sword floated down with seeming grace, but in truth, it had shot out as fast as lightning.

Profound Truths of the Earth – Throbbing Pulse of the World, 64 Layered Waves!

The time had come for him to go all out.

“Break for me!!!” Linley’s face was extremely ferocious.

Linley was entirely surrounded by tendrils, and in the space in front of him alone, there were dozens of tendrils blocking him from going forward, trapping him within their net.

The dozens of tendrils struck by the adamantine heavy sword all shuddered, but the soft, pliable, yet tough tendrils were extremely resilient against vibrational forces. Despite Linley attacking at full strength with his Throbbing Pulse of the World – 64 Layered Waves, only ten or so tendrils in the path of the adamantine heavy sword transformed into splinters, while the other ten tendrils remained.

“Swish!”

A devilish violet light chopped out, and the dozens of tendrils in front, almost as though they had become brittle, were chopped through by Bloodviolet.

“Swoosh!” Linley immediately seized the opportunity to fly out from the hole he had created.

“Boss.” Bebe immediately flew over. “Quick, onto my back.”

Bebe had transformed his size to become larger, and without hesitating at all, Linley directly leapt onto Bebe’s back, and Bebe’s speed immediately increased dramatically. Bebe, Desri, and Fain were the fastest in the group, and now that Bebe was moving at maximum speed, he quickly escaped the tendrils behind them.

“Whew.” Only now did Linley let out a long sigh.

Just then, the feeling of being surrounded by hundreds of tendrils really was akin to the feeling of the end coming.

For the sake of chasing after Linley, the Queen Mother, Lachapelle, had lost ground on the others. In addition, after witnessing Linley’s dangerous situation, the others had learned to be smarter.

“Quick, Olivier, onto my back,” a Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion shouted, while the other Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion barked the same to the nearby Rosarie. Amongst these experts, the fastest were Bebe, Fain, and Desri, and after them were the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion, Tulily, and the Blackscale Scorpion.

As for Linley, Olivier, and Rosarie, they were slightly slower.

Both Olivier who trained in the Elemental Laws of Light and Linley who trained in the Elemental Laws of the Wind were all extremely fast. In addition, Olivier combined both darkness and light, while Linley was a Dragonblood Warrior... but compared to the likes of Bebe, Fain, Tulily, and the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, the two were still slower.

“This Blackscale Scorpion is really fast as well,” One of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said casually while flying.

The Blackscale Scorpion was of a race that normally was of the ninth rank. It was already quite incredible for this Blackscale Scorpion to reach the peak Saint stage. For his speed to be so fast as well... truly was amazing.

The eleven experts fled at high speed, and in the end, the Queen Mother, Lachapelle, finally gave up.

“Just now, that human youngster’s sword was quite strange.” The Queen

Mother Lachapelle stared as Linley's group disappeared beyond the horizons. "With but a single sword, he broke over ten of my tendrils, but the most amazing thing is... although the other dozens of tendrils his sword passed by didn't shatter, they were damaged so severely that they only had a tenth of their usual strength."

"Whew. Let's take a rest," Desri said.

The eleven experts didn't dare land on the desert, and so they halted in mid-air. Clearly, that Lachapelle had truly terrified this group of people.

"This Queen Mother is simply too much of a monster," Fain said with a frown. "Even Rutherford and Karossa were killed in an instant, and just then, when she chased after us, I felt extremely nervous."

Everyone was resting right now.

When they were fleeing earlier, they hadn't dared to be the slightest bit incautious.

"Linley, I saw that Queen Mother attack you. What do you think?" Tulily looked at Linley.

Linley's face was rather ugly to look at.

That scene earlier had been way too dangerous. Linley shook his head and said solemnly, "This Queen Mother is far more dangerous than the Flame Tyrant. When I attacked it with Bloodviolet just now, my full force blow wasn't able to break through that tendril. This... you must understand, there were thousands on thousands of these tendrils."

"It didn't break under your full force blow?" The faces of all the experts changed.

Everyone knew how strong the Dragonblood Warriors were. Despite combining that with the Profound Truths of the Wind, Linley still hadn't been able to break through the tendril with a single blow. One could imagine how tough that tendril was.

"Afterwards, when the tendrils surrounded you, Linley, we were all very worried. How did you manage to break out? Given the toughness of those

tendrils, it must have been extremely difficult,” Desri asked, and all the nearby experts looked at Linley.

Right now, experience was very important.

Rutherford and Karossa, who had also been surrounded by the Queen Mother’s tendrils, were both dead. Only Linley had escaped.

“My escape was an extremely risky one,” Linley admitted it openly. “A large number of tendrils had surrounded me, and in that sort of situation, I had to go all out.” Linley’s face had a hint of bitter laughter on it. “So I immediately used the adamantine heavy sword, combining both swords in my attack.”

“I first used the adamantine heavy sword to utilize the Profound Truths of the Earth, the same blow that killed the Flame Tyrant.” Linley shook his head. “My most powerful sword blow was only enough to destroy ten or so tendrils.”

“But the strange thing was... when I followed it up with Bloodviolet, I was instantly able to easily break through dozens of tendrils, and then I seized the opportunity to charge out,” Linley said.

Earlier, when Linley had first used only Bloodviolet to chop at that tendril, he hadn’t been able to break through it despite striking with full force. But this time, he was able to chop through dozens.

“How is that possible?” The others were puzzled as well.

Linley hadn’t had any time to consider this question while they were fleeing, but now, Linley suddenly understood after thinking about it. “Right. The Profound Truths of the Earth rely on vibrational waves to attack the enemy. The ten or so tendrils in front of me were directly vibrated into little pieces. Most likely, the dozens of tendrils behind them, although not completely destroyed, should have been badly damaged internally.”

With its internal components damaged, the tendrils naturally were no longer very tough.

Following with another full-strength blow from Bloodviolet, it wasn’t too difficult to break through those dozens of damaged tendrils.

“Enough about that. What we need to think about is... how we should deal

with the Queen Mother. If we don't eliminate the Queen Mother, it most likely won't permit us to enter the exit and go to the eighth floor," Desri said with a frown.

The experts all nodded.

"What should we do?" All of them frowned in thought.

One of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions spoke. "Based on what I know, once the tendrils or vines of a plant creature are destroyed, it will be very hard for them to regrow them. The higher class the plant creature is, the tougher and more resilient their tendrils will be, but similarly, the tougher it will be to regrow them."

"Therefore, what we can do is to divide into multiple attacks, eliminating a few tendrils with each attack. In the end... once the Queen Mother no longer has any tendrils left, won't we be able to slaughter it as we please?"

Hearing the words of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion, Linley, Fain, and the others all nodded.

If everyone joined forces and used forbidden-level spells and their ultimate attacks at the same time, they should be able to destroy a few tendrils. Once the Queen Mother, Lachapelle, chased after them, they would flee. But then they would attack her, again and again...

To reduce the number of tendrils the Queen Mother had was something they were capable of.

Slowly, one step at a time, they would still have a chance of success.

"Can't be done." Bebe shook his head.

The entire group of experts looked at Bebe, confused. Bebe shook his head and said, "Earlier, when I went to rescue the Boss, I saw exactly what happened. After the Boss broke through those tendrils and fled onto my back, those tendrils were regrown, and the speed of the regrowth was very fast. In a short period of time, they were completely recovered.

"How is that possible?" The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions couldn't believe it.

"Impossible! Absolutely impossible!" A Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion shook his

head.

“But this is what I, Bebe, personally witnessed. How can it be false?” Bebe rebutted. “In addition, how could I possibly lie about something like this?”

The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions fell silent. They all believed... that in a critical moment such as this, Bebe wouldn't possibly lie. But the three brothers had encountered this sort of plant creature in the past, and they knew some things about this type of creature.

“No matter what the reason is, the fact of the matter is that this Queen Mother's tendrils have the ability to regrow,” Desri said solemnly. “We need to come up with a method on how to kill the Queen Mother.”

Everyone stayed silent.

The tendrils were so tough that even Linley's full force blow with Bloodviolet couldn't break through. The worst part was... this Queen Mother's tendrils could regrow themselves.

What to do?

The deaths of Rutherford and Karossa were still fresh in the minds of every single expert.

Fast, Slow?

The Queen Mother, Lachapelle, possessed tremendous power. In the air above the boundless desert of the seventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, the wind blew the sand as Desri, Linley, Fain, and the other human experts, along with Bebe and the other magical beast experts, stood there in mid-air. All of them were seriously pondering their next steps.

“If we don’t have any hope at all, I recommend... giving up.” Desri forced the words out.

The other experts all looked towards Desri.

“Give up, just like that?” Fain’s eyes had a hint of unwillingness.

They had waited a thousand years for this opportunity, and they had even passed the sixth floor. He was indeed rather unwilling to give up this opportunity now.

“We have no hope at all.” Desri shook his head. “A single tendril of Queen Mother Lachapelle’s is already so durable, and she has thousands on thousands of them. More importantly, even if you break those tendrils, they’ll naturally regrow.”

Desri looked around him. “Everyone, you tell me, must we insist on going to our deaths?”

Linley and Bebe exchanged glances.

“Boss, let’s give up,” Bebe said mentally to Linley. “There’s no rush for us. At worst, in another hundred years, when the two of us have become stronger, I’ll ask my Grandpa Beirut to just open another tunnel to the Necropolis of the Gods, just for us.”

Bebe felt it was hopeless as well.

Linley couldn’t help but think back to the terrifying scene of those countless,

densely packed tendrils surrounding him, especially the feeling of him being surrounded by them. That sort of dangerous feeling truly was heart-shaking.

But just at that moment, those three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions glanced at each other, and one of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions said solemnly, “No, we aren’t entirely hopeless. We still have a bit of hope.”

“Oh?”

The levitating experts all stared in surprise towards those Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions.

“We still have hope? You say we still have hope? What hope?” Fain immediately asked.

That Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion nodded. “We three brothers have an ultimate attack. Through our ‘Six Eyes’, we can emit six rays of light to cover our opponent. It will paralyze the opponent and completely prevent them from moving.”

“Paralyze them? Prevent them from moving?” Linley was greatly shocked.

This ultimate attack was simply too monstrous. Didn’t it essentially mean that it would force the opponent to just stand there and be beaten?

Everyone present, even the perpetually silent Olivier and the Blackscale Scorpion, had their eyes filled with amazement.

“Right. I remember, now,” Rosarie said with surprised joy. “I remember that when we first arrived at the seventh floor and Bebe and the others entered the sands and seized that ‘child’ monster, it was one of you three brothers who killed the monster. When you killed it, your six eyes emanated a ray of black light that surrounded the monster, paralyzing it and forcing it to allow you to kill it.”

Linley and the others remembered that as well.

“If that’s the case, then we’ll win for sure,” the Blackscale Scorpion rumbled. “Let that Queen Mother, Lachapalle, be paralyzed, and then destroy her soul. Once her soul is destroyed, the Queen Mother will definitely die.”

“It isn’t as easy as that.” The leader of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions shook his

head. “Our technique isn’t undefeatable. The way you are interpreting it, we would be able to immediately freeze any opponent we encounter and then kill them. Wouldn’t that make us invincible? This technique depends on the power of the opponent.”

Linley and the others nodded.

Right. If the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions used this technique against a Deity, most likely that Deity would just kill them with a flip of the hand.

“This technique of ours is naturally highly effective against that ‘child’ monster, of course,” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said seriously. “But the power of the Queen Mother, Lachapalle, is hundreds of times stronger than her children. When she lets loose, her power is astonishingly great. To paralyze her will be very hard.”

The other two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions nodded as well.

Linley and the others all understood this.

It was like a giant metal cage. It could be used to imprison a horse or a cow, but if you used the same metal cage, could you possibly use it to trap an enormous dragon that was thousands of times stronger than the horse or the cow?

“However, although the Queen Mother Lachapalle is strong, she isn’t at the Deity level. If we three brothers join forces and use this technique together, most likely... we would be able to paralyze Queen Mother Lachapalle for around a second,” The leader of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions said.

Linley and the others felt joy in their hearts.

A second? Although it seemed like a short period of time, to experts such as Linley, a second was enough to allow one to exchange tens or hundreds of blows.

“But of course, that’s just an estimate. After all, without having actually fought her, we don’t know how long we can paralyze her for either,” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said.

Everyone understood, but they also knew... that these three Six-Eyed Golden

Ni-Lion, working together, would definitely be able to cause the Queen Mother to be paralyzed for a moment.

“Everyone, who amongst us feels confident in being able to kill the Queen Mother in an instant?” Desri immediately looked at the others.

The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions would be able to let one of the experts have a single instant of an opportunity. Now, the question was who had the best chance of success.

“Sadly, we don’t have a wind-style Grand Magus Saint.” Rosarie shook her head and sighed. In terms of the most powerful single-target attack, the title had to go to wind-style Grand Magus Saints. Once the ‘Dimensional Edge’ came out, even space itself would be cut through. It would have definitely been capable of cutting the Queen Mother into two parts.

All the experts present were silent.

“Linley, how about you?” Fain looked at Linley.

Linley maintained his silence.

The Queen Mother, Lachapalle, was surrounded by a dense cluster of tendrils. How long the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions would be able to paralyze her for was unknown. If, as soon as he drew near the Queen Mother’s body, she escaped from the ‘paralysis’, then he would definitely be surrounded by countless tendrils again.

He wouldn’t even have a chance to run.

After all, even the adamantine heavy sword and Bloodviolet combined could only break through roughly a hundred tendrils each time.

“Boss.” Bebe shook his head towards Linley.

The chance of success was too low.

“Whoever kills the Queen Mother shall be the one to take possession of the divine artifact of the seventh floor, if there is one. I think no one here will object.” Desri looked at everyone.

Everyone nodded.

“We still have two years before the ten-year time limit,” Linley said solemnly. “There’s no need for us to rush. Let’s spend some time to think about it.”

All the experts nodded. Unless they had at least some degree of confidence, they wouldn’t choose to throw their lives away.



*

The boundless desert.

Linley hovered there in mid-air, his eyes shut as he attuned himself to the blowing of the wind. With regards to the Elemental Laws of the Wind, Linley had already gained some new insights into both the ‘Fast’ aspect and the ‘Slow’ aspect. At this moment, he was attuning himself to the Elemental Laws, and so he naturally was attuned to these two aspects as well.

His mind became one with the wind elemental essences.

“Hrm?” Linley’s consciousness suddenly had an image appear within it.

When the Queen Mother, Lachapalle, had attacked the first time, those tens of thousands of tendrils had suddenly shot out at high speed. At that time, Linley and the other experts had all sensed that the surrounding space had suddenly frozen, and felt as though they were wallowing in cement or through a pool.

“At that time, the Queen Mother’s tendrils were moving in accordance to a strange, profound mystery. It somehow achieved the effect of causing space to freeze.” Linley’s mind suddenly had a thought.

Spatial freezing was in truth, a fairly high-level interpretation of the ‘Slow’ aspect. Linley still had some distance to go from his current level of ‘slowing’ space to truly ‘freezing’ space.

“The Queen Mother’s tendrils were all extremely fast. Even Rutherford wasn’t able to flee.” Linley was puzzled. “But when those tendrils shot out, they were so fast that space itself became blurred. It should be the ‘spatial folding’ interpretation of the ‘Fast’ aspect. But why was it that all of those tendrils combined were able to create the effect of ‘spatial freezing’?”

Linley was puzzled.

At the same time, Linley unconsciously began to replay the sight of those countless tendrils shooting out, carefully searching for the profound mysteries within.

After a long time, Linley, still standing in mid-air, opened his eyes. With a flip of his hand, he retrieved Bloodviolet. His hand thrust it outwards, and instantly...

Thousands of Bloodviolets appeared in front of Linley, and the sword blurs caused space itself to begin to blur. This attack was the combination of Linley's understanding of 'Spatial Folding' and 'Rippling Wind' attacks, with the 'Rippling Wind' capable of producing ten million sword attacks.

"Not right."

Linley frowned.

"If I want every single sword attack to be like those tendrils, those ten million sword blurs used simultaneously should be able to create the special effect of 'Spatial Freezing'." Linley once again struck out with Bloodviolet.

Right.

Right now, Linley was currently trying to utilize the 'Rippling Wind' technique to instantly create ten million swords, imitating the attack of Queen Mother Lachapalle.

Again. Again.

"Swish."

Bloodviolet once again transformed into ten million swords in the air, and the several meters covered by violet sword flashes suddenly began to congeal. The ten million sword attacks were all like the countless surrounding tendrils, and then, at the same time, they all converged on one point. A sound could be heard...

"Bang!" A tear in space appeared.

Linley's eyes lit up.

“Right. ‘Spatial Freezing’.” Linley’s face finally revealed a hint of excitement.

“Finally. Success.” Fortunately, Bloodviolet was capable of twisting and curving. That was the only reason why he could test the attacks time and time again and completely learn and imitate the attack of Queen Mother Lachapalle. Only, the attack Queen Mother Lachapalle utilized had the thousands of tendrils surround the opponent.

But with Linley’s attacks, the ten million swords came together at one point, converging all of their attacks.

“In the past, the ‘Rippling Wind’ attack could continuously send out many attacking swords, but once it transformed into ten million swords, because of wind friction, the countless swords couldn’t converge on one spot simultaneously.” Linley had been frustrated over this in the past.

When his sword struck out, it naturally had to follow the flows of the wind in order to suddenly produce ten million swords.

But to have the ten million swords converge on one spot required the swords to go against the natural force of the wind. As the saying goes, ‘a millimeter of difference, a thousand kilometers of distance’. To go against the natural force of the wind meant that one simply couldn’t instantly create ten million swords.

“But by using this unique cadence when creating all those swords, I can do it.” Linley was very surprised.

Those ten million swords came out at once, but they didn’t do so wildly and randomly, just following the wind wherever it went. They seemed to travel through a circular arc, creating a strange centrifugal force as all of the swords converged on a single point.

“How unique.” Linley couldn’t help but inwardly sigh with amazement.

But Linley was also extremely happy.

“Although each individual sword of those ten million swords aren’t very powerful, when all those swords combine into one, the power of the attack would be thousands of times greater.” Linley was extremely excited. When ten million swords combined into one, the sharpness and the speed of Bloodviolet would come into full play.

Profound Truths of the Wind – Myriad Swords Converge!

This was yet another breakthrough in the Profound Truths of the Wind.

In terms of attack power, it was even much more powerful than the ‘Tempos of the Wind’.

“Only, this is a single target attack, only useful against one target.” Linley knew very well that when those countless swords combined, wherever the sword passed, all obstacles would be chopped to dust.

There was no need to wonder about it. The combined strength of those ten million swords would definitely cause the power of this attack to reach an awesome height.

In addition, this attack also contained the strange ‘Spatial Freezing’ effect.

“Why is it that the ‘Fast’ aspect can produce the ‘Spatial Freezing’ effect of the ‘Slow’ aspect?” Although Linley had successfully developed this attack, he was still puzzled.

The ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects of the Elemental Laws of the Wind were two entirely opposite aspects. But it seemed that they were somehow linked together as well.

“If I can’t figure it out, then I won’t think about it.” Linley was in an extremely jubilant mood. “The most powerful attack of the Profound Truths of the Wind is fully capable of destroying all obstructions. With this attack, there’s no need to fear the obstruction of any tendrils.”

Linley’s heart was filled with confidence.

Three days later.

Having already engraved this most powerful attack of the Profound Truths of the Wind into his heart, Linley immediately headed off with the other experts towards the Queen Mother, Lachapalle. This time, the others would all support him with their own attacks, while Linley himself would deliver the final attack.

After flying for quite a while.

“That vast oasis is up ahead. It should be the location where the many ‘children’ components of Queen Mother Lachapalle have gathered.” Desri

pointed off into the distance.

The place where the black pyramid had been was now surrounded by an extremely green sea, formed by those many 'oases'.

"Haha... and here I thought all of you were so frightened, you had fled to the sixth floor. I didn't expect you would dare to return." The clear voice shook the air above the green sea, and in the air above that green sea, a green, glowing human-formed aberration surrounded by thousands of tendrils was hovering."

It was the Queen Mother, Lachapalle.

Myriad Swords Converge, the Pearl of Life!

The Queen Mother, Lachapelle, hovered there in mid-air like a queen, the thousands of nearly translucent green tendrils swiveling around her devilish body.

Meanwhile, below her...

Countless tendrils and vines rose up into the air, waving wildly. Rumbling growls could be heard from beneath the sands. A large number of 'children' components under the control of Queen Mother Lachapelle were covering the black pyramid, completely blocking it off.

Linley glanced at the nearby Rosarie and Desri. These two Grand Magus Saints had already begun to mumble the words to their spells, and were about to complete them.

Rosarie's long, jade-green hair suddenly rose upwards as a wild surge of water-type elemental essence blasted forth from her. Countless amounts of frost and ice descended, and the temperature suddenly reached an extremely low point. Even the countless waving tendrils and vines below them were suddenly frozen.

Water-style forbidden-level magic – Absolute Zero.

At the same instant, a surge of invisible, ripple-like energy blasted out from Desri, shooting directly towards the mid-air Queen Mother Lachapalle. The Queen Mother Lachapalle's body only trembled slightly, and she wasn't much affected.

"Crunch. Bang."

Many tendrils shattered from the cold.

The body of Queen Mother Lachapalle was covered with a layer of frost as well.

“This is the attack you have planned?” Queen Mother Lachapalle laughed wildly. “In terms of spiritual energy, how can the likes of you compare to me? As for water-style magic... haha, that’s even more laughable. I, Lachapalle, am a practitioner of the Elemental Laws of Water and Wind.”

“So powerful!” Linley’s group sighed in their hearts.

Plant type creatures that had large bodies generally also had enormously powerful souls to match. The Queen Mother’s real body was actually even more terrifyingly enormous, but as she trained, she had naturally begun to shrink it in size, but her soul had only grown more and more powerful.

Both sides were peak Saints.

But human Saints were far inferior to this sort of terrifying plant creature.

The Queen Mother Lachapalle’s words had just come out...

“Pew!”

Eighteen rays of black light shot out from the eyes of the three siblings, the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. Those eighteen rays of light instantly covered Queen Mother Lachapalle. It was as though her enormous body and tendrils had suddenly been covered with a layer of black skin.

The eyes of Queen Mother Lachapalle instantly widened, and her delicate face instantly changed and contorted.

She... couldn’t move!

“Swoosh!” Working in perfect concert, as those eighteen rays of light had shot out, Linley had already flown straight to the Queen Mother at high speed.

“Grooooowl!”

“Kill him!”



*

Countless ‘child’ components from beneath the sand roared deafeningly, wanting to watch as their Queen Mother annihilated these humans. But in that

moment, none of them had noticed... that their Queen Mother could no longer move.

Bloodviolet in one hand, and the adamantine heavy sword in the other, the Dragonformed Linley stared straight at the distant Queen Mother Lachapalle with his dark gold eyes. At his highest speed, he charged towards her. Linley had already entered the range of the countless tendrils and vines of Queen Mother Lachapalle.

Linley's lips quirked upwards.

The wild wind howled as Linley instantly crossed hundreds of meters, reaching a distance of less than a hundred meters away from Lachapalle. To Linley, a hundred meters was but the blink of an eye... but when experts fought, that blink of an eye was what determined victory.

“Roooooar!” A furious roar escaped the lips of Queen Mother Lachapalle.

Countless tendrils, and those vines surrounding the Queen Mother's body, shot directly towards Linley. The Queen Mother's eyes were filled with boundless rage, and she swore to herself that she was going to kill all of the humans in front of her, starting with the one closest.

The Queen Mother had broken free of the 'paralysis'.

“Not good.” The faces of Desri, Rosarie, and the others all changed.

Bebe's beady little eyes suddenly had a red light flash through them, while at the same time his body became covered with a layer of pitch-black light. Bebe transformed into a black ray of light, ignoring the deadly danger as he charged over. “Boss.” Bebe was extremely worried.

An enormous number of tendrils snaked towards him.

Linley himself was very calm. He had prepared for this eventuality long ago.

Bloodviolet, in his hand, suddenly transformed into ten million devilish flashes of violet light. Everywhere the flashes appeared, blurry folds in space could be seen, while at the same time, the violet flashes of light all bizarrely coiled and snaked their way forward in a very peculiar pattern as they stabbed towards one spot.

Spatial Freezing!

The large number of tendrils charging towards him suddenly dropped dramatically in speed, as though they were travelling through mud.

As for Linley's ten million sword flashes, they actually converged on one spot, uniting into one indistinct, heart-stopping violet light. This violet light was like a comet charging straight ahead, utterly unblockable.

"Bang!" The violet sword light charged forwards, and those tough, half-translucent tendrils instantly crumbled and shattered, with countless tendril parts sent flying everywhere.

Profound Truths of the Wind – Myriad Swords Converge!

The most powerful sword attack Linley could muster through using the Profound Truths of the Wind!

Linley instantly scurried out from the space that had been shattered by his 'Myriad Swords Converge' attack, while the Queen Mother, Lachapalle, stared in astonishment. "How is that possible?" Her tendrils were far more powerful than those of the 'child' components'.

So many tendrils had surrounded the human, but the human had instantly broken through.

"Die." Having breached the cage of tendrils, Linley had already reached the air above Queen Mother Lachapalle's head, and the adamantine heavy sword in Linley's hand came chopping down.

Lachapalle immediately dove down at high speed.

But how could her body's movement speed compare with a weapon's? Queen Mother Lachapalle also controlled her tendrils to block, but... it was too late.

"Bang!" Linley's adamantine heavy sword collided with Lachapalle's head.

The adamantine heavy sword only lightly touched Lachapalle's head, and Lachapalle's massive body suddenly began to tremble, and then a green liquid began to flow out from her mouth and her eyes. Those wildly waving tendrils had already begun to droop down lifelessly.

Linley's other hand didn't just rest; he once again utilized the 'Myriad Swords

Converge' attack.

The devilish flash of ten million swords, moving in that strange cadence, once more appeared, and space once more froze. Those ten million swords converged on a single location, forming a blurry, violet sword flash, which pierced directly towards Queen Mother Lachapalle's head.

"Bang!"

Starting from the head, the Queen mother's entire body collapsed and transformed into green colored debris. Only after her body burst apart did Linley realize that actually, her internals had already been shaken by the 'Profound Truths of the Earth' into something as soft as mud. But when the Queen Mother's body fully collapsed, Linley found to his surprise... that within the body of this Queen Mother, there was a very small, yet glittering, green-glowing translucent pearl.

With a flip of his hand, Linley grabbed the translucent pearl. As for Queen Mother Lachapalle, the remaining half of her body and a large number of tendrils collapsed lifelessly from mid-air, falling downwards and smashing into the countless vines below.

The wildly waving tendrils of the 'green sea' below suddenly halted.

None of these plant creatures could dare believe it. Their mighty 'Queen Mother' had been killed in mid-air by this warrior who looked like a Draconian.

Their invincible Queen Mother... had died!

"Listen up," Linley shouted coldly towards the people below. "All of you better scram. Otherwise... I'll kill all of you, just like how I just killed your Queen Mother." Linley swept the ground coldly with his gaze.

"Rustle, rustle..."

Countless tendrils and vines frantically sank into the sand, and the 'green sea' that had occupied an extremely wide expanse of space suddenly transformed into desert again. As for those plant creatures, they all fled at high speed in terror. Even their Queen Mother who was hundreds of times more powerful than them had died.

How could they, mere 'child' components, compete?

The black pyramid, which had been covered by countless vines and rattans, now revealed its true appearance once again.

"Boss, you scared me to death." Bebe was now by Linley's side, and he had re-absorbed that layer of black light back into his body.

Linley couldn't help but hug Bebe.

Although Bebe was emotionally immature, sometimes naughty and mischievous, while at other times as bloodthirsty as any magical beast, he was willing to give up his life for Linley's sake. The two had grown up together, and their lives were like one. Their affection for each other was so deep... that with their souls interlinked, they could physically sense it.

"I'm fine. Without a degree of certainty, would I, your Boss, dare act in such a way?" Linley snickered.

At this time, Desri and the others flew over as well. After the sudden reversal in fortune they had just witnessed, they now all had incandescent smiles on their faces.

"Linley, when you demonstrated that attack of yours in front of us earlier, I didn't have much confidence." Fain laughed. "But after seeing it just now, I now know how powerful that sword of yours is. No matter how powerful one's defense is, one still won't be able to take that sword of yours."

When Linley had demonstrated it, he was only demonstrating it into the air. How could Fain and the others clearly see how powerful it was?

"Everyone, let's hurry up and see if there are any divine artifacts here on the seventh floor," Desri said to everyone. "We agreed early on that the person to kill the Queen Mother would take possession of the divine artifacts, if there are any. Linley risked his life to kill her... and so he should get the divine artifact. Everyone, search carefully."

Linley hurriedly said, "No need to go to so much trouble..."

"You just stay here. We'll help you look," one of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions said. They had underestimated the strength and power of the Queen Mother.

Even when the three brothers had joined forces and executed their forbidden technique, they had only been able to paralyze the Queen Mother for an instant.

Linley had made the greatest contribution to killing the Queen Mother. Everyone hurriedly began to help search for the divine artifact, and even Olivier voluntarily flew down to the ground. All of the experts began to carefully search.

As for Linley, he flew to the exit platform next to the black pyramid.

This was because last time, on the sixth floor, this was where the divine artifacts had been placed. But this time, it was different.

“Nothing there?” Linley shook his head. He had searched for quite some time by the stairs, but he hadn’t found anything.

The experts searched carefully in a circle with an area of a square kilometer. In the end, they all returned to the black pyramid.

“Did you find anything?” Desri asked.

The others all shook their heads.

Desri frowned. “Strange. On the sixth floor, including the hatchet the Flame Tyrant had, there were a total of three divine artifacts. The Queen Mother Lachapalle of the seventh floor was at a higher level of power than the Flame Tyrant. But we weren’t even able to find a single divine artifact.”

Linley was puzzled as well.

“This shouldn’t be the case.” Fain was confused as well. “Where is that divine artifact?”

“Oh, right.” Rosarie’s eyes lit up. “On the sixth floor, the Flame Tyrant himself was wielding that greataxe. Were there any divine artifacts on Lachapalle’s body? Linley, did you see anything?”

“On her body?” Linley started.

And then, Linley instantly thought of the round pearl he had already absorbed into his interspatial ring. He immediately retrieved it with a flip of his hand. “Right. When I killed the Queen mother and her body collapsed, I found a

seemingly unusual pearl inside her body, and so I grabbed it. Take a look. What is this?”

Linley didn't think that this round pearl was a divine artifact.

As he saw it... it should be something similar to a magical beast's magicite core, the essence of the Queen Mother.

“Pearl of Life.” Upon seeing the round pearl in Linley's hand, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions let out simultaneous cries of shock.

Linley, Desri, and the others all stared at the three Six-Eyed Golden Lions in puzzlement. One of them immediately explained, “This Pearl of Life is a type of spiritual pearl treasure we once saw in the past when we were with Father. Now we understand... why that Queen Mother ‘Lachapalle’ was able to instantly regrow her damaged tendrils.”

“If the Pearl of Life enters one's body, then the boundless life energy contained within the Pearl of Life will be provided to the user. Even if one's body is chopped into eight pieces, it will return to normal in a flash, needing just one or two seconds. In other words... as long as your soul isn't destroyed, then you will never die” the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said excitedly, “To Saint-level experts, this Pearl of Life is more precious than any divine artifact!”

Entering the Eighth Floor

Even after one's body was chopped into seven or eight pieces, it would still recover in one or two seconds.

Such a regenerative ability made the eyes of the surrounding experts all light up. To Saints, this sort of treasure was incomparably valuable.

"But it's only of use to Saints. To Deities, toys like this are totally worthless." The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion laughed.

Desri nodded as well. "Deities possess a divine spark, and their divine bodies are formed from divine energy. Even if they are badly wounded, as long as their souls aren't destroyed, their body can be reborn even if reduced to nothingness." The difference between Saints and Deities was enormous.

Linley and the others couldn't help but sigh deep in their hearts.

The Deity level!

Even someone as powerful as Linley, in front of a Deity, wouldn't be able to fight back at all. A single step... but one which blocked countless Saints.

"Big brother." The other Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said, "Even if a person puts this Pearl of Life into their body, and their soul is undamaged, they can still be killed. Have you forgotten what father said?"

The leader of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions nodded. "Oh, you are talking about the body being entirely destroyed?"

Linley, Desri, Fain, and the others all looked at the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion in confusion. The leading Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion explained to Linley and the others, "The energy of this Pearl of Life can regenerate the body. In other words, you have to at least have a small part of the body left. Only then can the rest of your body be reborn from that part. If your entire body is destroyed, then you will die, of course."

“Oh, so that’s what you mean.” Linley and the others now understood.

“But Linley...” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion looked at Linley. “With the Pearl of Life, don’t end up being too arrogant. In the countless planes, there are many techniques that can be used to utterly destroy an opponent’s body. Opponents who train in Elemental Laws of Fire and the Elemental Laws of Water all can accomplish such a thing.”

“I know.”

Linley laughed calmly. “The Elemental Laws are as vast as the ocean. I only know one or two drops of water in that ocean.”

“Your body is very tough, and you have a Pearl of Life. What you need to do is to focus your time improving your spiritual attacks and spiritual defenses.” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion seemed to take great interest in Linley’s well-being. “There’s all sorts of spiritual-type attacks, and they are beyond counting. If you are incautious just a single time, then you’ll be done for.”

Linley nodded.

The soul was indeed a profound, abstruse thing.

For example, the Grand Magus Necromancer, Zassler, could easily command the undead, and even question the souls of others.

For example, Beirut, who was at such a level that even Saints such as Rudi and Dillon had their memories scanned, without them knowing a thing. A technique like this... was absolutely astonishing and unheard of. For experts such as him, directly controlling Saints would probably be extremely easy.

“In the past, when the Holy Emperor Heidens used his ‘Oracular Magic’ to attack me, my soul’s defense nearly collapsed. In the future, I need to be careful of this,” Linley said to himself.

Heidens, if placed amongst the countless ranks of Saints in the myriad other planes, was nothing more than average. There were far too many Saints who were more talented than him in spiritual attacks. Linley’s spiritual defensive power was actually inferior to even the likes of Saints such as Rosarie and Desri.

As least experts like Desri, when facing Heidens, wouldn’t have been nearly

trounced so easily.

“Soul-based attacks include charms, hypnotism, paralysis, destruction, and all sorts of other techniques. There are forceful ones, and there are soft ones.” Desri sighed. “The more one studies this, the more one realizes how boundless and deep it is. In the past, the War God had said that the High Priest, with but a glance, could let us sink into an illusion, and if in the illusion we think that we have died, in real life, we really will have died and our soul will dissipate.”

“Oh?” Linley was greatly shocked.

The High Priest was this terrifying?

Rosarie chortled, “What can you do. After becoming a Deity, the weakest aspect one has is the spirit. Demigods, Gods, Highgods... all of them will spend their effort on studying the profound mysteries contained within the soul. After all, they don’t want to die.”

Fain laughed. “Linley, you had best bind this Pearl of Life with blood. Otherwise, we’ll all grow covetous as we stare at it.”

Chuckling, Linley immediately blood-bound it.

Immediately, this translucent Pearl of Life, glowing with a hazy green light, entered Linley’s body. Linley could clearly sense that his heart, his muscles, and his bones were all filled with boundless life force. Even if part of his body was severed, he would still quickly be able to heal.

Linley’s group was in no rush to go to the eighth floor. They first rested and made preparations here on the seventh floor. After all, once they entered the eighth floor, who knows what sort of terrifying creatures they would find there?

Off in the distance, Tulily was constantly training with using his scimitar.

It hadn’t been long since he had this Bloodshadow scimitar, so he was now constantly testing how to best utilize its power. As for Olivier, Desri, and the others, they all sat off to the side, meditating quietly.

“I’ve been at the rank of Arch Magus of the ninth rank for so long, yet I still haven’t made a breakthrough.” Seated in the meditative posture on the sand, Linley sighed to himself. But he understood that something like this couldn’t be

rushed. The more you tried to rush it, the harder it would be to break through.

Bebe was curled up on Linley's leg, sleeping comfortably.

"Bebe," Linley spoke. Wharton was his little brother. And Bebe... was also his little brother. Towards his family, Linley always had a protective instinct.

"Yeah, Boss?" Bebe raised his little head to stare at Linley.

Linley said softly, "Bebe, each layer of the Necropolis of the Gods grows more and more dangerous. I can no longer imagine what we will encounter when we go to the eighth floor, or what will happen! But Bebe, it's best if you don't go to the eighth floor."

"Boss?" Bebe's eyes instantly turned round.

"Bebe, is your defense stronger than the Flame Tyrant's? Is your attack superior to his? Bebe... you are still growing. There's no need for you to risk yourself like this." Linley himself wasn't afraid, but he was somewhat worried for Bebe.

"Boss, if you go, I go." Bebe was very stubborn.

Linley shook his head. "That isn't it. I have the Pearl of Life. It's much safer for me. More importantly, I feel as though there is something in this Necropolis of the Gods that is waiting for me, that is calling to me." Especially after actually entering the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley could even more clearly sense that calling sensation.

It was a call which set his soul a'strumming.

Whether it was because of his desire to train himself, or because it had to do with discovering the profound secrets of the Four Supreme Warriors, or because of the call to his soul, Linley didn't want to retreat.

"Boss, I'll go with you." Bebe stared at Linley with his little eyes. "It's just a bit of danger. What are you afraid of, Boss. In the past, when we were in the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, we were so weak, but we even managed to survive the attack of the Armored Razorback Wurm. When the Radiant Church pursued and tried to kill us, we still made it through. Back then, we were very weak, but we still weren't afraid. Now that we are strong, are we going to start

being afraid?”

“You better understand that I, Bebe, am really badass now!” Bebe stood up straight, intentionally puffing his little chest out.

Linley couldn't help but laugh, but at the same time, he felt a surge of gratitude.

In addition, Linley couldn't help but think back to his memories of his youth, when he and Bebe together ventured into the Foggy Gulch.

“Haha, fine. Whether we live or we die, we'll do it all together.” Linley laughed as he hugged Bebe, and Bebe laughed as well.



*

They stayed at the seventh floor for seven days. Linley's group came to the entrance to the eighth floor. The Grand Magus Saints, Desri and Rosalie, had already prepared defensive spells for themselves, while Linley had transformed into his Dragonblood Warrior form. Everyone was ready now.

“Everyone, be careful. Now... let's head out!” Desri said.

Immediately, the eleven experts entered the tunnel into the black pyramid one by one. This tunnel was completely covered with black light. After walking for but a short while, Linley's group arrived at the eighth floor.

“It is so similar to the third floor.” Linley stared at his surroundings.

The eighth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods had an extremely thick layer of ice as its ground. This was a world of ice. From afar, there were enormous glaciers and icebergs which gleamed with dazzling light. Only the cold, desolate wind howled across the landscape, blowing a few pieces of ice here and there.

Desri, Linley, Fain, Bebe, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, and the other experts all carefully inspected their surroundings.

“Search for the exit,” Desri said softly while flying up.

The eleven experts began to fly together, beginning to stealthily search for the exit to the ninth floor. But of course, as they flew, they were very cautious,

afraid of finding living creatures here on the eighth floor. But after flying for a long time...

“Hey... this eighth floor is strange.” Rosarie was puzzled. “We’ve been searching for such a long time. Why haven’t we seen a single living thing?”

Indeed.

In both the sixth and the seventh floor, as soon as they stepped in, they discovered living creatures, such as the ‘Magma Demons’ of the sixth floor, or the ‘child’ plants of the seventh floor. They were very easily discovered.

But here on the eighth floor, Linley and the others had flown for at least a thousand kilometers, but hadn’t seen a single living thing.

“This eighth floor is quite bizarre.” Fain was staring at his surroundings as well.

The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were also on their guard, constantly scanning the area, hoping to find any hints or clues.

Staring at the surrounding area, Linley lowered his voice to a whisper. “No matter what sort of creature this eighth floor has, it would be best if we could enter the ninth floor without disturbing it. Let’s look for the exit first.” The others all nodded in agreement.

If they could avoid a battle, that would be for the best.

Everyone continued to carefully search for the tunnel

Linley and the others were still worried that they might encounter the creatures of the eighth floor later, but...

“Whooooosh.” On the eighth floor, Linley and the group only heard the howling cold wind, and didn’t see any living creature at all. After flying for nearly an hour, they finally discovered the stairways, covered with black light. This was the exit to the ninth floor.

Linley, Desri, Olivier, Fain, and the other experts all exchanged glances, surprise and joy in their eyes.

“We really are lucky this time. We didn’t encounter a single creature before finding the exit.” Rosarie laughed softly.

The others laughed and nodded as well.

“Let’s go. We’re going to the ninth floor,” Fain said, somewhat excited. He immediately moved towards it.

But what none of the eleven experts had noticed was that on the slick, gleaming surface of a seemingly normal iceberg nearby the stairs, there was a black pattern. Suddenly... the black pattern exploded forth, revealing an eye that was at least three or four meters tall!

A golden eye!

“Bang!” The iceberg shattered apart with a boom, and from within it appeared a giant formed from ice. The only part of the giant that wasn’t formed from ice was that single, glowing golden eye. “Humans, you killed Lachapalle? That is truly excellent.”

This gigantic ice-man’s voice seemed to shake the eighth floor like thunder.

At the same time...

Fain, who had just walked towards the exit, suddenly discovered that the tunnel to the ninth floor became sealed by ice out of nowhere. The layer of ice was many meters thick.

Linley, Fain, Desri, and the others all simultaneously discovered this gigantic ice-man who had suddenly appeared, and they quickly flew back.

“What sort of creature is this?” Linley looked at the place on the face of the gigantic ice-man where its eyes should be, but unlike humans who had two eyes, this creature only had that single, golden glowing eye. Linley only cast a single glance towards the gold eye, but as he did, he felt as though his soul had suddenly suffered a powerful blow, and he instantly felt dizzy.

“You killed Lachapalle. I’m very happy about that. As your reward... I will only kill six of the eleven of you. The other five will be permitted to return to the seventh floor with your lives,” the gigantic ice-man’s voice was very gentle, as though he were a kindly old man.

Linley, Fain, Desri, and the others felt their hearts tremble.

“A Beholder? Careful, don’t look at its eye,” a Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion

growled.

Linley had recovered to his normal mental state by now.

“Beholder?” The gigantic ice-man laughed. “No. You shouldn’t refer to me as a Beholder. To be more precise... I am the ruler of the race of Beholders from the Bintelan plane. You can refer to me as the Beholder King,” The gigantic ice-man said brightly.

And then, its glowing golden eye stared down at the group of people below. “So I’m going to kill six of you. Um. I’ll start with you two humans first.”

As he spoke, the golden eye suddenly emitted two rays of nearly translucent gray light. The two rays of light were simply too fast, and the worst part of it was, neither Linley nor Olivier had dared to look at its golden eye. They only realized what had happened when the gray light had almost reached them.

It was too late!

“Pew!” “Pew!”

The two rays of gray light sank into the bodies of Linley and Olivier.

The Beholder King

Cold!

As the gray ray of light struck him, a bone-piercing cold spread to every part of Linley's body. Linley felt as though his entire body had turned numb with cold, and then, that ray of gray light directly went from Linley's body to his mind, attacking his soul.

The waters of his sea of consciousness slowly surged about, with that seven-colored gem that was his soul floating in the middle of it, with a faint blue light permeating that sea of consciousness as well as dimly covering the seven-colored gem.

The gray light dispersed, wrapping itself around the boundless sea of consciousness. The surging sea of consciousness suddenly came to a halt, and not even the protective blue light resisted even slightly.

The entire sea of consciousness, as well as that seven-colored gem, were completely covered with a layer of gray light.

The soul came to a halt.

The light in Linley's eyes grew dim, and a robotic, numb look appeared in them. Right now, Linley's soul had stopped moving, and naturally his mind had come to a halt as well.

His soul had been frozen!

"Rumble..." Linley's body began to quickly be covered by a hard layer of ice. In the blink of an eye, Linley's entire body was completely sealed off by ice that was multiple meters thick, transforming into a large ice cube. As for Olivier... he, too, had changed into an ice cube.

Desri and Fain stared, speechless.

The Beholder King had a hint of laughter in his voice. Staring at the distant

Desri, Fain, and the others, he said, “I know that one of you is definitely in possession of the Pearl of Life, but sadly, the Pearl of Life is useless against me. First I’ll freeze them, and then later, I’ll torture them to death. Mm, alright, time to deal with four more.”

The Beholder King’s voice was very gentle, but Desri and the others felt their hearts tremble.

They knew how powerful Linley was, but Linley hadn’t been able to resist at all in the face of this ‘Beholder King’. Actually, when the Necropolis of the Gods was first constructed and filled, all of the life forms that were qualified to be placed on the seventh and eighth floors were some of the most powerful Saint-level creatures which existed in the countless planes of the universe.

Different types of life forms naturally had different levels of power.

For example, the Beholder was extremely talented at dealing against souls.

“Huh?” The golden eye of the Beholder King suddenly swiveled to stare at Olivier, who had been frozen into an ice cube.

“BOOM!” Countless shards of ice exploded in all directions.

His long, black-and-white hair flowing gracefully, Olivier charged out of the ice cube with that mystic icesword in his hands. The Beholder King stared at Olivier in astonishment. “What a strange soul. How is it possible for your soul to be offensive in nature?”

This was his greatest secret! This was the reason why, after his duel with Haydson, his power had suddenly grown so dramatically! And why he was now capable of simultaneously using the Elemental Laws of Darkness and Light!

Olivier didn’t say a thing. He transformed into a ray of light as he charged towards Linley.

Before Olivier arrived, Bebe had already charged to Linley.

The Beholder King’s attention was totally focused on Olivier, and not even Bebe, who had transformed into a black blur as he had flown towards Linley, tried to stop Olivier. Bebe’s heart was frantic with fear. “Boss, Boss, wake up, wake up!”

Bebe's voice was transmitted to Linley's consciousness.

Bebe and Linley's souls were linked, and the reason why they could mentally talk to each other was that their souls were talking to each other.

Linley's consciousness, which had been completely frozen, shook slightly, but the gray light quickly expanded in intensity, and the sea of consciousness once more returned to its previous calm, not moving at all.

"Slash!" Bebe slashed open the ice cube with one claw, the terrifying force of that blow turning the piece of torn-off ice to powder. "Boss, Boss, wake up! Wake up!" Bebe wildly, frantically tried to wake Linley up by calling to him mentally.

The frozen soul was completely separated from the outside world. Even if his body was destroyed, Linley wouldn't feel a thing.

Only this sort of mental communication which a pre-existing soul bond permitted was able to ignore the separation.

Linley's sea of consciousness once more shook, and the gray light covering his sea of consciousness once more lit up, but clearly, the intensity of that light was growing dimmer and dimmer. This power which was suppressing the sea of consciousness clearly was constantly consuming energy.

"Keep on spiritually communicating with Linley. If you keep it up, you should be able to wake him up," Olivier said to Bebe. "Hurry up and leave."

Bebe, carrying 'Linley', transformed into a ray of light, fleeing at high speed while constantly calling out to Linley mentally. Finally, in Linley's mind, his sea of consciousness trembled yet again, and that thin layer of gray light, already stretched to the limit, totally collapsed.

"Uh, what happened?" Linley was now fully awake.

He discovered, to his astonishment, that he was currently being carried by an enlarged Bebe, who was flying at high speed.

"Boss, wake up, wake up!" Bebe was still constantly calling out to him, his eyes filled with tears.

"Bebe," Linley spoke back mentally, while now flying on his own.

Bebe started, and then his little eyes were filled with surprise and joy.

“What just happened?” Linley was completely lost. He only remembered being struck by that ray of gray light, and then his body turned cold. After that, he remembered nothing. After waking up, he found that he was being carried by Bebe, who was fleeing at high speed.

“Bang!” From afar came a terrifying explosive sound.

Many pieces of ice shot out like meteors, howling through the air as they moved at high speed. Linley and Bebe easily dodged past them while turning to stare into the distance. It wasn't just Linley who had turned to look; even Desri, Fain, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, and the other fleeing experts all turned to stare as well.

When they did, looks of surprised joy appeared on their faces.

The enormous icy body of the Beholder King had exploded. Clearly, Olivier had shattered it with his sword. Right now, Olivier was currently wielding his longsword in his hand as he stood there in mid-air, his eyes shut.

“Excellent.” Linley sighed in praise.

“Olivier, careful,” a Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion shouted loudly. “The actual body of the Beholder King is that eye. That body of ice is only formed from energy.”

“Haha...”

That glowing golden eye, floating in mid-air, somehow spoke in a strange voice. “Right. The magical beast speaks correctly. The body of ice is nothing more than something I casually created. Haha, I've been in the Necropolis of the Gods for a long time, and I've killed quite a few experts, but I've never encountered anyone with a soul as unique as yours. Interesting, interesting.”

Olivier's eyes remained shut, and a large amount of extremely sparse black energy was emanating in all directions from him.

He was relying on this dark energy to cover the area and allow him to know the location of the Beholder King. After all, Olivier didn't dare to stare directly into that golden eye. The closer one was to the golden eye, the more dangerous it would be to stare into it.

For the likes of Linley who had already fled kilometers away, no matter how good their vision was, they would only be able to hazily make out a golden spot of light. They wouldn't be affected.

"Swish!" Black energy covered half of Olivier's body, while light-style energy covered his other half. His long black-and-white hair rustled as his battle-qi expanded. Olivier, eyes shut, shot out towards the golden eye like an arrow.

The mystic icesword in his hands chopped down with as much force and vigor as ever. Wherever his longsword passed by, countless patterns in space appeared.

"Swish." A dream-like flash of light.

The golden eye suddenly disappeared, reappearing a hundred meters away. Its speed was so fast that it was even faster than the likes of Bebe, Fain, and Desri by a good amount. The enormous golden eye somehow spoke. "Haha, you want to kill me? In your dreams!" At the same time, a wild, explosive burst of icy energy suddenly began to flow towards the golden eye, instantly forming a ferocious icy whirlpool around it.

The golden eye was at the heart of this enormous whirlpool.

Seeing the scene playing out in the distance, Desri, Linley, and the other experts gathered together.

"Everyone, be careful. Don't get hit by that gray light." Desri looked at everyone in the circle. "Everyone, what should we do?"

Upon seeing how fast that golden eye could move, all the experts present understood that in terms of speed, none of them could match this Beholder King.

"There's one final method," a Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said. "We three brothers can do the same thing as we did in the seventh floor. We'll simultaneously attack and paralyze that Beholder King. I trust that the Beholder King's countering abilities won't be as strong as that of the Queen Mother, Lachapalle."

Everyone's eyes lit up.

“Although you can paralyze it, even if the Beholder King can’t move, he can still emit those rays of gray light,” Linley said with a frown.

“It’s fine. While paralyzing it, we can attack the eye,” Fain said. “Perhaps we’ll be able to kill this Beholder King.”

“No. I strongly recommend that we not try to kill the Beholder King. It’s better if we enter the ninth floor instead,” the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion argued against it.

“Why?” Desri didn’t understand, so he asked.

The other Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said, “Based on what we know, Beholders are extremely proficient at attacking. Aside from the spiritual attack this one just used against Linley and Olivier, they possess other attacks as well, such as ‘mind control’ as well as other, physical attacks.”

Everyone’s hearts shook.

“Cleo and the other two will paralyze the Beholder King, and I will attack it,” the Blackscale Scorpion, which had been silent up until now, suddenly spoke up. “All of you rush into the ninth floor.”

Everyone stared in astonishment at the Blackscale Scorpion.

“Don’t worry. I have a degree of confidence.” The Blackscale Scorpion was actually very confident.

“Haha... do you think I am only capable of freezing your soul?” From the distance, loud laughter could be heard. The wild whirlpool had already come to a halt, and now an icy giant that was only ten meters tall had appeared, a single golden eye located within the giant’s body.

The ice was translucent. One could clearly see that enormous golden eye within the body of the ice giant.

“Let’s head out,” the leader of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions said.

Immediately, those ten experts flew back at high speed. At this moment, the Beholder King’s interest was all focused on Olivier. In all his years, the Beholder King had never encountered a soul as interesting as Olivier’s. As someone extremely knowledgeable in souls, he naturally wanted to take Olivier alive,

dominate Olivier's soul, and then carefully examine him.

"Swoosh." The ice giant charged towards Olivier in a flash.

Olivier's eyes were still closed. He flew back at high speed, while at the same time, chopping out with the black icy sword in his hand.

"Clang!" The ice giant directly blocked with his left arm.

At the same time, his right fist smashed viciously towards Olivier. Unable to retract his sword in time, Olivier was smashed flying backwards. "Bang!" He struck a distant iceberg, which immediately cracked. Olivier rolled away, then stood up.

"What a tough arm. It is dozens of times tougher than it was earlier." Olivier felt shock in his heart.

This ice giant, after its body had been smashed apart and then reformed, was tremendously more defensive now, despite having shrunk from its earlier size of a mountain to now just ten meters. Olivier's full force blow only managed to cut halfway through the arm of the ice giant.

Just as the Beholder King was about to continue charging towards Olivier, he suddenly saw a black shadow scurry towards the exit. He couldn't help but feel a sudden burst of anger.

"Swish." A ray of gray light directly shot out from the golden eye in the body of the ice giant.

The black blur seemed to have already predicted what was going to happen, and it immediately dodged, then smashed into the ice-covered exit. The tough ice was shattered by the force of the collision. "Boss, everyone, quick!" A sound rang out from within the exit.

"Aaaaaaaaargh!" The Beholder King was enraged. He didn't expect that those intruders who had fled would actually dare to return. He now noticed that the group of experts including Desri, Fain, Linley, and the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were flying at high speed towards the exit.

"Die!"

The Beholder King exploded with fury, and its single golden eye suddenly

emanated a golden ray of light the thickness of an arm. This dazzling ray of golden light split the air in an instant, shooting directly towards the human in front, Desri. But the Blackscale Scorpion next to Desri suddenly pointed its scorpion tail directly at the single golden eye of the Beholder King.

“Pew!”

A thin, finger-thick ray of black light shot out at high speed from the scorpion tail, travelling even faster than the ray of golden light. In an instant, it arrived at the body of the ice giant. The furious Beholder King actually didn’t dodge. No. It wasn’t that he didn’t dodge. It was...

The Beholder King’s body was now already covered by a layer of black light. At present, just like Queen Mother Lachapalle, he was completely paralyzed and couldn’t move at all.

The ultimate attack of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions – Imprisonment!

“Pew!” The ray of light shot out by the scorpion tail of the Blackscale Scorpion easily penetrated the ice, striking directly into the enormous golden eye in the center of the giant.

“Aaaaaaaah!” The Beholder King let out an agonized scream, and that layer of black light covering its body actually began to tremble.

“Swoosh!” “Swoosh!”

Linley, Desri, Fain, and the other experts seized this opportunity to rocket straight into the exit. Even Olivier had seized the opportunity to charge towards the exit at high speed.

A Hospitable Host

This scorpion tail attack by Blackscale Scorpion was simply too insidious. Even someone as tough as the Beholder King felt its soul tremble, causing it to howl in agony. “Aaaaaaah!” He wildly attacked his surroundings, and the icebergs nearby were smashed and sent flying everywhere.

At the same time, a hint of blood flowed down from its single golden eye.

“We have a chance.” The Blackscale Scorpion was overjoyed.

“Quick, let’s go,” the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, which knew exactly what a Beholder King was, roared furiously.

“I will kill you all!” The Beholder King howled with rage, and his bloody golden eye suddenly blasted out with more than ten rays of red light.

While fleeing towards the exit, one of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions directly grabbed the Blackscale Scorpion and dragged him towards the exit. The four magical beasts were the last to enter the exit. After they charged into the ninth floor, they could hear a thundering sound on the eighth floor.

“We finally made it into the ninth floor.”

Linley, Desri, Fain, and the others had already arrived in the ninth floor before them, and were waiting for the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions and the Blackscale Scorpion to enter. The eleven experts reunited, everyone looked at each other, a hint of a smile on their faces.

“Although we didn’t acquire any divine artifacts, all of us made it safely through to the ninth floor. This is already a very lucky thing.” Fain chuckled.

“Whew. That was really quite frightening.” For once, Rosarie revealed her true thoughts. “Fortunately, the Beholder King’s attention was focused on Olivier, giving us a chance to charge in.”

“Right. The Beholder King hadn’t actually begun to use his real power at all.

‘Soul Freezer’ is only one of his most basic attacks. Someone capable of becoming a ‘king’ amongst Beholders has immeasurably great power. We were all very lucky.” A Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion sighed as well.

Although the final attack by the Blackscale Scorpion was powerful, it was at most capable of injuring the Beholder King, not killing him.

“We are lucky. Lucky to have had Olivier.” Desri grinned as he looked at Olivier.

Everyone couldn’t help but look at Olivier as well.

Olivier still maintained his silence. Amongst these experts, Olivier really did not speak very often.

“Olivier, how is it that you were fine after having suffered the ‘Soul Freezer’ attack?” a Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion asked curiously.

Olivier hesitated a moment, then said just a few words. “I do not know either.”

They didn’t ask him any further. Regardless of whether he was telling the truth or not, it wouldn’t be polite to press him.

“Everyone, be careful. This ninth floor’s danger level is most likely no lower than that of the eighth floor’s,” Desri spoke. “We can’t always hope to be as lucky as we were just now.”

Linley’s group nodded.

Nobody minded the fact that they had been unable to gain the divine artifact of the eighth floor.

Actually, compared to divine artifacts, the true goal of the people here was divine sparks. But divine sparks would only appear on the eleventh floor. As for the twelfth floor, Linley didn’t even dare to think about it. According to what Beirut had said, only upon reaching the Deity level did one have the ability to protect one’s self in the twelfth floor.

Everyone’s true goal was to make it to the eleventh floor soon, without suffering any more casualties.

“This ninth floor seems to be quite mysterious.” Linley stared at the

environment of the ninth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods.

Linley and the others saw a turbid blue ocean beneath them, with roiling blue waves stretching off into the endless horizons. Here, in the ninth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, aside from the endless sea, there was only a secluded little green island not too far away.

“Everyone, be careful. After we pass through this floor, we’ll be able to rest and prepare to enter the eleventh floor. This floor is the most difficult barrier to reaching the eleventh floor,” Tulily said solemnly.

Everyone stared carefully at the surrounding area.

Although this was only the ninth floor, and the tenth floor would come after this, Linley’s group knew that every five floors made up a ‘level’ of difficulty, and the tenth floor would be much less dangerous than the sixth through ninth floors.

Nobody considered the tenth floor to be hard to pass through. They only treated it as a place to rest and prepare.

It was much like how the fifth floor hadn’t been a hard place to pass through.

“There’s nothing but the endless oceans around us.” Rosarie frowned.

“There’s no tall constructions. I expect there’s only one possible location for the exit to the tenth floor. That place.” Rosarie pointed at the distant island.

“The tunnel to the tenth floor should be on that island.” Linley nodded to himself.

After all, aside from the island, there was nothing here besides the sea. If the exit was placed in the endless depths of the ocean, how long would it take them to even just search for it? Linley believed that the almighty Sovereign who designed this Necropolis of the Gods wouldn’t do such a thing.

“Let’s head out,” Desri said.

The eleven experts simultaneously flew towards the distant island, all of them extremely cautious. If they could pass through this ninth floor, then... entering the eleventh floor and acquiring a divine spark would be only a stone’s throw away. Nobody wanted to fail on this floor.

The island was very quiet. Linley and the rest of the eleven experts landed on the beach.

“Splash, splash.”

The ocean waves gently rolled into the edges of the beach. The waves would occasionally cover the beach, and occasionally retreat back into the sea. The ocean breeze blew gently, rustling the tall trees, flowers, and grass of the island.

“What a peaceful place.” Rosarie revealed a smile on her face.

“It is quite pretty.” Linley’s group couldn’t sense any danger here on the ninth floor at all.

“Go find the exit.” Fain laughed.

The eleven experts moved towards the interior of the island, beginning to search carefully for the exit to the tenth floor within this place. This island was quite beautiful, and there was even a small mountain in the center of the island. After a long time, the eleven experts climbed onto the mountain.

“We’ve visited all the other places on the island. The exit should be in the mountain.” Linley raised his head to stare at the winding mountain trail.

The mountain trail was quite meandering, but Linley’s group moved very fast, passing through the mountain and the trees like a breezy wind. Soon, they reached the top of the mountain, but as the eleven experts descended upon the top of the mountain, they were all stunned.

In the center of this island, atop the mountain, next to a dwarf tree, there was a wooden house.

In front of the wooden house, there was a stone table and a stone chair.

A handsome, pale-skinned young man dressed in clothes made from leaves and wearing a straw hat was currently sitting on the stone chair. He was enjoying a cup of tea. This scene was very peaceful, but Linley’s group all felt a sense of danger in their hearts. Someone had suddenly appeared here in the ninth floor.

Without question!

This pale-skinned youngster wearing a straw hat was the creature blocking

them here in the ninth floor.

“Humans, magical beasts... and a Draconian?” The youngster’s blue eyes glanced at the eleven experts, and his lips curved upwards in a slight, graceful smile. “Let me introduce myself first. My name is Louis. Don’t be too nervous, everyone. I don’t have any ill intentions towards you. You can all sit down and have a chat with me. There are stone seats over there.”

Not too far away, there really were a row of stone seats, but the stone seats were all covered with a layer of dust.

“Who is this youngster?” Linley felt curious.

“Are the seats too dirty?” The youngster waved his hand, and a gentle gust of wind arose, lifting up those stone seats, then depositing them in front of Linley’s group. The dust on all of the seats had been blown away. The youngster revealed a brilliant smile. “Now you can all sit.”

“What game is this youngster playing?” Linley and the others felt confused.

Ever since they had entered the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley and his gang had never encountered anything as strange as this.

Linley’s group exchanged glances.

“Is there perhaps some problem with the seats?” Linley used his spiritual energy to sense them, but the stone seats seemed to be nothing more than ordinary stone seats.

“Sit.” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions immediately leapt over and crouched on the stone seats.

Linley, Desri, and the others sat down as well.

“Everyone, let’s act according to the situation. If this strange youngster uses some tricks against us, we definitely won’t hold back against him,” Desri said mentally to the other experts.

The eleven experts were in total accord.

The straw hat wearing youngster, Louis, seemed extremely happy. Louis’ clear gaze swept Linley’s group, a hint of mist actually appearing in his eyes. “Ever since I was captured and put here in the Necropolis of the Gods, it has been a

very, very long time since I have had the chance to speak with other living creatures.”

“This place is so quiet, it might as well be a graveyard!”

Louis’ eyes had a hint of hatred in them. “Nobody else here. No people to talk with. Even the ocean... doesn’t have so much as a single fish. A dead sea! A lifeless, dead sea! No birds on the island and no animals either! No life at all! Just like a graveyard!”

“Fortunately, you finally came.” Louis’ face revealed a hint of a smile.

The eleven experts all felt rather shocked.

“What is this youngster intending?”

Louis’ laughed loudly. “I know well why you have all come to the Necropolis of the Gods. Don’t overanalyze it. I can tell you right now that I am the obstacle you must overcome on the ninth floor. But I am different from the other guardians. I won’t kill you.”

Linley and the other ten experts felt puzzled.

Won’t kill?

“But the pre-requisite is that you not try to enter the tenth floor,” Louis added.

Louis smiled as he spoke. “I hope you can stay here and chat with me. You won’t enter the tenth floor, and I won’t attack you. Wouldn’t that be wonderful? When the time comes, you will naturally be allowed to leave the Necropolis of the Gods.

Stay and chat with him?

Linley and the other experts somewhat understood. This youngster actually had a plan like this.

Linley’s group was still fairly happy at meeting this sort of obstacle on the ninth floor. At least the opponent wasn’t like the Flame Tyrant, constantly chasing after and trying to kill them. However, to have them all stay here and accompany the youngster wearing a straw hat and wait for the ten year period to come to an end...

This was indeed something Linley's group couldn't accept.

"How about this. I'll stay here and chat with the youngster, while the rest of you enter the tenth floor. Perhaps this youngster will agree," Desri suddenly mentally transmitted to the other ten experts. Clearly, Desri had decided to sacrifice his own chances. After all, for this youngster to be put here on the ninth floor meant that his power was definitely not as simple as he appeared to be.

Linley, Fain, and Bebe all looked at Desri.

"Louis," the Blackscale Scorpion, who had been silent this entire time, said suddenly. "If I was willing to stay here and keep you company until the ten years are up, would you allow my ten other friends to enter the tenth floor?"

The sudden words of the Blackscale Scorpion caused Linley's group to be extremely surprised.

"Cannot." The youngster frowned. "I hope you won't force me to act. You won't enter the tenth floor, and I won't kill you, but if you attempt to enter, then I will be forced to choose to kill you all."

"Hrm?" Linley and the others frowned.

"I've discovered the exit staircase," Rosarie's surprised, excited voice rang out in the minds of Linley, Fain, and the other experts. "The exit staircase to the tenth floor is within the woods behind that wooden house. From my location, I can see three steps of the staircase and that black glow."

"The staircase to the exit?" Linley and the others all felt surprise and joy in their hearts.

Hearing that the location of the staircase had been discovered, they couldn't help but occasionally glance in that direction as well.

"Oh, you finally noticed the exit?" The youngster smiled. "What is your decision? Will you fight with me, or will you spend a few peaceful days here alongside me?"

"Swish."

Linley, Fain, and the others all rose at the same time.

Smiling, Desri said, "Louis, we don't want to fight you. We hope you can let us pass."

The straw-hat wearing youngster, Louis, continued to smile... but the rage that had lain silent in his heart for thousands of years was already beginning to rise. He secretly cursed to himself in anger, "These lowly humans really don't know what's good for them. I wanted to trick them into staying here, then secretly steal their souls. But now, it seems..."

Linley and the rest of the eleven experts were on their guard, ready to act at any time.

"Bang!" The 'body' of Louis suddenly exploded, sending grass and straw everywhere.

A silver light blasted out from Louis' exploding body, immediately striking towards the person nearest to him, Tulily.

Thorium Devil

Seeing this ray of silver light shoot towards him, Tulily's face turned cold, and his right hand, grasping the hilt of his scimitar, moved.

A bloody scimitar flash split the air.

"Bang!" The bloody scimitar shadow collided with the silver light, and with a fierce, angry howl, the silver light retreated at high speed, smashing straight through the 'wooden house', which collapsed. The ray of silver light only came to a halt at the exit to the tenth floor.

"What is this?" Linley and the others could now clearly see what the silver light actually was.

The silver light was far from them, but it was formed into a glob of silver-colored liquid ball. And then, the silver liquid's body suddenly transformed into the figure of a person. Only, his body naturally formed a set of silver battle armor atop of it.

"A Thorium Devil!" The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions felt shock in their hearts.

This transformed 'Louis' glanced coldly at Tulily. Snorting coldly, he said, "I didn't expect that a human who was only at the Saint level would be able to develop a 'Destruction'-type attack."

"Destruction-type attack..." Linley understood.

The reason why Tulily had been acknowledged as the Prime Saint with the most powerful attack was because... Tulily trained in 'Destruction'-type attacks.

In the countless planes, the most exalted and most powerful existences were that of the four Overgods who had created the Four Higher Planes. The four Overgods included the Overgod of Life, the Overgod of Fate, and the Overgod of Death, each of which had passed down their own special techniques and

training methods.

These were, respectively, Life Magic, Oracular Magic, and Necromantic Magic.

As for the fourth Overgod, the Overgod of Destruction?

The Overgod of Destruction hadn't passed down any training methods. The way of Destruction... was one of constant slaughter and constantly attuning to the nature of Destruction. It inherently had to rely on one's own ability to understand it, and there was no path which one could be guided towards. It wasn't like understanding the other Laws, which were regulated into various systems.

Although Tulily had gained insights in the 'Way of Destruction', he had only understood the tiniest bit of it.

The voice of a Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion rang out in the minds of Linley and the others. "Everyone, be careful. This monster is an extremely dangerous creature from the Demonic Realm of Darkness known as the 'Thorium Devil'."

"Thorium Devil?" Linley's heart shook as soon as he heard the name.

He had never heard of a 'Thorium Devil', but Linley knew that there was an extremely rare material that was used in blacksmithing; Thorium. Thorium was exceedingly precious, because it was highly elastic and capable of alloying and bonding together with a vast variety of different materials.

"Since this monster is known as the 'Thorium Devil', could it be that his body is formed out of thorium?" Linley stared carefully at the flowing silver liquid.

"The body of the Thorium Devil is made out of thorium. In addition, it should be thorium of a fairly high class. Thorium is highly elastic, allowing Thorium Devils to easily transform into all sorts of shapes, and they bond easily with other materials as well... earth, fire, water, and wind Law attacks, unless ridiculously strong, are completely incapable of harming him." The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions transmitted this information to the others. "In the seven paths of earth, fire, wind, water, lightning, light, and darkness, these seven basic, common paths, only 'lightning' is capable of harming him. But of course... the techniques stemming from the four Overgods, being Oracular Magic, Necromantic Magic, Life Magic, and the Way of Destruction, are also able to

harm him.”

The faces of Linley and the others changed.

They understood that nothing was absolute.

If one’s attack power in earth, fire, water, or wind-type Elemental Law attack was high enough, it would still be able to kill this Thorium Devil.

But...

Would Linley’s attack cause the Thorium Devil to reach its endurance limit?

“His endurance limit?” Linley wasn’t confident. Just based on the liquid body of the opponent alone, Linley understood something. “Most likely, the purely physical ‘Myriad Swords Converge’ attack is completely useless against it, but the Profound Truths of the Earth might have some effect.”

Faced against this Thorium Devil he had never encountered before, Linley didn’t feel much confidence either.

“Fain, Tulily, this time, we’ll have to rely on you two,” Desri’s voice rang out in the minds of Fain and Tulily. Actually, this entire time, the others were exchanging glances with each other. Everyone knew what the other was thinking.

This battle rested on Fain and Tulily’s shoulders.

“No matter what, don’t let this Thorium Devil surround you with his body. Once he does, the situation would probably be even more dangerous than Queen Mother Lachapalle surrounding you with her tendrils,” the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions reminded mentally.

In terms of age, as the ancestors of Goldmane Mastiffs, Blue-eyed Tiger Mastiffs, and Guardian Ni-Lions, these three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were comparable to the High Priest. In terms of experience... the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, having entered the Gebados Planar Prison, knew much more than even the War God or the High Priest about the various powerful, mystical creatures from the many planes of the universe.

“Leave it to us.” Fain and Tulily transformed into blurred bolts of lightning!

“All of you, die.” The Thorium Devil, ‘Louis’, smiled coldly. His body suddenly

transformed into an extremely large cloth, which transformed to become over a hundred meters long and wrapped down towards Linley and the other experts.

The bolt of lightning that was Tulily struck out with his scimitar.

The bloody scimitar once more flashed into the sky, but the thorium cloth suddenly split open, and Tulily's attack passed through the opening.

"Bang!" Fain's sword struck out.

This sword attack of his actually gave birth to a large amount of coiling lightning serpents, which swirled around the sword as it pierced towards the thorium cloth. The thorium cloth once more used the same technique, tearing a hole into itself, wanting to dodge Fain's sword in such a manner.

The sword missed, but the large amount of lightning serpents coiling around it, as though they were alive, shot out wildly in every direction at high speed.

The many suddenly attacking serpents were simply too fast. The Thorium Devil didn't manage to dodge in time, and a large number of lightning serpents struck the cloth.

"Bang!"

"Ah!" a pain-filled growl rang out, and many holes appeared where the lightning serpents had struck. But the Thorium Devil's 'cloth' body quickly repaired itself, and the thorium cloth descended towards Linley and the others.

Linley was wielding his adamantine heavy sword.

"This is the right moment." Linley's dark golden eyes suddenly flashed with an explosive light, and the adamantine heavy sword in his hand, seemingly slow but actually fast, gracefully swung towards the Thorium Devil.

The Thorium Devil didn't try to dodge. The Thorium Devil had no fear of earth-type attacks at all.

Linley's adamantine heavy sword landed against the thorium cloth, and a powerful vibration directly transmitted into it from the adamantine heavy sword. In an instant, it charged towards the center of the thorium cloth. The attacks of the Profound Truth of the Earth were all straight-line attacks.

In the past, when Linley had dueled Haydson at Mt. Tujiao, the strike of his

sword had actually tunneled a hole directly through the mountain.

“Hrm?” Linley’s face suddenly changed. Indeed... the Profound Truths of the Earth was not very effective against this sort of flexible ‘liquid’ which could transform freely.

“Haha, what an unusual attack. Even my body felt a bit of a tremor... aaah!” The ‘cloth’ Thorium Devil suddenly let out a pained scream, and the cloth suddenly retracted at high speed, instantly returning to the exit and transforming into human form.

The Thorium Devil stared with astonishment at the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. Just then, it hadn’t been just Linley who had attacked the ‘cloth’. Even Bebe and the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had attacked as well.

“All of you train in the Way of Destruction as well?” The Thorium Devil found it very hard to believe this, because the Way of Destruction could not be taught, only learned on one’s own. Others would be able to at most provide some general guidance. Amongst Saints, one would rarely see even a single practitioner of the Way of Destruction out of a hundred Saints. But of these eleven experts, it wasn’t just Tulily who trained in the Way of Destruction; even those three six-eyed creatures did so as well.

“What, are we not allowed to?” The leader of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions stared at the Thorium Devil. Linley and the others had never known what type of attack the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions utilized; from start to finish, the only technique they had seen the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions use was ‘Imprisonment’. Only now did they learn... that the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were actually the same as Tulily, practitioners of the Way of Destruction.

The Thorium Devil raised its head and let out a wild howl.

“Rumble...”

The distant, boundless sea suddenly rose up, and countless amounts of sea water began to flow towards the little island. The sea water suddenly began to rise, covering and surrounding the entire island, and then...

Countless amounts of sea water came crashing down from the skies above.

“What in the world?!” Desri, Linley, Bebe, and the others couldn’t understand

it at all.

“Not good. Tulily, attack together.” The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions simultaneously transformed into three blurs.

Tulily transformed into a blur as well, and the man and the three magical beasts, all four of them experts in the Way of Destruction, simultaneously launched their most powerful attacks towards the Thorium Devil. The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had a set of black battle-armor on their bodies, and the sharp claws of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion emanated auras of destruction from their claws, with the auras alone creating rips in the air.

Tulily’s scimitar remained in its sheath, not yet coming out.

“Hrmph.” The Thorium Devil sneered coldly, then suddenly increased in size a hundredfold, becoming a thorium giant that was hundreds of meters tall.

The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions increased in size as well, tearing down at the Thorium Devil with claws the size of a house. The powerful destructive energy tore at the body of the Thorium Devil, causing several massive holes to appear on its gigantic form.

A bloody scimitar flash, over a hundred meters long, directly chopped the thorium giant into two halves.

“A pity. It’s useless.” The Thorium Devil’s body instantly reformed.

“That’s not right. How could the thorium making up his body not be reduced at all?” The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were greatly shocked. Destruction-type attacks were capable of badly injuring the essence of a Thorium Devil. With a few consecutive strikes, it was capable of causing a Thorium Devil to perish.

But...

The combination attack by the three brothers and Tulily hadn’t resulted in the Thorium Devil weakening at all.

“Haha, in the past, I might have feared you. However, I now have a Pearl of Life.” The Thorium Devil, Louis, raised his head to the skies, laughing loudly. And then, he opened his mouth, swallowing the vast amount of seawater hanging in

the air above them directly into his stomach.

The Thorium Devil itself was only the size of a normal human. His transformation into a giant that was hundreds of meters high was actually just a layer of thorium with a hollow inside.

The vast amount of seawater swallowed by the Thorium Devil actually began to fuse with it, becoming one with it.

“Beat it!” The Thorium Devil waved his arm.

His arm actually transformed into a bladed edge, attacking so quickly that not even the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion was able to dodge, and the Ni-Lion was sent flying. The layer of black armor on the body of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion was now shining, but it had successfully blocked this attack. Despite that, the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion still had a hint of blood at the corner of his mouth.

“Not good,” another Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion called out. “Quick, run.”

Thorium Devils had extremely powerful bonding abilities. It could bond with water, with earth, with metals, all of which would produce different results. In the middle of this boundless ocean world, the Thorium Devil was extremely powerful in his current state.

But as everyone was fleeing, a single person charged towards the Thorium Devil instead.

It was Fain.

Fain transformed into a bolt of lightning, charging towards the Thorium Devil. How could the Thorium Devil, which like the Queen Mother had a Pearl of Life, care about the pesky little fellow?

“Fain.” The frantically fleeing group suddenly came to a halt, turning their heads to stare.

A shocking sight appeared before them. When Fain’s sword struck out, the entire world seemed to be filled with a boundless thundering noise, and hundreds of thousands of enormous dragons formed from lightning bolts suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Those countless thunderbolt dragons bellowed with anger, wrapping themselves around that Thorium Devil.

“Fuck off!” The Thorium Devil was livid.

“Bang!” The hundreds of thunderbolt dragons suddenly exploded at the same time.

“Crackle crackle.” Countless bolts of lightning flew directly into the body of the Thorium Devil, and the thorium which made up the Thorium Devil’s body, under the penetrating attack of the lightning, quickly began to deplete.

The Thorium Devil’s body began to shudder, while at the same time, he emitted an agonized screech. In but the blink of an eye, his entire body disintegrated, with only a nearly-translucent ball falling down from the air.

Fain, hovering in mid-air, suddenly collapsed as well, powerless.

“Fain.” Linley and the others immediately flew forward to catch Fain, while Desri immediately snatched the Pearl of Life. Desri then immediately flew towards Fain’s side. “Fain, are you alright? Quick, take this Pearl of Life into your body.”

Fain’s face was extremely pale, but he still managed to squeeze out a laugh. “Desri, do you remember in the past how you told me how powerful your forbidden-level spells were? This technique of mine, ‘Lightning Dragons Descend’, is even more powerful than the forbidden-level lightning-style spell ‘Kiloton Thunderclap’ right?”

“It’s powerful. Very powerful,” Desri nodded repeatedly.

Soon, the color of Fain’s face began to improve. He laughed as he insulted, “That Thorium Devil truly was an idiot. My lightning-style was his nemesis to begin with, and he actually chose to fuse with water? Water only heightens the power of lightning. Didn’t he know that? He was asking to die.”

Abyssal Blade Demon

“Haha...” In the air above the island, the experts all began to laugh loudly.

Desri laughed and mocked, “Fain, that Thorium Devil possessed a Pearl of Life. He thought you would only be able to injure him at most. Of course he didn’t mind you... but even though you are ‘just’ a Saint-level warrior, the power of your ultimate attack actually exceeded forbidden-level spells.”

“Thus, that poor fellow died, just like that.” Tulily began to laugh as well.

The experts were all extremely happy to have killed that Thorium Devil. That meant they could easily enter the tenth floor, which definitely wouldn’t be too dangerous. After dealing with the creatures of the tenth floor, they would be able to quietly prepare to enter the eleventh floor.

Once they succeeded... the divine spark would be theirs!

“With this Pearl of Life, our chances for success on the eleventh floor will have increased.” Fain looked at the Pearl of Life in his hands, delighted. He immediately bound it with blood, and the Pearl of Life absorbed that drop of blood like a sponge, then directly merged with Fain’s body.

Feeling the swirling life energy in his body, Fain felt extremely confident.

“Does everyone want to rest? Or shall we head directly to the tenth floor.” Desri glanced at everyone else.

“No need to rest. The only one injured in our battle with the Thorium Devil was Fain.” Tulily laughed.

Everyone looked at Fain, who laughed and said, “Just then, the injury I sustained was fairly heavy, but I’m already in good shape now. Let’s go. It is just the tenth floor. It won’t be too dangerous.”

In truth, right now, Fain wasn’t in perfect condition.

Although the 'Pearl of Life' had already returned his body to peak condition, after executing the 'Lightning Dragons Descend' technique, a great deal of spiritual energy had been consumed, which this Pearl of Life could not replenish.

However, Fain didn't mind. They were only going to the tenth floor, after all.

Before entering the tenth floor, everyone carefully searched the area to see if any other divine artifacts were present. But the result of their search was that... success on the ninth floor's only reward was this Pearl of Life. To Saint-level combatants, the importance of a Pearl of Life was indeed greater than an ordinary divine artifact's.

The tenth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods. Eleven experts appeared in the middle of the air of the tenth floor.

"The environment's not bad." Linley laughed as he glanced at the surrounding area.

"After dealing with the creatures of the tenth floor, we can have a good rest and make some preparations. Whether or not we'll be able to get a divine spark will depend on how we perform on the eleventh floor." Desri chortled.

The group of experts all scanned their surroundings.

This was a beautiful grassland, covered with a boundless sea of green grass, with occasionally a few wild flowers growing in clusters. The clear, fresh air was also quite comfortable to everyone.

"Where are the creatures of the tenth floor?" Rosarie was searching intently.

"Don't bother searching," a Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said. "Let's go search for the exit to the eleventh floor. Perhaps the creature will be there. Let's find the exit, then dispose of the creature. Everyone will be able to have a good rest then and prepare for the final battle. Success or failure... it all rides on this."

The experts all nodded, and then began carefully searching this great grassland.

This grassland actually wasn't completely flat, and actually had some rolling hills. Those depressions might be hiding a powerful creature, or perhaps the

exit. If they didn't fly close while inspecting, they wouldn't be able to find it.

"Look," Bebe cried out in surprise and joy. "There's a stone pillar up front, and it seems there is an exit beneath the pillar."

The experts immediately flew over.

The stone pillar was roughly three meters in diameter and twenty meters tall. It seemed very ancient and plain. No one could guess how long it had been there for. It was carved with many mystic runes. Beneath the pillar, there was an entrance to a tunnel, and from the outside, one could see a set of stairs that glowed with a dark aura.

"Right here." The experts felt their hearts calm down.

Having found this tunnel, if they continued through it, they would arrive at the eleventh floor.

"Swish..."

Suddenly, a brilliant light flashed across the grasslands, flying out at high speed. This flash of light charged towards the nearest person, Fain. The eleven experts had never relaxed their vigilance, and upon seeing that flash, everyone knew what it was: The creature on the tenth floor had finally arrived.

"Hrmph." When this flash of light reached a few meters from Fain, Fain immediately flew backwards like a bolt of lightning.

Fain's speed was the fastest amongst these eleven experts, with only Desri and Bebe a match for him.

However...

"Clang." Weapons intersected.

Fain was knocked flying backwards, doing a somersault in mid-air as he landed on the ground. His face was slightly pale, and there was a hint of blood at the corner of his mouth. Only, the 'Pearl of Life' in his body activated, almost instantly restoring his body to peak condition.

"What is that?" Linley and the other experts were next to Fain.

The eleven experts all stared at the creature that had suddenly appeared.

This creature's entire body seemed to reflect its surroundings. Its body was entirely formed from metal, but this metal... seemed to be like steel that had been reforged a hundred times over. Like a sharp blade, it reflected its surroundings like a mirror, except it was slightly more blurry than a mirror.

It was human in shape, two meters tall, completely made out of metal.

On its forehead, there was a single horn that looked like a sharp knife. His shoulders also had sharp knives atop it, and his arms and legs were all sharp blades, and both the front and back sides of his arms had sharpened edges. Without question, a kick of this creature's legs or a swipe of its arms would be like a broadsword striking down. Even its hands and its fingers were sharp, edged blades.

On its back, there was one blade after another running down its spine as well.

"Its entire body is made of blades. Leg, hand, arm, the top of his head... even his back has a blade." Bebe sighed in amazement.

"Absolutely a war machine," Tulily said as well.

Fain said in a low voice, "Everyone, be careful. This blade-covered monstrosity is extremely fast, a match for me. When that blade of his chopped down against me, the power of the blow was definitely enough to badly injure us. Linley, most likely even your defense would find it hard to take that blow."

Everyone understood.

Fain was extremely powerful, but he was still knocked flying by that blade, with a hint of blood appearing in his mouth.

"Although the tenth floor is simple, that's still only in comparison to the sixth through ninth floors." Linley understood. "Although this monster is powerful, compared to the Queen Mother, the Flame Tyrant, the Beholder King, and the Thorium Devil, it is much weaker."

Although it seemed like the Thorium Devil had been killed easily, if it weren't for the fact that Fain had been the perfect counter to it, the Thorium Devil, capable of fusing with the earth, with fire, with water, or with the wind and gain different powers, definitely wasn't something the likes of Linley were able to destroy.

This monster in front of them seemed fairly powerful, but in truth, any one of the eleven experts could dispose of it in an all-out attack.

“Grrr...” The bladed monstrosity in front of them growled softly, staring death at Linley’s group, but perhaps he could sense that the power of these eleven experts combined was far beyond what he could overcome. Thus, he didn’t dare to attack rashly.

“This is an Abyssal Blade Demon,” one of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions said.

“Abyssal Blade Demon?” Linley and the others all looked at the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion in confusion.

The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion nodded. “In the countless planes, the Four Higher Planes and the Seven Divine Realms are the most powerful eleven planes. Aside from these eleven dimensions, there are some other unique planes as well, which aren’t weaker than them in power. For example... the Abyss!”

“The Abyssal Plane is reputed to be the most chaotic, anarchic plane in all of the universe, and the plane with the most warfare and slaughter.” The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion sighed.

Linley was secretly surprised as he heard this. The most chaotic, with the most slaughter? He could completely imagine how terrifying this ‘Abyss’ was.

“Abyssal Blade Demons are one of the creatures that the Abyss has given birth to,” the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said. “In the Abyss, Abyssal Blade Demons are the lowest level of life form, much like ants in the Yulan continent. They are extremely weak and powerless.”

Linley and these other experts all maintained their silence. This Abyssal Blade Demon was no weaker than them, but in the legendary Abyss it was the weakest type of creature?

“Generally speaking, only Deities dare to travel to the Abyss from other planes. Saint-level Abyssal Blade Demons naturally are the weakest creatures there,” the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said. “Abyssal Blade Demons are born primarily for slaughter.”

Linley’s group secretly nodded. They all saw how the body of this Abyssal Blade Demon in front of them was constructed. Wasn’t it indeed created for

slaughter? Every single part of its body could transform into a murderous weapon.

“Abyssal Blade Demons are as fast as lightning and possess incomparably powerful attacks. Their bodies, being made from special metals, have quite impressive defense as well. Naturally... if we fight at full strength, we can still kill this Abyssal Blade Demon,” the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said.

The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion spoke in quite a casual manner, clearly not worried about this Abyssal Blade Demon in front of them at all.

The Abyssal Blade Demon looked cautiously at the group of experts in front of it, and then... *Swish*. The Abyssal Blade Demon actually fled. But just as the Abyssal Blade Demon fled, Bebe moved. A flashing light was speeding across the grasslands, with Bebe behind in hot pursuit. The two actually had comparable speed, but then the Abyssal Blade Demon suddenly charged underground. “Shkreeeeeeeeeee!” Bebe excitedly dug into the ground as well.

“It shouldn’t be hard for Bebe to dispose of this Abyssal Blade Demon, given his power.” Linley was still quite confident in Bebe’s abilities. The Shadowshape Doppelganger Technique alone would guarantee his survival, and in addition, Bebe had definitely received some tutelage while at Beirut’s side.

“The Abyss...” Tulily said in a soft voice. “If in my lifetime, I were to have the chance to experience the Abyss, I would die happy.”

Desri and the others looked at Tulily, chuckling. “No rush. If we are to leave immediately, we’d still only be able to go to the Four Higher Planes for now,” Desri said. “In addition, I expect that the passage from one plane to another is most likely extremely difficult. The battles in the Higher Planes would already be enough to satisfy you.”

Tulily nodded slightly. Desri, Tulily, Linley, and all the others understood as well. In their ordinary, material plane, as Saints they were indeed the most powerful creatures in existence. But upon arriving in the Higher Planes, Saints would be the lowest rung in the ladder, and after them would be the Demigods... who most likely were nothing more than average. Thus, they held back and were in no rush to go to the Higher Planes.

“Boom!” A massive earthquake erupted underground, causing the ground to

split open, creating a massive crevice. The experts all stared down through the massive crevice.

Linley laughed. "The Abyssal Blade Demon died."

Bebe flew out from within that crevice, dragging with him a metallic corpse that had been ripped in half. It was the Abyssal Blade Demon.

"This Abyssal Blade Demon's attack truly is powerful." Bebe sighed in amazement. "Most likely if I had been hit by him, even I would have been injured."

The experts were all secretly amazed. Bebe was a Godeater Rat. Although he was still in his growth period, his defense was already extremely, astonishingly high. If even Bebe said such a thing... then one could imagine how powerful the Abyssal Blade Demon's attack truly was.

"The blades on the back of the Abyssal Blade Demon are fine weapons." A Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion sighed in praise. "The Abyssal Blade Demon's body naturally generates powerful blades from its essence, but the most powerful blade is the one on its back."

"Right. That blade is extremely sharp." Bebe pulled out and tossed that blade to everyone.

This rather beautiful, graceful killing weapon lay there on the ground, and the surrounding grass was actually torn apart just by the sharp aura emanating from this killing weapon. The sharpness of the weapon was comparable to low-level divine artifacts. It truly was incredible.

"Who wants this blade?" Bebe said. "I don't need it. My claws are fiercer." Bebe waved his little paws. Linley and Olivier didn't say anything. They already had their own weapons. Desri and Rosarie were Grand Magus Saints and didn't need it either. Fain was a sword expert, not a saber expert. As for the magical beasts... their sharp claws were not suited for holding swords.

Although this blade was very precious and comparable to a weak divine artifact, and could be gifted to family or friends even if one didn't use it for one's self, Linley, Fain, Rosarie, and the others who already had acquired a divine artifact wouldn't take it.

“Haha...” Desri laughed. “Nobody wants it? I don’t have any weapons on me, so I might as well take this blade. I’ve learned a few close combat skills before as well.” Desri picked up the blade.

Grand Magus Saint

Holding this sharp blade, Desri experimentally waved it a few times, causing saber energy to crisscross. “The blade’s a good one. Only, my arm strength isn’t good enough.” Desri sighed.

Without any battle-qi, if one was physically strong enough, like the Four Supreme Warriors, one could still reach astonishing levels of power just by wielding weapons with physical strength. The Abyssal Blade Demon itself had actually relied on pure power alone in wielding the blade.

“What’s the rush?” Fain laughed. “Desri, after you become a Deity and your divine body forms, the strength of your body will be divine power. You’ll be able to put this weapon to good use then, right?”

“Haha, right.” Desri laughed as well. Actually, everyone still knew that there was still an obstacle before becoming a Deity. The eleventh floor!

The difficulty level from the first to the fifth floor hadn’t been too high, but the sixth floor had the Flame Tyrant, with the danger level rising exponentially. Every five floors represented a difficulty level... clearly, this eleventh floor’s danger level would be far greater than that of the sixth through tenth floors. The Flame Tyrant, the Queen Mother, and the other creatures had already been so terrifying. What would appear on the eleventh floor?

Everyone felt somber when considering this, but at the same time, they all knew that this eleventh floor had corpses of Deities, and had divine sparks!

“The eleventh floor...” Linley looked towards that distant, ancient pillar, with the staircase beneath it so noticeably covered in that black aura. “According to what Lord Beirut said, the guardians of the eleventh floor should still be Saints.”

Clearly, the Sovereign who controlled the Necropolis of the Gods still allowed for a chance of success.

Linley understood, however, that from the twelfth floor onwards, only Deities would be able to proceed.

“I expect that from the twelfth floor onwards, the guardians will all be Deity-level creatures.” Linley didn’t even dare to think about proceeding to the twelfth floor. His power was not bad, true, but in front of a Deity, he couldn’t fight back at all.

Possessing a divine spark and gaining a divine body was a fundamental transformation in one’s level of existence.

“Everyone understands,” Desri said in a sonorous voice, staring at the assembled experts, “That of the eighty plus experts who originally came in, only eleven of us have made it to the tenth floor.”

Everyone nodded.

The other seventy-plus experts had either died or retreated.

Only they had come to the tenth floor.

“This is also the first time in my life I’ve been so close to a divine spark. I know that the eleventh floor up above has divine sparks.” Desri felt his emotions stirring. He had striven for so many years, after all. “But everyone must also understand that the eleventh floor will definitely be extremely dangerous. Compared to the Flame Tyrant, the Queen Mother, the Beholder King, and the Thorium Devil, it will be even more dangerous!”

All of the experts felt their hearts tremble as though having heard a thunderclap.

“Perhaps some of us will die on the eleventh floor,” Desri’s voice became low. “However, I myself am not afraid of death. I’ve already lived for thousands of years, and experienced everything I need to experience. If I die on the road to ascending to godhood, I won’t regret my death.”

The eyes of all the experts were blazing with light.

Desri, Rosarie, Fain, Tulily, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, the Blackscale Scorpion... they had all struggled to become Deities for thousands of years. Life, death... they had long ago stopped worrying about these things.

Of the Five Prime Saints, Rutherford had died.

Nobody felt too saddened by Rutherford's death. Because everyone understood... perhaps soon afterwards, they themselves would also die on the path to godhood.

In this group of eleven experts, Linley, Bebe, and Olivier were all very young, comparatively. None of them had even passed their first century. Compared to Desri and the other experts, there were many differences between them. Thus, mentally, their understanding of life and death was perhaps different from that of Desri and the other experts.

"Everyone, let's make our preparations. This time, we will rest on the tenth floor for a year and a half. A year and a half later, we will enter the eleventh floor," Desri said.

All the experts felt a surge of excitement, and they silently nodded.

They had entered the Necropolis of the Gods eight years ago now. After training for another year and a half, they would only be a few months away from the ten-year time limit. On the eleventh floor, the question of whether or not they would be able to obtain a divine spark would be resolved in perhaps just a single day.

Everyone separated, finding a place to quietly train and meditate.

"Boss." Bebe looked at Linley.

Linley looked at Bebe as well. They each understood what the other was thinking.

"Train well."

To Linley, Bebe, and Olivier, it was still possible to make new breakthroughs in a year and a half, and have their strength rise further. As to the other eight experts... unless some lucky accident happened, it would be truly difficult for them to make any more breakthroughs.



On the boundless prairie, within a grassy area, a gentle wind blew across Linley's long hair.

Linley's eyes were closed, and he was quietly seated in the meditative position.

"The Profound Truths of the Earth... the further along this path I go, the greater the level of difficulty. I have already reached the level of '64 Fused Layers' of the Throbbing Pulse of the World. If I want to be able to reach the level of '32 Fused Layers', it would probably take more time than it did last time. Last time it took me eight years to make a breakthrough... I only have a scant year and a half." Linley had made his decision, "I had better analyze the 'Profound Truths of the Wind' instead."

Right now, the most important thing was to raise his strength and make a breakthrough as soon as possible, so as to have a greater chance on the eleventh floor.

"Attuning my soul to nature will naturally cause my spiritual energy to rise. That way, I'll be able to train both my spiritual energy and the 'Profound Truths of the Wind' at the same time." Linley found a balance.

And then, Linley stilled his mind.

He 'forgot' his identity and sense of self.

Linley's spiritual energy had become totally attuned to nature. Within Linley's consciousness, he could clearly sense all the movements of the wind as it blew across the prairie, while at the same time, the stances of the 'Rippling Wind', 'Tempos of the Wind', and 'Myriad Swords Converge' appeared in his mind.

Linley meditated on the 'Fast' and 'Slow' aspects of the Elemental Laws of the Wind.

At the same time, he meditated on the various sword techniques, and countless sword images flashed through his mind.

Sword-shadows flashing like the wind, formless and shapeless!

In this state of silent pondering, Linley continued to heighten his understanding of the Elemental Laws of the Wind at a slow pace, rising one step

at a time. In his consciousness, the sword techniques flashing through his mind became more profound and more natural. His soul was one with nature, and his spiritual energy slowly improved as well.



*

Time flowed onwards. On the prairie of the tenth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, the experts were all either seated cross-legged while meditating, or practicing one stance after another. Every person was making preparations for the eleventh floor.

Bebe was lying on the ground, his body covered with a faint black aura.

Linley's hair had slowly grown longer as well.

In the blink of an eye, more than a year passed, and only two months were left before the appointed time.

"Desri." Fain was seated alongside Desri on the grass. They had already trained to their limits long ago. If they made any more breakthroughs, they would become Deities. And thus, there was no point for them to intentionally try and force any breakthroughs, so they just casually talked and joked with each other. "Do you remember that battle, five thousand years ago?"

"Of course I do," Desri sighed. "That battle where those experts from the other planes descended... one Saint after another fell. The battles in that scorching hot desert, in the air above the South Sea... they were so brutal."

Fain nodded slightly as well.

Back then, Fain and Desri had already reached the Saint level, but they were minor figures at the Saint level. Back then, they were comparable to the likes of the Stellar Sword Saint, Dillon. They were only early-stage Saints, and they would have died if they participated in the battles between the experts who had descended from the other planes.

"Countless Saints, and even quite a few Deities. Saint against Saint. Deity against Deity. One of the Deities charged into a group of Saints, causing massive casualties." Desri sighed. "From that day onwards, I made up my mind that one

day, I would become a Deity.”

The presence of a Deity was like a prison! In front of a Deity’s power, Saints were far too weak.

“Five thousand years now.” Desri sighed. “On this road, how many friends have I lost? Hayward died. That year, Kerrilan died. Rutherford died as well...”

Fain nodded.

Countless experts had worked hard throughout the years to become Deities. To them, becoming Saints wasn’t difficult. But becoming Deities... the difficulty level was simply too great.

“Fain.” Desri looked at him. “We have already reached the final step. This is also the closest we’ve come, in five thousand years, to becoming Deities.”

Fain nodded slightly, and said solemnly, “Success or failure depends on this final journey.”

“Hrm?” Fain and Desri simultaneously turned to look at Linley. They glanced at each other, their eyes filled with shock. To Desri and the other experts, Linley and Olivier were both absolute geniuses. What took others thousands of years to accomplish, they were capable of accomplishing in under a century.

As for Linley, he was even more shocking to them than Olivier.

He had a strong foundation, and he had powerful insights into the Laws. And now...

“It seems... he has finally broken through to the Grand Magus Saint-level.” Desri sighed. In the past, he himself had experienced this breakthrough.



*

Linley could currently sense his soul throbbing. In his consciousness, that sea of spiritual energy was bellowing, and that seven-colored soul-gem was vibrating, as though it was changing somehow.

“I’m finally going to break through.” Linley’s mind was filled with excitement.

From the ninth rank to the peak of the ninth rank had taken ten years, but from the peak of the ninth rank to breakthrough had taken ten more years!

“Rumble...” His spiritual energy was constantly transforming, and the amount of space in his sea of spiritual energy was shrinking as well. But the power of his spiritual energy was actually increasing. And more importantly... that soul-gem was beginning to transform.

A slow transformation.

The amount of spiritual energy had shrank to a tenth of what it had previously been, but the purity of that spiritual energy and the amount of control he had over it skyrocketed.

“The soul-gem?” Linley heart was swayed.

Actually, the path of training was one where one’s level of existence was constantly rising... and the most basic underpinning of life was the soul! Naturally, the soul itself would constantly transform. ‘Grand Magus Saints’ primarily focused on training spiritual energy, and upon reaching the ‘Grand Magus Saint’ level, the soul would also transform and reach a new level.

A slow transformation.

“How long will this spiritual transformation continue before concluding?” Linley didn’t want to waste any time.

He knew that the day in which they would enter the eleventh floor was coming sooner and sooner. His spiritual transformation was occurring automatically. After paying attention to his spiritual transformation for a few days, he no longer waited, and instead focused his mind on attuning to the Elemental Laws of the Wind and analyzing all sorts of sword techniques.

All sorts of sword stances continuously flashed through his mind.

While attuning, Linley found that as his soul transformed, his efficiency and effectiveness in analyzing the Laws and his sword techniques were becoming greater and greater.

“Hrm?” Linley felt his soul shudder. “Success!”

Linley carefully inspected his soul. Within his consciousness, above that sea of

spiritual energy which had become dozens of times more pure, there was a hovering sword that was surrounded by faint azure light. Right. A sword!

“Sword?” Linley was surprised.

“My soul transformed into the shape of a sword?” Linley had not expected this.

Actually, the form one’s soul would take wasn’t set in stone. For example, the undead of the Netherworld might have souls shaped like a giant blaze, which was known as the ‘Soul of Fire’. The soul of the ‘Flame Tyrant’ which Linley had killed was that translucent rock.

A Deity-level combatant might have a soul that was a blade-shape, or even a ball-shape.

This would depend on every person’s training path.

“Reaching the Grand Magus Saint level truly is different.” Linley’s spiritual energy easily swept out from his body. In this strange plane, in the past, Linley’s spiritual energy could only encompass around ten meters, but now, it could encompass hundreds of meters.

Linley opened his eyes.

“Congratulations, Linley.” Fain, Rosarie, Desri, and the others were by his side. Even Bebe was grinning directly at Linley.

“Boss, you reached the Grand Magus Saint level? Haha, why don’t you show off the legendary ‘Dimensional Edge’ spell. I haven’t seen it yet.” Bebe was extremely excited. He was very happy for Linley having reached the Grand Magus Saint level.

Linley was now capable of utilizing forbidden-level spells of both the earth-style and the wind-style.

“Dimensional Edge?” Linley was filled with anticipation towards this legendary spell, reputed to be the most powerful single target forbidden-level spell. He immediately began to chant the words to the spell. He had learned the words long ago, but this was his first time using it.

Moments later...

Countless amounts of wind elemental essences swirled around Linley, and the wind in the area around him seemed to have come to a halt.

A three-or four-meter-long, semi-translucent, azure blade of wind appeared, and like a flash of lightning, it shot out from Linley off into the distance. The speed of this spell was so fast... that most likely even Bebe and Fain wouldn't be able to dodge in time. The most terrifying part of it was, wherever this blade of wind passed, with a 'screeeeeeech' sound, tears in space appeared.

Like a piece of cloth being torn apart, a huge rip in space appeared, but of course it instantly repaired itself afterwards.

After flying for hundreds of meters, the 'Dimensional Edge' finally disappeared.

"Tearing apart space... what can possibly withstand an attack like this? In addition, after sending out this 'Dimensional Edge', I can actually slightly control the path it travels in by using my spiritual energy." Linley was wildly overjoyed.

Necropolis of the Gods, the Eleventh Floor!

Atop the prairie, the experts all clearly saw the ‘rip’ in space appearing. Although they had heard of how astonishingly powerful the ‘Dimensional Edge’ spell was, personally witnessing the ‘rip in space’ created by the ‘Dimensional Edge’ still left them feeling awed.

“The Dimensional Edge spell really does live up to its reputation of being the most powerful single-target forbidden-level spell.” Fain sighed in shock. “Even me... if a Grand Magus Saint ambushed me with this spell, if we weren’t too distant from each other, I would probably be unable to dodge in time.”

The ‘Dimensional Edge’ spell could be considered to have reached a pinnacle in single-target attacks for the wind-style.

Its speed had reached the absolute limit, and its attack power had reached the limit as well.

“This is why I generally will always be rather cautious around wind-style Grand Magus Saints, especially if they have any grudge against me.” Desri laughed. “Generally speaking, whenever I sense a large amount of wind elemental essence gathering close to me, I’ll immediately run and hide as far away as I can.”

“Haha...” All the experts began to laugh loudly.

“Desri, you are afraid as well?” Fain laughed loudly as he asked.

For Linley to finally break through to become a Grand Magus Saint was something that caused Desri, Fain, and the other experts to feel surprise and joy. Linley’s power would increase greatly, which gave their group a higher chance of obtaining a divine spark on the eleventh floor.

“Enough. There’s two more months from now until the year and a half we agreed on is up. Let’s all rest for the final two months,” Desri said clearly.

The experts all nodded, then separated again.

Right now, Bebe was with Linley.

“Boss, you finally reached the Grand Magus Saint level. This is wonderful.” Bebe was so happy that he was jumping up and down, waving his little claws happily in the air, his little eyes squinting in delight.

“Although I’ve become a Grand Magus Saint, that only means my chance of surviving the eleventh floor is now a little bit higher.” Linley sighed. “Look at how much the difficulty level rose from the first level of five floors to the second level of five floors. This eleventh floor...”

Bebe nodded his head as well.

The eleventh floor would probably be ten or a hundred times as dangerous as the sixth floor, where the Flame Tyrant had been!

Would they be successful?

Actually, neither Linley nor Desri, or indeed any of the others, felt confident. But Desri’s group had struggled towards the goal of becoming a Deity for thousands of years, and now that they were so close to reaching their goal, they naturally wouldn’t easily give up.

“In the last two months, we’ll have to prepare well.”

Having reached the Grand Magus Saint level and especially after his soul had changed, Linley felt that his very existence had just transformed to a new stage. Actually, Bebe could also sense it... right now, Linley, standing in front of him, was like a sharp blade that was pointing towards the sky. Utterly unblockable.



*

Two months later.

Beneath that ancient pillar. Outside the exit. The eleven experts had gathered.

Deep blue draconic scales covering his entire body, Linley was in Dragonform. At the same time, a diamond-like sparkling armor covered Linley’s entire body,

including even his draconic tail. This was the protective spell of earth-style Saints... the Sacred Earthguard Armor.

Around the diamond Sacred Earthguard Armor, there was a layer of deep azure-black battle-qi covering Linley's entire body, forming a thin membrane. This was the 'Pulseguard Defense'.

The defenses of the Dragonblood Warrior, the Saint-level 'Sacred Earthguard Armor', and the 'Pulseguard Defense'... with these three layers of defenses reinforcing each other, Linley's current defensive power was most likely so great that not even Bebe could match him.

Desri and Rosarie were covered with their respective Elemental Saint Armors as well, while Fain, Olivier, Tulily and the others were covered with a layer of battle-qi. Everyone had fully prepared themselves. Even Bebe's body had a dim black aura around it.

"The goal we have been striving towards for five thousand years... it all comes down to this." Desri's eyes were glowing.

The eyes of Fain, Tulily, Rosarie, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, and the Blackscale Scorpion were also extremely resolute and firm.

"On the eleventh floor, the danger we encounter will definitely be ten times or a hundred times greater than in the lower floors. Any one, two, or more of us can die!" Desri swept everyone with his gaze. He said solemnly, "But those who survive and are successful, whether man or magical beast, must definitely help the dead resolve their affairs, be it debts or grudges, in the normal world."

All of the experts nodded silently.

In the eleventh floor, nobody could afford to play the part of a lone hero. They all had to work together to have the slightest hope of success.

Fain swept every single person with his gaze. In a low voice, he said, "No matter what, I hope that at least one of us eleven will become a Deity." What Fain feared the most was... all eleven of them would perish here on the eleventh floor.

"It isn't a hope. It is a certainty. An absolute certainty that we will succeed!" Tulily's eyes were extremely fierce.

“Let’s go.” Desri turned his gaze towards the exit, staring at it.

“Let’s go!”

The eyes of the eleven experts were extremely firm. Together, they entered the darkly glowing exit, heading to the eleventh floor.

Necropolis of the Gods. The eleventh floor!

The light of a setting sun was casting its glow upon this entire world. This was a world of metal, and the vast, endless earth was covered with all sorts of metal constructs. Massive metal mountains and metal valleys could be seen everywhere, and the wind howled here as though it were knives.

Suddenly...

The eleven experts of the Yulan continent appeared on the eleventh floor.

“How desolate. How bizarre,” Rosarie stared at the surrounding area as she mentally spoke into their minds. According to their agreement, after entering the eleventh floor, unless it was absolutely necessary, nobody was to speak, so as to avoid disturbing any terrifyingly powerful creatures here. This ability to speak mentally with the soul was one that Linley could now manage as well.

After one had enough spiritual energy, all one needed to do was learn the trick to it.

“Everyone, be careful. When we encountered the ‘Beholder King’ on the eighth floor, it was also extremely quiet there at first. Nobody can afford to be incautious. Now, let’s go hunting for divine sparks.” Linley, now acknowledged as the most powerful of these eleven experts, led the way in front.

The other experts followed behind Linley. Desri, Rosarie, and Olivier were in the center, as their defense was the weakest.

Linley had three layers of defenses, while his body had the Pearl of Life.

His soul had risen in power, and he possessed the spells of a Grand Magus Saint. Linley was indeed now the most powerful person here.

“Everything here is metal. I don’t sense any life at all.” After flying for a long time, Linley was beginning to frown.

But Linley didn't dare to let his guard down. He focused all of his attention on maintaining his vigilance, carefully inspecting the area to see if there were any corpses of Deities here, or divine sparks. At the same time, he had to be very careful to see if there were any powerful creatures present, hiding in a hard-to-spot location.

The creatures here could be as large as a mountain or as small as a fist.

The eleven experts were careful enough for twelve people.

"There's a valley up ahead. It seems to have a special aura about it," Desri's voice rang out in everyone's mind.

Linley also noticed that distant valley, which seemed to have some sort of unique aura emanating from within it. In addition, that aura made one's heart shake and feel a sense of pressure.

"Could that be the aura of a divine spark?" Linley's voice rang out in their minds.

Everyone's eyes lit up. Something capable of making their hearts shake and make them feel pressure... that just might be a divine spark indeed. After all, nobody here had ever seen a divine spark, but they had all sensed a Deity's divine presence before.

"It might be a divine spark, but it might also be... the creature guarding the eleventh floor," Rosarie's face was solemn, and her voice rang out in everyone's mind.

"Guardian?"

Linley and the others felt their hearts quiver. Logically speaking, the difficulty level of this eleventh floor should be ten times or a hundred times greater than that of the sixth and seventh floors. The Flame Tyrant and the Queen Mother had already been so powerful... then how powerful would the creatures on this eleventh floor be?

"Everyone, let's decide. Should we enter the valley or not?" Linley asked the experts.

"Enter," a Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion said. "If we're even afraid of this, then

even if we find a divine spark inside, there'll probably be no one bold enough to take it."

The experts exchanged glances.

Right. If they were so timid as to avoid every unique aura they sensed, how could they possibly find a divine spark?

"Enter," Fain said mentally, and all of the experts turned to stare towards the valley.

The eleven experts, with Linley in front, crept towards that distant metallic valley. This metallic valley was over a hundred meters wide. As Linley and the rest of the eleven experts flew to the air above the metallic valley, they could even more clearly sense that heart-shaking aura.

"This valley is covered by a faint red fog." Linley frowned.

Looking down into the immeasurably deep valley and that faint red fog, he saw that the fog was roiling about. It gave Linley a feeling... as though there was an enormous creature beneath the fog, and the fog was its exhaled breath.

Exchanging glances with everyone, Linley mentally spoke to them. "Let's go down."

The eleven experts all fearlessly flew downwards. The deeper into the valley they went, the more Linley and the other experts could sense that heart-racing aura. In a short period of time, they entered the area near that red fog, and the eleven experts flew towards the direction of the source of that aura.

"Whooosh."

Their flying speed was very fast. It only took them a few seconds to go from the air above the valley to the valley below, but those few seconds, to these eleven experts, had been unbearable.

The eleven experts landed on the valley floor. The fog was fairly faint, not too thick, and one could see within a radius of a hundred meters.

"What's that?" Linley could vaguely see that there was a body lying on an enormous, flat rock, off in the distance. The heart-racing aura was coming from that body.

“A Deity’s corpse,” Desri excitedly transmitted mentally to them.

Linley felt his heart clench hard. Even Fain and Tulily’s breathing became slightly heavier. Without hesitating at all, all of the experts quietly crept towards that giant flat rock.

“Haha...” Suddenly, loud, wild laughter shook the entire valley, and it seemed as though that wild laugh was coming from the giant flat rock which had a boulder resting on it.

All eleven experts, Linley included, felt their hearts suddenly shudder violently.

“Not good.” Linley knew that the situation had just turned grim, and he immediately transmitted mentally, “Retreat, quick, retreat!”

Not just Linley. This was the reaction of the other ten experts as well. They flew into the skies as fast as lightning. Their speed was extremely fast, and in the blink of an eye, they flew out of the faint red fog, but then, Linley and the other ten experts stopped in their tracks.

They stopped there, within the valley, not daring to fly up.

Because above them...

Bodies made entirely out of metal. Arms, legs, and forehead made of swords. These creatures appeared, a low-level type of creature born from the Abyss and made for slaughter... Abyssal Blade Demons!

It was Abyssal Blade Demons!

Linley and the others had encountered an Abyssal Blade Demon on the tenth floor. Although they were extremely fast and powerful, their defense was only average... any one of Linley’s group, when going all out, could have killed that Abyssal Blade Demon.

But right now, Linley, Fain, Desri, and the others all felt a sense of hopelessness in their hearts.

They were clustered as densely together as ants. At least ten thousand Abyssal Blade Demons hovered in the air above the valley, blocking out even the light of the skies. When the Abyssal Blade Demon of the tenth floor had

chopped down, Fain, despite using a weapon to block, had still been made to vomit blood by the impact.

In terms of raw offensive power, they were comparable to Tulily.

“Haha... it’s been so long since we’ve encountered any invaders. Children, kill them for me.” Within the endless sea of Abyssal Blade Demons, a small, skinny red Abyssal Blade Demon let out a wild shout.

“Whoosh!” “Whoosh!” “Whoosh!” “Whoosh!”

Howling a piercing howl, the countless Abyssal Blade Demons charged downwards from the sky. Each of them wielded those long blades with both hands. Linley and the others knew exactly how sharp those long blades were. Those were weapons on par with low-level divine artifacts.

“Go down,” Desri breathed raggedly.

Without hesitating at all, Linley and the other experts immediately charged back down.

“Swish...” The faint red mist was suddenly sucked away into a different part of the valley at high speed. In the blink of an eye, Linley and the others saw what was going on. The faint red fog had been drawn in by another distant, small, skinny, blood-red Abyssal Blade Demon into his chest.

There was a blood-red Abyssal Blade Demon above them, and there was another one within the valley as well.

“There’s a huge amount of Abyssal Blade Demons below us as well,” Rosarie’s voice rang out in everyone’s minds.

The valley actually had tunnels within it, and two of the tunnels were currently filled with endless amounts of Abyssal Blade Demons which were flying out of it. The air above them was flooded with countless Abyssal Blade Demons, but beneath them, there were tunnels filled with them as well.

The Blood Stained Underground

Everyone knew exactly how powerful the Abyssal Blade Demons were. One or two of them, they didn't need to fear. But if one or two hundred of them attacked and fought with Linley's group head on, most likely more than half of Linley's group would die. But now, the Abyssal Blade Demons were clustered so densely that they were in the tens of thousands.

There was no choice!

Flee!

"Execute plan number two. Into the tunnels," Linley's voice rang out in everyone's mind.

"Swish..." The Blackscale Scorpion's long scorpion tail suddenly spun, then easily drilled straight through the side of the metallic mountain. At an astonishing speed, the Blackscale Scorpion chopped a tunnel through the mountain, and Desri, Rosarie, and the others immediately charged inside.

Linley, Fain, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, Bebe, and Olivier were in the rearguard.

Every one of the Abyssal Blade Demons possessed lightning-fast speed, and they came down like a plague of locusts.

"Kill them." Linley wielded the adamantine heavy sword in one hand and Bloodviolet in the other.

At this moment, with countless Abyssal Blade Demons charging at them, every person, be it Linley, Fain, the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, Bebe, or Olivier, was coming under terrifying attack. Olivier was the first amongst them to be forced backwards.

Olivier, wielding that mystic icesword, was covered with a half-black, half-white aura that glowed at the same time. The mystic icesword clashed against

an incoming blade of an Abyssal Blade Demon. As it did, Olivier's body trembled, then a cold light flashed in his eyes as the mystic icesword suddenly snaked out and attacked again.

"Slash..." The mystic icesword, covered in black and white light, managed to sever the head of that Abyssal Blade Demon.

But immediately afterwards, three more Abyssal Blade Demons simultaneously chopped towards Olivier. Olivier's face changed, and he retreated at high speed, but in terms of speed, these Abyssal Blade Demons were on par with Fain and Bebe. Olivier could only rely on his mystic icesword to frantically block each blade.

"Bang!" Two blades in a row collided against his battle-qi barrier.

Olivier's barrier of battle-qi was directly smashed apart. Enduring the pain, Olivier relied on the counter-force from the two blows to scurry into the tunnel the Blackscale Scorpion had made. But despite that, nearly half of his waist had been chopped into.

If he had been just a bit slower, his entire body would have been chopped in two.

"Bang!" Immediately after that, Fain was the next to be forced to flee into the tunnel by the attacks of a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons. Fain was sent flying backwards by the combined attacks of four Abyssal Blade Demons, and his body was actually chopped into three different parts, but Fain's 'head' flew at high speed into the tunnel and fled.

At the same time, Fain's body began to rebuild itself at an astonishing speed.

"Linley, be careful. If you can't hold on, then flee!" Fain mentally transmitted to him while fleeing.

Linley could already sense how terrifyingly powerful these Abyssal Blade Demons were. In but one exchange, after he killed four Abyssal Blade Demons in a row, his Pulseguard Defense and his Sacred Earthguard Armor had been destroyed by a large number of wildly chopping blows from the Abyssal Blade Demons.

His draconic scales were shattered, and blood was spewing out.

The Pearl of Life in his body began to activate. “Rumble...” The draconic scales repaired themselves, and the ‘Pulseguard Defense’ on Linley’s body once more formed.

“Shkreeeeeeeee!”

Bebe was transformed into eight different doppelgangers, wildly attacking the opponents. There were at least ten Abyssal Blade Demons who had died to his claws, but the Abyssal Blade Demons were very smart as well. Instantly, dozens of them simultaneously attacked all eight doppelgangers, with each of them suffering from the attacks of three or four Abyssal Blade Demons.

Bebe’s body was immediately sent flying backwards, as he retreated with a hint of blood on his fur.

“Bang!” A group of Abyssal Blade Demons pounced towards Bebe.

“Bebe, retreat!” Linley shouted loudly.

“Swoosh.” Bebe didn’t waste any time, also fleeing into the tunnel. As he fled inside, his body was matted with blood and his fur had been chopped into. Seeing this sight, Linley’s heart ached. After all, Bebe didn’t have a Pearl of Life!

The bodies of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were covered with black battle-armor, and thus they were able to hold on for an even longer period of time than Bebe.

“Linley, we can’t hold. Retreat, hurry!”

The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were also forced back by large amounts of blade chops from the Abyssal Blade Demons, and they fled into the tunnel, their bodies also matted with blood. With each member of the rearguard having retreated into the tunnel, their defensive perimeter was naturally shrinking.

With the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions gone, Linley immediately retreated into the tunnel entrance as well.

“Kill him!” countless Abyssal Blade Demons howled, raising their sharp long blades and chopping towards Linley.

“Not good.” At the same time, more than ten Abyssal Blade Demons were chopping towards Linley from every which way. Above, below, in front, on each

side... more than ten Abyssal Blade Demons in total, with each blade possessing lightning-fast speed. Too fast!

Linley's Bloodviolet sword and adamantine heavy sword were only able to kill two of the Abyssal Blade Demons, while the other ten or so blades landed on Linley's body simultaneously!

"Bang!" The Pulseguard Defense, which was already at the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World – 64 Fused Waves' immediately collapsed.

"Not good." Just the momentum force from those ten blows had sent Linley flying backwards, while at the same time shattering the draconic scales on Linley's body, sending blood everywhere. The green light of the Pearl of Life was constantly flashing, however, and Linley's body replenished at an astonishing rate.

"Can't hold any longer. The others should have been able to flee a good distance by now."

Linley scurried into a tunnel as well.

"Grrrrrrrrrr!" The many Abyssal Blade Demons roared as they charged towards the tunnel as well. At the same time, a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons clustered outside the valley also charged towards the tunnel.

"Pursue them!" countless Abyssal Blade Demons roared with anger.

Linley turned to glance, and saw the bloodthirsty, wild look in the eyes of those Abyssal Blade Demons.

"Rumble..." Instantly, earth elemental energy wildly began to gather, and a large number of giant stones formed behind Linley, instantly sealing off the tunnel in its entirety. As Linley continued to fly, countless boulders continued to appear out of nowhere behind him.

Earth-style instacast spell of the eighth rank – Rubble Rain.

"Although the Blackscale Scorpion's tunneling speed is the fastest out of all of us, this world is a world of metal, and even the ground is made of metal. His tunneling speed is definitely inferior to his flying speed. All we can do right now is to try and hang on."

Linley continued flying while sealing off the tunnel behind him.

“Swish!” From behind, a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons were still flying forward.

These Abyssal Blade Demons didn’t pay any attention to the boulders Linley was using to stop up the tunnel, just using their heads to ram straight through them. The sharp blades atop their forehead instantly split the boulders apart, and they continued to pursue at high speed.

However, although they were able to easily destroy the boulders, their speed was still affected.

Linley hurried towards the experts up ahead. After all, in terms of flying speed, they were moving much faster than the Blackscale Scorpion. Desri, Fain, and the others were flying shoulder to shoulder, while the Blackscale Scorpion was ahead of them, tunneling through.

“What should we do?” Linley asked frantically.

At this time, there was a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons in hot pursuit.

“In terms of speed, underground, we’re traveling more quickly than the Abyssal Blade Demons, so we should be able to shake them off. After shaking them off, let’s go look for the divine spark,” Desri said. This was the decision that the various experts had agreed on.

Even now, they didn’t want to give up.

When they had drawn near that Deity’s corpse just now, they had used their spiritual energy to search it. That Deity’s corpse had been split open by the head long ago, and the divine spark had been taken. The corpse was nothing more than a tool used to attract their attention!

While Linley’s group continued to make their way underground at high speed, in the air above them, countless Abyssal Blade Demons were densely clustered, with three blood-red Abyssal Blade Demons leading them.

“It’s about time. Children, ten every ten kilometers. Head out now,” the leading blood-red Abyssal Blade Demon said loudly.

Flying at high speed, the Abyssal Blade Demons formed into squads of ten, and one squad of Abyssal Blade Demons after another dove directly underground, easily driving through the metallic floor and beginning to tunnel underground. A squad was inserted every ten kilometers, and of course, in the air coming down, they flew far faster than Linley's squad tunneled.

"They want to flee from underground?" The physically small leader, that blood-red Abyssal Blade Demon, laughed coldly.

"Hrmph. We have over a million citizens. Within ten thousand square kilometers, we will set up a heaven-encompassing web. How can they possibly flee?" another blood-red Abyssal Blade Demon said.

The third Abyssal Blade Demon laughed loudly. "I've arranged a tribe of over ten thousand Abyssal Blade Demons to guard the entrance back to the tenth floor. No matter where they run, they will die!"

If Linley's group knew that this eleventh floor had over a million Abyssal Blade Demons, they probably would have given up long ago

But they didn't know!

In the valley, there were actually only a hundred Abyssal Blade Demons who had managed to fight with Linley, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, Fain, Bebe, and Olivier. The others hadn't been able to squeeze in, due to space limitations.

But despite that, Linley's group had been forced into a sorry state.

The eleven experts tunneled at high speed as the scorpion's tail of the Blackscale Scorpion continued to spin at high speed, easily opening the path for them. The speed at which he did this... was far faster than the speed at which those Abyssal Blade Demons behind them were splitting aside those stone boulders.

"It seems we should be able to throw the Abyssal Blade Demons off after all." Fain grew slightly calmer.

"Not good." Linley suddenly raised his head. Not just Linley; Desri, Fain, and the others raised their head as well.

In but an instant...

“Rumble...” The metal above them collapsed, and nearly ten Abyssal Blade Demons charged out towards them. These Abyssal Blade Demons discovered Linley’s group, and immediately let out excited, high-pitched roars. “Roaaaaaaaaaar!”

The sound of that roar caused the metallic ground to rumble, spreading through the area. The sound waves travelled much faster through the metal than through the air.

Underground, a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons were searching at high speed.

“There.” A large number of Abyssal Blade Demons simultaneously flew towards the location where the sound came from, and some even predicted where Linley’s group would head next, heading there to block them.

“Clang!” The adamantine heavy sword struck against the body of an Abyssal Blade Demon, shaking it into tiny pieces, but Linley felt pain in his waist, as he had been chopped by a blade. With a furious roar, Linley swung his sword with a backhanded blow. Although the draconic scales on his body were destroyed time and time again, each time they instantly healed.

Bellowing, Linley forced the charging Abyssal Blade Demons to retreat, one after another.

Right now, Linley’s group of experts was suffering the constant attacks of a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons who were assaulting them from every direction. Linley was the only one blocking from his side, but despite that, all of the experts in Linley’s group were in a sorry state.

“Bang.” Fain and Olivier were smashed against a nearby stone.

“Back to the tenth floor!” Desri said in agony.

Fain, Rosarie, Tulily, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions and even Linley were stunned. The goal they had for five thousand years, were they to give it up now? But more and more Abyssal Blade Demons were pouring in, and they were almost unable to hold on.

After all, the battle was attracting more and more Abyssal Blade Demons to head in this direction.

And worst of all, aside from Linley and Fain who could instantly heal, the others had to rely on Desri's healing spells, but healing spells, in this sort of high-speed battle, were simply too slow.

With a vicious backhand blow, Fain killed another Abyssal Blade Demon, and then roared in pain, "Back!"

"Back," Tulily growled as well.

Nobody was willing. Their hearts were unwilling!

But more and more Abyssal Blade Demons were coming. They truly weren't able to hold on any longer. If it wasn't for Linley, who was able to take on a third of the Abyssal Blade Demons by himself, they probably would have been doomed long ago. Despite that... right now, they were like a tiny little ship in the howling sea.

They could capsize at any moment!

They had no choice!

"Back to the tenth floor." The Blackscale Scorpion immediately began to change the direction in which he tunneled.

"Quick, don't waste time. If we delay, there will be even more Abyssal Blade Demons. I can't take much more." Linley only felt as though countless blades were flashing in front of him. Growling, Linley stabbed out with Bloodviolet while swinging with his adamantine heavy sword, but despite that, he was still knocked flying by the chopping blows, with blood once more matting his entire body, and even his white bones showing through.

Green light swirled around him, and Linley's body quickly recovered.

"You won't be able to flee," a cold voice rang out as a blood-red Abyssal Blade Demon suddenly dove into the tunnels.

"Not good." As soon as Linley saw this blood-red Abyssal Blade Demon, he knew that the situation had just gone from bad to worse.

"The first one to die will be you." Wielding that blood-red long blade in his

two hands, the red Abyssal Blade Demon stared coldly at Linley. The other Abyssal Blade Demons all respectively parted for him, instead wildly attacking Fain, Tulily, and the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions.

Life and Death

From time to time, Desri would use his spiritual energy to attack.

This battle was simply too intense!

“Slash...”

Space itself seemed to be sliced through, as the blood-red long blade transformed into a bloody saber-flash, piercing through the space between the red Abyssal Blade Demon and Linley, arriving in front of Linley in an instant.

With the adamantine heavy sword in one hand, and Bloodviolet in the other, the Dragonblood Warrior, Linley, let out an angry snort, and the adamantine heavy sword in his hand struck out gracefully, seemingly slow but actually fast, clanging against that blood-red long blade. ‘Clang’. Linley felt as though a mountain had smashed against him.

“Slash!” He couldn’t suppress the blood that bubbled up, and blood burst forth from his lips.

Even the draconic scales on the right hand wielding the adamantine heavy sword had been shattered from the vibration, but moments later, Linley’s injury healed at an astonishing rate. Linley himself didn’t pay attention to a minor wound like this.

“Hrm?” Linley was staring at the blood-red Abyssal Blade Demon, waiting to see what the result would be.

The attack he had used just now was the one he had used to kill the Flame Tyrant, the most powerful blow of the Profound Truths of the Earth.

The body of the red Abyssal Blade Demon quivered like a steel wire, and with that quiver, a hint of golden blood appeared at the corner of its mouth.

“You really are powerful.” The red Abyssal Blade Demon stared coldly at Linley.

Linley was secretly shocked. “No wonder he is the leader of the Abyssal Blade Demons. His body is far more powerful than the bodies of those ordinary Abyssal Blade Demons. Despite taking my full strength blow, his body wasn’t shattered to pieces. The bodies of metal creatures are indeed far tougher than the bodies of humans.”

“Growl...” The red Abyssal Blade Demon’s eyes were filled with flames, and it tightened its two-handed grip on its blood-red long blade.

Within the tunnel, both suddenly flew towards the other at high speed.

“No matter what, I have to kill him this time.” Linley had made up his mind.

The wind suddenly emitted an ear-piercing, desolate howl. Linley and the red Abyssal Blade Demon once more clashed, and this time, Linley used Bloodviolet as his primary attack. In the blink of an eye, ten million devilish violet sword flashes appeared, arcing through the air like the countless tendrils of the Queen Mother.

Space itself suddenly froze, and the red Abyssal Blade Demon also felt that its own flying speed had just dropped dramatically.

“Hrmph.” A hint of bloodlust appeared in Linley’s eyes.

He immediately activated the baleful aura within Bloodviolet with his now extremely pure spiritual energy. This was the first time Linley had utilized the baleful aura of Bloodviolet after reaching the Grand Magus Saint level, and this time, the baleful aura was fiercer and more explosive than ever before! A blood red air, almost physical in substance, suddenly attacked the red Abyssal Blade Demon.

“Ah!”

The red Abyssal Blade Demon suddenly had the feeling as though he were facing one of the most powerful fiends of the distant Abyss, and the terror that he felt sprang from his very soul, causing his originally mighty blade blow to hesitate slightly.

“Wait, not right.” Unfortunately, the baleful aura was just a remnant of its owner that had been left in Bloodviolet. Bloodviolet’s original owner didn’t himself appear. The red Abyssal Blade Demon quickly recovered, but by the

time he did, he saw a pair of bloodthirsty eyes and a single flash of violet sword light.

“Die!”

Those ten million sword flashes had already combined into a single violet sword flash. The Abyssal Blade Demon, earlier affected by the baleful aura, had raised his blade to block, but the sword flash had already arrived before his eyes.

“Slash!”

The sword light flashed through the neck of the red Abyssal Blade Demon, and as it did... a metallic head was sent flying away, its eyes filled with awe and disbelief. And then, the lifeless corpse of the red Abyssal Blade Demon fell to the ground.

No matter how powerful the Abyssal Blade Demon was, it wasn't a Deity, and it didn't possess a Pearl of Life. With its head gone, it died within seconds.

The attacks of the surrounding Abyssal Blade Demons suddenly came to a halt.

All of the Abyssal Blade Demons stared in disbelief at the scene. Fain, Desri, Olivier, and the others, who had been in dire straits from the sudden attack of the Abyssal Blade Demons, also felt astonished. They, too, had discovered... that Linley had killed that red Abyssal Blade Demon.

“Quick, flee,” Linley's voice rang out in the minds of everyone.

Fain, Desri, and the others immediately recovered and hurriedly fled through the tunnels.

Up in the air above, countless Abyssal Blade Demons flew about, while in the middle of that horde was two small, skinny red Abyssal Blade Demons. The two leaders had already received the news from their subordinates.

“Schuler actually died,” the red Abyssal Blade Demon on the left said in disbelief.

“It was the Draconian.” A cold light flashed through the eyes of the red Abyssal Blade Demon on the right. “Earlier in the valley, that Draconian already

made a big impression on me. His body should have a Pearl of Life in it. He was heavily injured by our children several times, but in an instant, he recovered.”

“The main problem is that they are underground. That makes things troublesome.” The left Abyssal Blade Demon shook his head.

“Underground, there is no line of sight at all, and the spiritual energy of our children can only stretch for a few meters. In a fierce battle such as this, that sort of radius is useless,” the right Abyssal Blade Demon said. “In addition, there’s only so much space in the tunnels. At mostly, only ten or so of our children can engage in battle against them at once.”

Although an enormous number of Abyssal Blade Demons had also gone underground, their line of sight was obstructed, and in addition, Linley’s side was moving at high speed. There were only so many Abyssal Blade Demons that could attack them at once.

“Let the children of one tribe entangle them, while we constantly keep an eye on their movements,” the right Abyssal Blade Demon said coldly. “Whether it is to find a divine spark or to return to the tenth floor, they have to eventually leave the underground area. As soon as they do...”

The eyes of the left Abyssal Blade Demon also flashed with a cold look.

“Quick, quick.” Linley’s group of experts were frantic.

In the tunnels, every so often, a nearby wall would suddenly be pierced through, with a large amount of Abyssal Blade Demons pouring through afterwards.

“Fortunately we are underground. If we were above ground...”

If countless Abyssal Blade Demons charged at them together from all directions... Linley shuddered, just thinking about that terrifying scene. At the entrance to the valley, the combined attacks of just around ten Abyssal Blade Demons had knocked Linley flying with their chops. If he hadn’t had a Pearl of Life, Linley probably would’ve died long ago.

Although Linley’s spiritual energy could only encompass a very small area here, upon reaching the Saint level, their mental imaging abilities were extremely powerful. For example, Linley was able to mentally replay the

‘Profound Truths of the Earth’ and further refine it. In the minds of Linley’s group of experts, the location of the exit to the tenth floor was clearly marked, and they also knew exactly where they are and what direction they were flying in so quickly.

Thus, travelling through the underground area, it wouldn’t be too hard to return to that exit. Even if they were off, they wouldn’t be off by more than a thousand meters or so.

“Everyone, hold on for a bit longer. We’re almost at the exit,” the Blackscale Scorpion’s voice rang out in their minds.

All the experts felt a surge of energy, and they all strenuously resisted the constantly charging Abyssal Blade Demons. All of the experts put their strength on full display, and any who was heavily injured would immediately retreat to Desri’s side to be healed, allowing other experts to replace them momentarily.

Linley also had the feeling...

That the density of attacks from the Abyssal Blade Demons had reached a stable level. In addition, everyone’s teamwork had reached an extremely high level as well.

“Slash.” The three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were once more sent retreating by the wild attacks of the Abyssal Blade Demons. Fain, Tulily, and Bebe immediately filled the gap, while Desri immediately began to heal the wounds of those three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. Fortunately, this sort of healing spell was of the ninth level, and thus to someone like Desri who could instacast them, it was not too troublesome.

“We’ve arrived at the exit to the tenth floor,” Desri’s excited voice rang out in everyone’s mind.

The Blackscale Scorpion’s tunneling direction suddenly shifted upwards as well, and the Abyssal Blade Demons attacking them suddenly dropped in number as well.

“Most likely, many Abyssal Blade Demons are still moving to block us off in the direction we were previously heading.” Tulily also noticed that only two or three Abyssal Blade Demons would occasionally appear and attack.

“Everyone, don’t let down your guard,” Linley immediately instructed.

“The three of us, plus Linley and Fain, will charge up first. The other experts will follow from behind,” the voice of one of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions rang out in everyone’s mind as well. In terms of defense, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions were extremely powerful, while Linley and Fain both had Pearls of Life.

Nobody disagreed.

“Swoosh.” Charging upwards at high speed, Linley and the others spread out their spiritual energy.

“There are no Abyssal Blade Demons in the twenty to thirty meters above us,” Desri’s voice rang out. They were already very close to ground level. Underground, spiritual energy penetrated a much lower distance than above ground.

“Heads up.” Nobody hesitated at all at a time like this.

Linley and Fain led the upwards charge, with the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions behind them. The other experts formed the third unit and the fourth unit.

“Boom.” “Boom.” ...

Linley’s group of five erupted from the ground. Based on their current surroundings, they could immediately tell that they were only two hundred meters away from the exit. However, although Linley, Fain, and the other experts were able to locate the exit...

Everyone felt misery in their hearts.

The path to the exit was blocked off by multiple layers of Abyssal Blade Demons; ten inner layers, and ten outer layers. Nearly ten thousand Abyssal Blade Demons were clustered there. With all those Abyssal Blade Demons there, how was Linley’s group going to break through their guard and flee into the exit?

The worst part of it was...

In the air above them, hovering like a storm of locusts, there were countless Abyssal Blade Demons, covering the skies like an endless horde.

“How many Abyssal Blade Demons? A hundred thousand? Even more?”

Linley, Fain, the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions... everyone felt their hearts clench tightly.

“Rumble...”

The countless Abyssal Blade Demons, upon seeing Linley’s group, were like mosquitoes that had seen blood. They all charged over wildly at the same time. The sudden attack of nearly a million Abyssal Blade Demons was simply a terrifying, apocalyptic scene. Even nearby space itself seemed to rumble.

They were only a hundred meters away.

Instantly, those countless Abyssal Blade Demons arrived in front of Linley’s group.

“Back down, quick, quick, quick!!!” Fain’s terrified voice rang out in the minds of the other ten experts. Even Bebe, Rosarie, and Tulily, who had just left the underground, were scared silly by this sight. Almost in unison...

They scurried back underground!

“Bang!”

The rumbling sound of nearly a million Abyssal Blade Demons running across the ground shook the world. Some ran in a straight line, while some charged downwards, but all of them simultaneously delivered vicious blows towards Linley’s group!

“Bang!” A terrifying explosive force, and the area for several square kilometers around them exploded, with countless pieces of metal blasting everywhere. In the blink of an eye, a giant crater hundreds of meters deep was born, and in the center of the metallic crater, a large number of tunnels could now be seen.

Linley, Fain, and the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had been the first to go above ground, and so they were the last to flee back underground. How far could they have gotten? In addition, this combined attack from countless Abyssal Blade Demons, which had all struck out at virtually the same time, had caused the energy of their blows to strike downwards like a single mighty ripple that smashed against the ground.

The 'rearguard' of Linley, Fain, and the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had to welcome this powerful attack.

Linley just barely managed to raised his adamantine heavy sword and Bloodviolet to block.

"Bang!"

Linley almost instantly felt a large number of saber flashes chop against his body. His 'Pulseguard Defense' and his draconic scales almost instantly exploded, and even Linley's adamantine heavy sword and Bloodviolet sword were struck so hard that they flew backwards and struck against Linley.

"Ah!!!"

His entire body suddenly seemed shorter... because as Linley looked down, he saw that his legs had been smashed into bits.

"Flee, flee!" Linley only knew that they had to flee.

The terrifying scene of those countless Abyssal Blade Demons charging towards them had already caused Linley's group's willpower to collapse. Linley noticed that next to him, beneath his chest Fain's entire body was gone, including both arms. Even his longsword was gone.

"Second brother!" a desolate howl rang out.

Flee!

Flee!

They fled wildly through the tunnels. After a long time had passed, they finally came to a halt, because there no longer were any Abyssal Blade Demons in pursuit of them.

Fain's body was quickly repairing itself, but it had only repaired up to his legs thus far. Fain's entire body was wracked in pain. And wasn't Linley in much the same situation? However, compared to the others, the two of them were already very lucky.

Of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, only two were left, and both of them were heavily injured, their bodies matted with blood.

“Second brother did it to save us,” the eldest Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion, Cleo, growled. The three siblings weren’t like Linley and Fain, who had ‘Pearls of Life’. At the critical moment, the second of those three siblings had suddenly expanded his body to protect his two brothers.

The remaining ten experts looked at each other, and within their eyes, there was a hint of bitterness, pain, and... despair!

What should they do now?

Death?

Everyone's minds were still filled with that earlier scene of 'annihilation'. Those countless Abyssal Blade Demons charging down towards them... Linley's group had been completely stunned. Their minds were completely blank. Terror, disbelief... they had the feeling that they were about to go crazy.

"How could there be so many Abyssal Blade Demons here?" Linley shook his head, unable to accept it.

Tulily shook his head and sighed as well. "Most likely, even if the departed Flame Tyrant or Queen Mother were present, in the face of the joint attacks of those countless Abyssal Blade Demons, they would also be chopped into mincemeat. Simply frightening... truly too frightening."

"With so many Abyssal Blade Demons on the eleventh floor, who can possibly acquire a divine spark?" Olivier had an ugly look on his face.

"Perhaps the Sovereign who created this Necropolis of the Gods is just playing a trick on people." The Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion, Cleo, was filled with rage and grief. Of the five brothers, two had died in the Gebados Planar Prison, and now yet another had died, leaving only two of them behind.

"No. There's still a chance of success." Desri shook his head and sighed. "The Elemental Laws contain boundless profound mysteries. The aspects of the Laws that we have gained insight into are fairly low level ones. However, the aspect that Linley, for example, used to attack and kill the Flame Tyrant is one of the higher level ones. If someone, for example, reached an extremely high level of understanding in the 'Lightspeed' aspect of the Elemental Laws of the Light, he would be far faster than all of those Abyssal Blade Demons. In that case... most likely, he would have a chance of acquiring a divine spark."

Although both Olivier and Desri were very fast, they didn't have very deep understandings with regards to 'Lightspeed'.

“Let’s not discuss this for now. More importantly, we need to figure out what exactly we are going to do. Does anyone have any ideas?” Desri swept the experts with his gaze.

“What can we do? It’d be wonderful if we could even return to the tenth floor.” Rosarie sighed. “This is the most dangerous of the Necropolis of the Gods. Three thousand years a cycle, right? There’s two other giant Necropolis of the Gods. Those two won’t be as dangerous as this one.”

Desri, Fain, and Tulily all nodded.

Three major tunnels, all headed to different Necropolis of the Gods. This one was the most dangerous of them all.

“The more danger, the more treasure.” Tulily sighed. “In those other two Necropolis of the Gods, we didn’t get a single true divine artifact at all. But here... we even procured two Pearls of Life. I trust there is definitely more than just one divine spark on this eleventh floor as well.”

The other experts all secretly nodded.

The greater the danger, the greater the rewards would generally be.

But...

If the danger was so great that they didn’t have any hope at all, no matter how many divine sparks this place had, what good would it be?

“How about let’s just hide here. We’ll hide for a few months and wait for the ten years to be up?” the Blackscale Scorpion spoke.

Linley’s eyes lit up as well.

A person had to know their own limits. When Linley had seen those countless Abyssal Blade Demons, he had already given up on procuring a divine spark on this eleventh floor. After all... there were simply too many Abyssal Blade Demons.

“It probably wouldn’t work.” Olivier shook his head. “Place your ears against the metal walls and listen.”

Linley immediately pressed his ear against the metallic wall, and a very faint vibration could be sensed coming over constantly.

Everyone's hearts sank.

"There should be an extremely high number of Abyssal Blade Demons coming our way from the underground," the third of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, Clervaux, said. "Although they aren't moving very fast, they are moving very methodically. When those Abyssal Blade Demons surround us..."

"We can't stay here much longer," Tulily said.

Linley looked at Bebe, coiling in his arms, and his eyes hardened. Staring at the others, he said, "We have no other choices. We probably won't even be able to spend another day down here before the countless Abyssal Blade Demons surround us."

"The only option we have is to return to the tenth floor," Linley said firmly.

"But how? Linley, you saw yourself just now how those countless Abyssal Blade Demons fully surrounded that exit."

Linley took a deep breath. "There is one way."

All of the experts looked at Linley.

"We'll take a roundabout underground path, and then move towards the exit. When the time comes, all of you help hold them off while I prepare the 'Dimensional Edge' spell, and kill all of the Abyssal Blade Demons barring our way to the exit.

The experts all looked at Linley. They didn't think that this idea of Linley's had a high chance of success.

How many Abyssal Blade Demons could a single Dimensional Edge spell kill?

"The Dimensional Edge spell will cut out a clear path from me to the exit. This path will soon be blocked by other Abyssal Blade Demons, so what we need to do is to pass through the pathway and rush to the tenth floor before the other Abyssal Blade Demons block us again!" Linley said.

All the experts were silent.

To use the Dimensional Edge to cut a pathway, and then instantly charge to the tenth floor.

If they were even slightly too slow, they would be surrounded and killed by the enormous numbers of Abyssal Blade Demons around them!

They had to seize that moment!

“We have no other options.” Linley stared at the other experts.

Right now, the vibrations coming from the metallic tunnel walls were growing stronger. Clearly, the many Abyssal Blade Demons were drawing closer and closer to them.

“I agree. Let’s give it a shot. At least we have a chance.” Tulily was the first to speak.

Rosarie, Desri, and Fain exchanged a glance, then nodded slightly. The two remaining Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, the Blackscale Scorpion, and Olivier all nodded in agreement. As for Bebe... he didn’t voice any objections either.

“The most important thing right now is, when we return to the surface, we can’t let those Abyssal Blade Demons discover us. When we get near the surface, I will begin to chant the words to the spell, at which point, I won’t be able to spare any attention to dealing with those Abyssal Blade Demons,” Linley said.

“Don’t worry. You focus on your ‘Dimensional Edge’ spell. If Abyssal Blade Demons come, even if we have to die, we’ll make sure we block them,” Desri said.

The eyes of the experts were all filled with firm resolve.

They had to seize their last shot at survival!

“Let’s head out,” Linley said.

The Blackscale Scorpion immediately led the way. This time, the experts didn’t dare to travel in a straight line, and instead made a winding path as they slowly drew near. Whether it was due to good luck or something else, they didn’t encounter their first Abyssal Blade Demon until they were over halfway there.”

“Slash.” With a single swipe of his claw, Bebe tore the head of the Abyssal Blade Demon asunder, not even giving it a chance to cry out in alarm.

“Everyone, be careful. Right now, we are only five hundred meters or so from the exit. The closer we get, the greater the density of Abyssal Blade Demons will be,” Desri reminded everyone. Right now everyone was surrounding Linley, who was already beginning to chant the words to the spell.

“Not good.” Roughly three hundred meters away from their target, the Blackscale Scorpion suddenly halted.

“These Abyssal Blade Demons have dug out an enormous hole around the exit,” the Blackscale Scorpion’s voice rang out in the experts’ minds. All of the experts felt their hearts tremble. Linley’s face changed as well, and he immediately stopped chanting the spell.

“Such a huge pit. If we were to charge past it, we would need to travel hundreds of meters before reaching the exit. Most likely, we would be killed before making it to the exit.”

The ten experts all felt stunned.

In the air above the ground, countless Abyssal Blade Demons lay waiting, with those two red Abyssal Blade Demons also waiting. Only three hundred thousand Abyssal Blade Demons were underground searching for Linley, with the greater half of the Abyssal Blade Demons aboveground.

Naturally, they would be surrounding the area of the enormous hole around the exit.

The exit to the tenth floor was originally on ground level, but because of the giant hole dug by the creatures in the metallic ground, the exit was now like a window that was suspended in mid-air. That faint black aura surrounded those steps.

Not a single one of the Abyssal Blade Demons dared to pass through that exit.

Roughly ten thousand of the Abyssal Blade Demons were currently surrounding the tunnel, forming a watertight seal around it. It seemed as though Linley’s group shouldn’t be able to charge to the exit at all.

“Swish!” “Swish!” “Swish!” ...

But suddenly, ten blurs in a row suddenly streaked out into the hole, each of

them moving extremely fast and agilely. Linley's group had no other choice. They had to risk everything and go all out, and hope that they would be able to seize that faint hope at life and charge back to the tenth floor!

The large numbers of Abyssal Blade Demons simultaneously discovered Linley's group of experts.

"Kill!" The Abyssal Blade Demons reacted very fast.

But they still needed a bit of time before reacting, and in that bit of time, Linley's group had flown two or three hundred meters. They were only a few dozen meters away from the exit now, but those few dozen meters were clogged with countless Abyssal Blade Demons.

Finished with the words to his spell, Linley pointed out with one hand.

Tempestuous wind elemental essence coalesced around Linley, and the wind for several kilometers around came to a sudden halt. Linley had a vicious look on his face. Through the 'Coiling Dragon' ring, Linley forcefully summoned a large amount of the surrounding wind elemental essence and utilized all of the mageforce in his body, creating a terrifying, faint-azure colored Dimensional Edge that was twenty meters wide!

This was ten times the width of an ordinary Dimensional Edge spell.

"Chiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

The Dimensional Edge flew out like a giant spinning blade, and wherever it passed, giant rips appeared in space.

"Die." Through the Coiling Dragon ring, Linley utilized his spiritual energy to control the direction of the Dimensional Edge spell. Right now, Linley could clearly sense the countless revolving wind particles within his Dimensional Edge. These particles, some moving fast while others moving slow, created this 'Dimensional Edge'.

"Aaaaah!" "Aaaaah!" Countless screams of terror rang out.

Wherever this enormous Dimensional Edge passed, the blocking Abyssal Blade Demons there were chopped into pieces.

Linley tried to forcibly slow the movement of the Dimensional Edge spell to

have it 'block' in front of them, but... the Dimensional Edge was simply too fast. Even with Linley controlling it, by the time the Dimensional Edge spell passed through the exit and to the other side, Linley's group was still roughly ten meters or so from the exit.

Right, just ten meters!

The exit was right in front of their eyes, and all of the Abyssal Blade Demons that had been blocking them were now dead.

But... they still had ten meters to go!

Because the Dimensional Edge spell was twenty meters wide, the Abyssal Blade Demons on each of the two sides were still at least ten meters away, and these Abyssal Blade Demons weren't able to dodge at all. However... large amounts of Abyssal Blade Demons were charging down from above. The Dimensional Blade spell, after all, was a flat, two-dimensional spell.

Many of the Abyssal Blade Demons were extremely close to Linley's group.

"Quick!"

Everyone in Linley's group moved frantically, but countless Abyssal Blade Demons above them were bursting down upon them like a flood. Judging from the distance, Linley could tell that if these Abyssal Blade Demons were permitted to charge down, only three of them would be able to flee.

Fain, Bebe, and Desri, who were located in the very front.

The others wouldn't have a chance to flee at all.

Tulily, the two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, the Blackscale Scorpion, Olivier... right now they had all gone mad, but their eyes had a hint of despair. So close... but not enough time!

"Hurry!"

Fain suddenly roared, transforming into a bolt of lightning as he wildly charged towards the Abyssal Blade Demons above them, hoping to block the countless Abyssal Blade Demons for just a moment. But in the blink of an eye, Fain was knocked back down by countless blows from the Abyssal Blade Demons.

“Ah!!!!” Olivier let out a furious howl.

An enormous, illusionary sword made from a fusion of black and white light suddenly appeared, killing four Abyssal Blade Demons in a single swoop. And then, Olivier fell to the ground, his face utterly ashen. Right now, only Desri and Bebe had entered the exit. The others didn't make it in time.

“Are we going to die?”

Whether it was Olivier, the Blackscale Scorpion, Tulily, Rosarie, or the two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions...

Their eyes were all filled with despair!

But just at this moment of utter despair...

“Hurry and leave!” A furious roar rang out in the minds of the experts.

A devilish violet light flashed, and countless violet sword flashes filled the air like countless vipers, spinning and twirling, covering the area directly above them like a barrier, holding the many Abyssal Blade Demons above them at bay. The strange thing was...

Something astonishing had happened to the Abyssal Blade Demons above them. Their speed had suddenly dramatically lessened.

Linley's entire body was now covered with that faint red baleful aura.

He had once again activated the baleful aura within Bloodviolet.

“Linley!”

Olivier, Tulily, Rosarie, the two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, and the others all felt shocked, but seeing a chance at life, they all madly rushed into the tunnel. But just as Olivier and the others entered the exit...

Linley hadn't had a chance to enter the exit. From all directions, the countless Abyssal Blade Demons had fully sealed off the exit once again. Linley was able to block those above them, but he hadn't been able to block those below and from the other four directions.

The exit was blocked!

Nowhere to flee!

“Boss! Boss!!!!!!” A black shadow suddenly flashed out from the exit, charging back into the eleventh floor.

A fierce, desolate voice rang out, “Bebe, leave!” Linley roared, his voice thundering in Bebe’s consciousness. As soon as Bebe had exited the gateway, he had been knocked back by countless blade blows.

As for Linley, those countless Abyssal Blade Demons surrounded him like a horde of locusts. Linley was entirely surrounded by Abyssal Blade Demons in every direction, and even the sun had been blocked out by them.

Fleeing For His Life

“Kill him!” the two red Abyssal Blade Demons bellowed from afar.

“Kill!”

Countless Abyssal Blade Demons roared, and like houseflies smelling the stench of blood, they wildly charged forward. Instantly, with Linley at the center of them, the world around Linley was filled with countless Abyssal Blade Demons.

The light-red baleful aura that had already taken visible shape completely surrounded Linley, and his eyes had turned blood red and was filled with savage madness.

“Fuck off!” Linley howled angrily.

Instantly, a large number of boulders appeared out of nowhere in every direction around Linley, as well as the gaps between the numerous Abyssal Blade Demons.

The Abyssal Blade Demons had to fly, and thus couldn't be too close to each other. In order to be able to wield their blades and to fly, each maintained a distance of approximately two or three meters from each other.

And now...

Linley's instacasted boulders blocked off all of the available space for hundreds of meters around him.

“Where's the Draconian?” The countless Abyssal Blade Demons had been able to see Linley from the cracks, but now, with so many giant boulders around them, virtually none of them could see Linley any longer.

The countless Abyssal Blade Demons and boulders formed a solid sphere, with Linley in the center.

“Not good.” Those two red Abyssal Blade Demons, seeing this, had a bad feeling.

The spiritual energy of Abyssal Blade Demons could only stretch out a few meters, which was of no use to them at all. And now with their lines of sight blocked, they didn't dare to wave their weapons wildly, for fear of killing their own people.

After all...

This 'solid sphere', aside from countless boulders, also had many Abyssal Blade Demons within it. But there was only a single Linley.

“Kill...”

In the same instant that Linley instacast those giant boulders, dozens of Abyssal Blade Demons next to him struck out towards Linley at the same instant. These Abyssal Blade Demons that were located close to Linley still knew where he was, and they didn't hesitate at all.

Dozens of blades came chopping down.

“Die!”

Linley's eyes were filled with boundless rage, and with an angry roar, he swept out with Bloodviolet as fast as lightning as he charged downwards. But no matter how fast he was, around ten blades still chopped down on Linley's body in an instant.

“Bang!” Linley's 'Pulseguard Defense' instantly crumbled.

The 'Sacred Earthguard Armor' that he had prepared before charging out of the ground also crumbled in an instant.

“Slash!” Three blades struck down on his draconic scales at the same time, slashing into Linley's body, and even digging deep into Linley's bones, but this heart-piercing pain didn't even make Linley frown.

“Hrmph.” The deep azure Dragonblood battle-qi in his body exploding, he directly knocked off those three blades.

“Bang!”

Like a meteor striking the ground, Linley charged down at high speed with that faint red baleful aura surrounding him, making him look like a fiendish god. Any Abyssal Blade Demons that wanted to block him, Linley, not trying to kill them, would immediately sweep out with a sword blow, then rely on the counterforce to dodge.

The strange thing was, less than a second later... Linley managed to descend from the center of this 'solid sphere' and charge down, entering the ground again.

Although this description of how Linley instacast giant boulders to block the countless attacking Abyssal Blade Demons and then charged downwards took a long time to describe, in truth, this all took a total of less than a second. In that short period of time... Linley managed to charge underground.

"That detestable Draconian," a red Abyssal Blade Demon sneered coldly after seeing this.

The other red Abyssal Blade Demon's eyes were also filled with a killing urge. "This Draconian is simply too vile. In but an instant, he used his magic... to create an 'underground' environment in mid-air, causing the vast majority of our children to be unable to see him."

The two Abyssal Blade Demons knew that things had just gotten complicated.

Ten Abyssal Blade Demons wouldn't be enough to kill Linley, but after he entered the underground area, what should they do?

"We only have one method." The leading red Abyssal Blade Demon stared at the ground. "It will indeed be very hard to get close to him and attack him. What we can do is... have over ten thousand Abyssal Blade Demons simultaneously strike that Draconian from afar with energy blade strikes."

The other red Abyssal Blade Demon's eyes lit up. "Right. There's no need to get close to him. When ten thousand of our Abyssal Blade Demons simultaneously strike him from afar with energy blades, although the power of the attack will be less than half of a close quarters blow, the combined attack of ten thousand of our Abyssal Blade Demons will be enough to render him into mincemeat."

When Linley and Fain had emerged from the ground the first time, nearly a million Abyssal Blade Demons had simultaneously brandished their blades and chopped down with energy blows covering an area of multiple kilometers, creating an enormous crater of many kilometers across. In addition... even Fain had lost his entire body below his chest, while Linley's legs had been shattered. And, that second of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions had to sacrifice his life to save his big brother and third brother.

It must be understood that less than 0.1% of the power of the combined blows of those million Abyssal Blade Demons actually landed on the bodies of Linley's group.

But despite that, Fain and Linley had nearly died.

Fortunately, Fain and Linley had dove underground headfirst.

"Swish!" "Swish!" "Swish!"

Hundreds of thousands of Abyssal Blade Demons dove underground like sharp arrows, beginning to hunt for Linley. Wiser for their previous experience, these Abyssal Blade Demons definitely would not allow Linley to flee alive.



*

On the tenth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods.

"Stop bothering me!" Bebe howled angrily.

Right now, Bebe's fur was split open and his flesh was cut into, with blood matting the surrounding grass. The nearby Desri wanted to heal him, but Bebe instead yelled at him.

Desri stood there on the grass, then turned to look at the other experts. The Blackscale Scorpion, the two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, Rosarie, Tulily, Olivier... they were all silent and exceedingly downcast.

"My life was rescued by Linley," Tulily growled.

Just then, Linley had somehow managed to suddenly hold off the Abyssal Blade Demons coming from above for an instant, allowing Rosarie, Olivier, and

Tulily to escape. Otherwise, they would have died.

Although Linley had also saved them on the sixth floor when he killed the Flame Tyrant, this time was different. After all, no matter what, Linley would have killed the Flame Tyrant, even if it wasn't for their sake. Saving them was just par for the course.

Tulily and the others hadn't felt too grateful.

But this time was different.

Although Linley himself hadn't been able to flee, he could have done nothing at all and allowed Tulily, Olivier, and the others to die alongside him. But Linley didn't do that!

"Boss." Bebe's eyes were watery. Right now, he was nervously sensing Linley's soul.

The tenth floor and the eleventh floor were actually two different little dimensions, and Bebe was therefore unable to spiritually speak to Linley. However, as long as Linley didn't die, Bebe could sense Linley's existence.

"Boss, you have to survive." Bebe's heart was trembling. "Hold on, hold on..."

Bebe knew very well that Linley was being surrounded and attacked by countless Abyssal Blade Demons. As Bebe saw it, if Linley was able to survive more than ten seconds, then Linley probably would have fled to the underground. Upon reaching the underground, given Linley's ability, it should be possible for him to survive for a few remaining months.

"I know about the grudge that exists between Linley and the Radiant Church," Rosarie said in a low voice. After the day of Linley's wedding, Cesar had ended up staying with Rosarie for a few days, and from Cesar, Rosarie had learned much regarding Linley's parentage and other details.

"Even if Linley dies, I will definitely help him get his revenge."

"And I," Tulily said. "My life was saved by Linley. Only after destroying the Radiant Church will I feel a bit better."

"We two brothers will go as well," the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion, Cleo, growled. "That Linley... in the past, he released us and our father, which was already a

great kindness. This time... he saved us two brothers. We definitely have to repay his kindness.”

In the past, when Linley had pulled out Bloodviolet, he had released Dylin. Dylin himself had only found out later from Beirut.

“Count me in for assisting Linley in his revenge,” Olivier suddenly said.

“You pack of bastards!” Bebe bellowed angrily. The nearby experts all couldn’t help but turn to stare at Bebe in surprise.

Bebe furiously glared at them. “Stop farting. Avenge my Boss? The Boss will avenge himself! The Boss will definitely leave the Necropolis of the Gods alive. All of you, stop saying he’s going to die. The Boss won’t die!”

“Won’t die?”

Fain, Tulily, Cleo, and the other experts, despite feeling grateful towards Linley, knew exactly what perilous straits Linley had been in on the eleventh floor.

When surrounded by those countless attacking Abyssal Blade Demons, how could he possibly flee and survive?

“My Boss and I are spiritually linked,” Bebe said furiously. “I, Bebe, don’t know much, but I do know that the Boss is still alive. My soul can still sense his existence. Quite some time has passed, but the Boss is still alive... I believe that he will definitely survive!”

The experts all immediately understood.

Bebe was Linley’s magical beast companion. Bebe could sense whether Linley was alive or had died.

“Still alive?” Desri and the others felt surprise and joy in their hearts.

Although they didn’t understand how Linley had escaped from those countless besieging Abyssal Blade Demons, at least he was still alive for now.

“Only a few months are left to the ten-year period. I hope Linley can hold on,” Desri murmured to himself secretly. Not just him; the other experts were all silently praying for Linley.

They all knew...

That to be able to hold on against the attack of a million Abyssal Blade Demons on the eleventh floor for months... Linley's chances of life were still quite slim!



*

On the eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods.

The metallic underground was filled with countless tunnels, all formed by those hundreds of thousands of Abyssal Blade Demons that were wildly scurrying everywhere in search of Linley.

“Roaaaar.” An Abyssal Blade Demon bellowed.

Instantly, a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons frantically surged towards that area, but they only saw a dark-red figure flash by like lightning from the tunnel, only leaving behind some bloodstains and some shattered draconic scales.

Three hours.

He had been fleeing for three full hours. Ever since he had fled into the underground, countless Abyssal Blade Demons had been chasing him underground. At first, the Abyssal Blade Demons didn't know where Linley was, and so for the first hour, Linley's underground flight had been fairly easy.

But after being discovered time and time again...

In his area of flight, more and more Abyssal Blade Demons had arrived, making it harder and harder for him to flee.

During the second hour, Linley had been badly injured and lost a great deal of blood.

By the third hour, Linley had nearly died on two separate occasions.

“What to do? What to do?” Linley flew at high speed. Whenever he saw a figure from afar, Linley would quickly go into another tunnel, or dig his own.

“These Abyssal Blade Demons are getting more and more experienced.” Linley was feeling frantic.

At this moment, a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons were standing guard at designated choke points. Although there were many tunnels underground, with large numbers of Abyssal Blade Demons standing guard at designated locations, Linley often had to create his own tunnels.

But whenever Linley created his own tunnels, he would create many powerful tremors in the metal.

This vibration would cause the garrisoned Abyssal Blade Demons to immediately know where Linley’s general location was.

“Just then...” Linley thought back to what had happened just five minutes ago. More than a thousand Abyssal Blade Demons had struck at him with distant energy blades. Fortunately, Linley had fled quickly, and only a few dozen energy blades had struck him, but nonetheless, Linley had nearly lost his life.

“If this continues, there will be even more Abyssal Blade Demons surrounding me. I can’t let this continue.” Linley knew how bad the situation was.

“Groooooowl.” Yet another roar was suddenly heard.

An Abyssal Blade Demon had flown out from another tunnel at high speed and discovered Linley.

“Growl!” “Growl!” “Growl!”

Dozens of growls rang out, and countless Abyssal Blade Demons began to charge wildly towards Linley’s general location.

“Not good.” Linley’s face instantly turned pale. Compared to five minutes ago, the situation now was even more dangerous, and even more Abyssal Blade Demons were coming!

One Against a Million

“Swish!”

Like a ray of light, Linley flashed towards the tunnel, his speed rising to his limit.

But in terms of speed, the Abyssal Blade Demons that were on par with Desri and Bebe were a level higher than Linley, and they began to draw near.

His eyes utterly bloodshot, as though blazing with flame, Linley was already beginning to chant the words to a spell.

“Swoosh!” Linley’s flying direction suddenly changed.

He actually turned and flew directly into a different tunnel heading downwards. Actually, there were quite a few Abyssal Blade Demons chasing after him from below as well. As Linley moved downwards, in virtually the blink of an eye, the Abyssal Blade Demons below moving upwards were now moving towards Linley.

“Roaaaaar!” The Abyssal Blade Demons below immediately began to roar loudly.

The group of Abyssal Blade Demons that were still heading along Linley’s previous trajectory immediately turned and headed down, but Linley continued to draw near those hundred or so Abyssal Blade Demons below him. Those hundred Abyssal Blade Demons simultaneously launched lightning-fast waves of blade energy, while Linley’s eyes flashed with a cold light.

Countless wind elemental essences suddenly coalesced around him.

“Die.”

“Riiiiip.” Suddenly, a four-or five-meter-wide, light blue ‘Dimensional Edge’ appeared out of nowhere in front of Linley, flying downwards towards those Abyssal Blade Demons charging towards him.

Seeing the Dimensional Edge, the Abyssal Blade Demons all tried to dodge in terror.

Unfortunately, the Dimensional Edge was simply too fast.

“Riiiiiip.” Their metallic bodies were chopped into pieces. Under the control of Linley’s spiritual energy, the ‘Dimensional Edge’ moved in an arc, instantly chopping dozens of Abyssal Blade Demons into metallic pieces, while the others were dodging in terror.

“Whoosh!”

Seizing the opportunity, Linley immediately charged downwards through the corridor that the Dimensional Edge had just cut.

The Dimensional Edge was only effective against a small number of Abyssal Blade Demons. Once the Abyssal Blade Demons numbered in the thousands, how many of them could the Dimensional Edge possibly kill? This was the reason why Linley had chosen to suddenly fly downwards.

His sudden change in direction had also allowed him to temporarily pull away from the Abyssal Blade Demons behind him.

“I can flee for a while, but I can’t flee forever.” Linley, while fleeing downwards, was trying to think of a way to escape and survive. “It would be wonderful if I could instacast the ‘Dimensional Edge’. No matter how many Abyssal Blade Demons there were, I would be able to kill them all.” Linley suddenly had this wild fantasy.

Instacast a ‘Dimensional Edge’?

It was nothing more than a dream. Linley knew that it wasn’t realistic.

“Hrm?” Linley, while scurrying downwards, suddenly had a thought. “Dimensional Edge?”

Actually, Linley didn’t know too much about the underlying fundamentals regarding this forbidden-level spell, ‘Dimensional Edge’. He only knew how to use his mageforce to gather elemental essence and then form the ‘Dimensional Edge’. But suddenly, Linley thought back to the scene of him executing the ‘Dimensional Edge’.

This Dimensional Edge, accurately speaking, was the 'Wind Blade' spell taken to the utmost limits.

When using his spiritual energy to slightly control the direction the 'Dimensional Edge' spell moved in, he noticed that within the 'Dimensional Edge', there were countless gusts of wind moving, either quickly or slowly, in accordance with a strange rhythm, and somehow forming this terrifying dimensional-cutting power.

"Either fast... or slow?"

Linley hadn't considered this before, but now, he suddenly discovered something suspicious. "The Dimensional Edge should be the faster the better. Why is it that it also includes seemingly slow gusts of air inside it as well?"

"Not right." Linley thought hard.

The countless gusts of wind within the Dimensional Edge actually weren't slow; only, they applied the 'Slow' aspect and seemed slow but were actually fast. Different wind blades of different aspects formed a whole, the 'Dimensional Edge'. What was the rationale behind this?

"The 'Fast' aspect? The 'Slow' aspect? The Dimensional Edge..."

Linley's mind couldn't help but think back to the scene of him utilizing the 'Tempos of the Wind'. This was a technique that had Bloodviolet simultaneously generate both the 'Fast' and the 'Slow' aspects of the wind. These two opposite aspects, when combined, caused space itself to vibrate, resulting in Bloodviolet being able to create a spatial edge.

Linley once again thought back to the scene of him utilizing 'Myriad Swords Converge'.

When developing this technique, Linley was puzzled. Why was it that when ten million swords of the 'Fast' aspect combined into one, it would create the effect of 'Spatial Freezing'? Why was it that the 'Fast' aspect and the 'Slow' aspect were mutually interchangeable? At the time, Linley didn't understand the reasoning behind it, but by mimicking the attack of the Queen Mother, he was able to develop this attack.

In truth, Linley still didn't understand the profound mysteries behind why the

ten million swords he generated using the 'Fast' aspect could combine and form the space-freezing attack of 'Myriad Swords Converge'.

"Dimensional Edge... Tempos of the Wind... Myriad Swords Converge..." Linley's mind quickly sketched through one scene after another. The foggy cloud covering one of the profound mysteries of the Elemental Laws of the Wind was currently slowly dissipating in Linley's mind.

Linley was beginning to understand.

It was as though he had touched something, but didn't quite understand it.

Linley didn't even notice that behind him, two Abyssal Blade Demons were drawing closer and closer. Right now, Linley was totally immersed in that special state. The two Abyssal Blade Demons also felt puzzled. Normally... even before drawing close to Linley, Linley would come up with an idea to flee.

But this time...

Linley was flying in a straight line, not changing direction at all. The Abyssal Blade Demons flew faster than Linley! In a straight line, they would naturally be able to catch up.

"Swish!" An ear-piercing, desolate howl suddenly scared Linley awake as two blades chopped down at him.

Linley's back was instantly matted in cold sweat, and he immediately lashed out with Bloodviolet. Linley hadn't noticed at all that this attack wasn't the 'Tempos of the Wind', nor was it 'Myriad Swords Converge'. It was a seemingly very ordinary sword attack.

"Slash!" It was like cutting through tofu.

Linley's Bloodviolet flashed through the two Abyssal Blade Demons like lightning, both of whom were immediately cut into two.

"This...?" Linley was shocked. Although these two Abyssal Blade Demons weren't the best of their race, even if Linley had used 'Tempos of the Wind', he would still have to use a full-strength blow in order to chop the Abyssal Blade Demons into two pieces. But just then... he had very easily bisected the two Abyssal Blade Demons.

“Just then...” Linley couldn’t help but think back to that sword attack he had unconsciously used just then.

“Ah!” Linley’s eyes suddenly turned round.

That fog that had still covered his mind, preventing it from seeing into the mysteries of the Elemental Laws of the Wind, suddenly disappeared like mist dissipating under the light of the sun. He suddenly understood.

“Tempos of the Wind? Myriad Swords Converge? Dimensional Edge?” Linley began to laugh loudly. “The ‘Fast’ aspect? The ‘Slow’ aspect? ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ being opposite aspects? Haha... wrong, all wrong. The ‘Fast’ aspect and the ‘Slow’ aspect are the same, the same!!!” Linley’s entire body began to shake from excitement.

A gust of wind would seemingly blow slowly, but then in the blink of an eye move a thousand meters.

“Spatial Folding? Spatial Chaos? Spatial Pausing? Spatial Freezing?” Linley’s laughter reached the utmost level in joy.

“The Draconian!” A large number of Abyssal Blade Demons had discovered Linley.

“Kill!” roaring furiously, the many Abyssal Blade Demons simultaneously struck out, chopping down with energy blades towards Linley. The criss-crossing waves of energy chopped apart even the ground. Although many of them didn’t land on Linley, a few of them did indeed concentrate on Linley’s body.

“Boom!” Wherever the energy blades passed, the metallic ground and tunnel were turned into smithereens.

“He’s dead for sure!”

“Huh?” Suddenly, the Abyssal Blade Demons were shocked.

Linley, who had been thousands of meters away, had suddenly appeared in front of them in two casual flashes. They only saw a strange, devilish flash of violet light, and then their heads went flying off.

“The ‘Fast’ aspect, the ‘Slow’ aspect... haha... they are all wrong paths of understanding!” Linley laughed loudly. With each casual strike of his sword, he

easily killed the Abyssal Blade Demons, and with a simple flicker of his body, he easily threw off the Abyssal Blade Demons and moved far away. In terms of speed, he was now three times as fast as the Abyssal Blade Demons!

He was simply too fast!

Even if the two red Abyssal Blade Demons came over, they wouldn't be more than half of Linley's current speed.

"In the past, I thought that if I could reach the limit of the 'Fast' aspect, I would become a Deity. If I reached the peak of the 'Slow' aspect, I should also be able to become a Deity. Yes, I can become a Deity, but doing so in that way is taking a wrong path." Linley's heart was filled with joy, as though he had suddenly completed a massive project. "Once the 'Fast' aspect and the 'Slow' aspect each reach their utmost limits, they will merge together..."

"Both 'Fast' and 'Slow', these two major aspects, they are all part of the Elemental Laws of the Wind's..."

"Profound Truths of Velocity!"

Bloodviolet flashed out casually in Linley's hands. At first, it seemed to be moving extremely slowly, but at second glance, it was actually as fast as lightning. From different viewpoints, one would see two completely different effects. In addition, at the edge of Bloodviolet, there was a faint blue spatial edge that seemed similar to the 'Dimensional Edge'.

With a casual sword blow, space itself began to ripple, and extremely minute cracks in space appeared.

Any casual blow from Linley now had part of the power of the 'Dimensional Edge'.

Linley's form quickly appeared in multiple areas, and wherever that devilish violet light flashed, the heads of the Abyssal Blade Demons went flying.

"This technique shall be called... Profound Truths of Velocity – Dimensional Decapitator!"

"Swish!" Linley's body suddenly scurried out of the ground.

"Haha, he came out. Children, kill!" Those two red Abyssal Blade Demons

immediately gave the order in excitement. Countless howling sounds could be heard as the hundreds of thousands of Abyssal Blade Demons charged downwards like a horde of locusts, sending out energy blades towards Linley at nearly the same instant.

But Linley's body had already appeared in the center of their group.

Like a gust of Wind, Linley flickered here and there, and wherever he appeared, the heads of the Abyssal Blade Demons would go flying. In front of Linley, these Abyssal Blade Demons had no ability to fight back at all.

Miserable screams and terrified howls sounded out constantly, and golden blood splashed in every direction.

In a very short period of time, nearly a hundred thousand Abyssal Blade Demons had died. All the remaining Abyssal Blade Demons were terrified. At first, they still had willpower, but now they had none left at all.

"Im... impossible," the two red Abyssal Blade Demons called out in terror.

And then, a gentle gust of wind blew towards them. The head of one of the two red Abyssal Blade Demons went flying, while Linley's Bloodviolet sword appeared at the neck of the second red Abyssal Blade Demon. His dark golden eyes stared calmly at the red Abyssal Blade Demon. In a calm voice, he said, "What, you still want to fight?"

"Mercy, lord." The red Abyssal Blade Demon immediately knelt down in terror.

With their leader kneeling, the countless Abyssal Blade Demons whom Linley had utterly terrified all knelt down as well.

The eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods. Across this wide expanse of land, countless corpses lay fallen, while countless living Abyssal Blade Demons knelt there on the ground, so terrified that they didn't even have the courage to raise their heads. That terrifying slaughter just now had truly destroyed their courage.

The countless Abyssal Blade Demons remained kneeling. The wide expanse of land was stained with golden blood. Only Linley remained standing.

“Sadly, I haven’t understood enough regarding the ‘Fast’ and the ‘Slow’ aspects.” Linley thought back to the profound truth he had just gained insight into. “Although I’ve fused two major aspects into one and developed the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ of the Elemental Laws of the Wind, I’m still one step away from becoming a Deity.”

Right now, Linley could sense that he was at the precipice of the Deity level.

Actually, both the ‘Fast’ and the ‘Slow’ aspects, when trained to their utmost, could allow someone to become a Demigod. And then, after the two aspects were completely fused into the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’, which was then trained to the limit, one would become a full God.

These two aspects were seemingly polar opposites. To fuse them wasn’t something one could mentally envision; it had to come from a spark of insight.

The higher one’s level of understanding was in the two aspects, the harder it would be to fuse them. It was as if one had travelled a long distance on two roads heading in different directions. The farther one travelled on each road, the harder it would be to combine them.

Linley hadn’t reached a very high level of understanding in these two aspects yet, and so it was actually a bit easier for him to find that spark of insight to fuse them.

In the past, when developing his ‘Tempos of the Wind’, Linley had begun to understand how to allow these two aspects to work together. Upon developing the ‘Myriad Swords Converge’, he once more advanced. After casting the ‘Dimensional Edge’ spell, he suddenly had that insight, reaping the benefits of his accumulated experience and coming to understand the true ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’.

Thus, his movement speed instantly increased threefold or fourfold, and he was able to develop an even more powerful sword technique; the ‘Dimensional Decapitator’!

“Do you know where the divine spark is?” Linley lowered his head to glance at the kneeling, quivering red Abyssal Blade Demon.

“I know, I know.” The red Abyssal Blade Demon was terrified that Linley

would kill him.

“Lead the way,” Linley said.

Divine Spark

The metallic ground flashed with cold light. Countless Abyssal Blade Demons knelt on that ground respectfully in terror, while in mid-air, their leader, the red Abyssal Blade Demon, respectfully led Linley, and the two transformed into rays of light towards the direction of the divine spark.

There were, in total, three Necropolis of the Gods which were connected to the Yulan continent.

This Necropolis of the Gods connected to the underground tunnel at the bottom of the South Sea was the most dangerous one and the largest one. On this eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, ever since it had been constructed, not a single Saint-level expert had been successful in acquiring the treasures hidden within the floor. Linley was the first!

The wind blew, stirring Linley's long hair.

Linley was already back in human form, casually draping a long robe over his body. The wind rustled through it, occasionally revealing his bare chest.

"After having gained insight into the Profound Truths of Velocity, whether or not I Dragonform no longer makes much of a difference." Linley was wielding Bloodviolet in his hands. Bloodviolet's 'Dimensional Decapitator' ability could be described as a 'miniature Dimensional Edge'. Any Saints who touched it would die.

The red Abyssal Blade Demon led the way nervously.

Suddenly, the red Abyssal Blade Demon halted.

"Are we there?" Linley asked.

The red Abyssal Blade Demon pointed off into the distance and said respectfully, "Lord, the treasure of the eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods is atop the mountain peak over there."

Linley gazed in the direction of the Abyssal Blade Demon's finger. Off in the distance, there was indeed a small metallic mountain, but this mountain was covered with a large number of Abyssal Blade Demons, and even in the air above it, there were many Abyssal Blade Demons hovering.

"Hrm, what's this?" Linley frowned.

Terrified, the red Abyssal Blade Demon hastened to explain. "Lord, in the past, we were afraid that intruders would run wild and arrive here. Therefore, we arranged several tens of thousands of Abyssal Blade Demons to be stationed here and watch over this important treasury location."

"It seems you were quite thorough." Linley laughed calmly.

The red Abyssal Blade Demon said hurriedly, "Lord, don't worry. I'll immediately order them to stand down." As he spoke, the red Abyssal Blade Demon immediately flew towards that mountain.



*

On the third level of the Necropolis of the Gods.

A cold wind was blowing. Aside from a few corpses of Saints, the only one remaining here was the still-slumbering Ba-Serpent. "Whooosh!" "Hiss!" ... Each time the Ba-Serpent exhaled, that black energy came out. The only sound in the third floor was that familiar snoring.

All of a sudden, the Ba-Serpent's enormous body, wrapped around that giant iceberg, suddenly vanished.

"Unexpectedly, a human succeeded?" A devilish young man with a slender body and devilish, flowing green hair stood there in mid-air. He wore a patterned blue robe over his body, and the patterns on the blue robe, on close inspection, appeared to be those of a snake's skin.

"He succeeded. That means I'm more or less free as well. There's no need for me to remain here on these eleven floors any longer." He revealed a smile on his face. "Unfortunately, I still have to wait for Lord Beirut to come over. I'll have to at least wait for a few more months. After having been here for so long

though, a few more days won't matter."



*

A large number of Abyssal Blade Demons were beating a hasty retreat, allowing Linley to fly to the peak of the mountain.

"Whoosh." A heart-stopping aura surged towards him. Linley's eyes lit up, and he stared carefully at that mountain peak. There was a heap of precious treasures placed atop the flat, enormous stone on top of the mountain. The most attractive of them, however, was naturally those three divine sparks, which emanated a divine aura.

Aside from the three divine sparks, the enormous flat stone also had a series of divine artifacts. Ten of them!

"Three divine sparks, ten divine artifacts! The almighty Sovereign is truly quite generous." Linley felt his heart rate speed up. After all, countless Saints had dreamed about acquiring just a single divine spark, but now, three of them were placed in front of him.

Not worrying about anything else, Linley immediately walked over to the flat boulder to carefully inspect those three divine sparks.

Those three divine sparks were the same color. All of them were black. Only, within the hearts of the three divine sparks, two of them emanated a faint light; one of them emanated a faint blue light, while the other one emanated an earthen yellow light. As for the last one, it didn't emanate any light at all. Instead, it had a strange, hidden aura emanating forth from it.

"One is earth-style, while the other is wind-style. The last one is Destruction-style." Linley frowned. "And the divine sparks here on the eleventh floor should all be Demigod sparks."

"What is going on?" Linley's heart was filled with suspicion.

"Could it be that the controller of this Necropolis of the Gods knew that the person acquiring the treasures would be someone who trained in the profound truths of these two Elemental Laws of the Wind and the Earth?" Linley knew

very well that this destruction-style divine spark actually belonged to the 'Way of Destruction'.

Linley, being a practitioner of the sword, could also train in this Way.

"Three divine sparks, and I'm capable of using any of them. How could there be such a coincidence? Precisely three of them!" Linley stared at the three divine sparks in front of him, a strong sense of suspicion in his mind.

Linley turned his head and stared around him.

He suddenly had a feeling as though everything going on in the Necropolis of the Gods was being watched by the Sovereign from on high.

"Perhaps..." Linley looked at the three divine sparks. "These three divine sparks were only placed here after I gained insight into the 'Profound Truths of Velocity'. Perhaps an ultimate expert stealthily placed them here afterwards." Linley couldn't help but suspect this. After all, this was simply too great a coincidence.

Exactly three divine sparks?

Why weren't they lightning-style, or light-style, or fire-style? They all suited Linley's nature and elements.

"I should feel proud to have been looked after by this sort of ultimate expert," Linley self-mocked silently. Linley no longer pondered this question. No matter what, he was currently just a person who had only reached the doorstep to becoming a Deity, and was only a Prime Saint, not yet a god.

There were many secrets and mysteries that he was not yet qualified to be a part of yet.

"I can already dimly sense the Deity level. Most likely, once I go back and train, in a few dozen years, I will reach the Deity level." Linley, after becoming aware of the 'Profound Truths of Velocity', could already faintly sense his current level of understanding.

Linley had heard the War God speak of this before as well.

Becoming a Deity by one's self was hundreds of times more difficult than fusing a divine spark. Linley stretched out his hand, immediately grasping those

three divine sparks, then drawing them into his interspatial ring. “Even if I personally don’t use these three divine sparks, I can give them to Delia and Wharton to use.”

Given Delia and Wharton’s levels of talent, it would be extremely difficult for them to become Deities on their own.

Just by looking at how Fain and Desri had been stuck at the doorway to Deity-hood for thousands of years, one could imagine how hard it was.

Linley himself was fortunate enough that after developing the ‘Tempos of the Wind’, he encountered the Queen Mother’s attack and by mimicking it, developed the ‘Myriad Swords Converge’. Afterwards, due to reaching the Grand Magus Saint level, he was able to clearly sense the mysteries hidden within the ‘Dimensional Edge’.

With this chain of three events...

In addition, Linley only had some insights in the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’, and they weren’t at a very high level yet.

In terms of power, the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ were actually a level higher than the ‘Profound Truths of the Earth’. The ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ could be said to be one of the highest, most profound mysteries of the Elemental Laws of the Wind.

“I wonder how Delia, Taylor, Sasha, and Wharton are doing,” Linley couldn’t help but think of his family. “And I don’t know how Barker...” Linley, in his heart, was still worried about whether Barker was alive or not.

Linley sighed in his heart.

And then, Linley looked at the ten divine artifacts. These ten divine artifacts included saber, sword, and spear-type weapons, a black book, a mysterious crystal ball, and... a set of battle-armor. Deity-level battle armor.

“Battle armor?” Linley felt joy in his heart.

Linley didn’t care too much about the other divine artifacts; after all, he already had the adamantine heavy sword and Bloodviolet. The black book and crystal ball were most likely darkness-style or Necromantic-style divine artifacts.

Linley wouldn't be able to use them well.

Linley immediately stored these ten divine artifacts into his interspatial ring.

"These divine artifacts would be useful as gifts to Delia, Taylor, Sasha, and the others." Linley laughed as he stared around the mountain peak. "It seems there aren't any other treasures here. Oh, right... this." Linley stared at the flat boulder where the divine artifacts had been stored.

"A rich person certainly behaves generously. Even this boulder used to hold these divine artifacts is a treasure." Linley stored the giant boulder into his interspatial ring as well.

This enormous flat boulder was actually something he had read about in books: 'Bloodstone'.

Bloodstones were almost as valuable as adamantine ore. It was a type of treasure from other planes. Whether made into magus tools or weapons, it was an extremely good type of material. If one used materials such as bloodstones and adamantine to forge a weapon, one could make a divine artifact.

Linley's adamantine heavy sword, although a good weapon, wasn't actually a divine artifact.

With a smile, Linley descended from the air, flying away from the mountain.

The distant red Abyssal Blade Demon waited nervously. Linley hadn't ordered him to leave, so he didn't dare to leave on his own, for fear that Linley would kill him in anger.

"Congratulations, Lord," the red Abyssal Blade Demon, seeing Linley fly over, immediately said respectfully.

Linley glanced at the red Abyssal Blade Demon, then noticed that blood-red blade on its back. Reaching out with his hand, Linley pointed to the warblade on the red Abyssal Blade Demon's back. "Right. Your blade, as well as the warblades from the other two red Abyssal Blade Demons. Bring them to me."

"Huh?" The red Abyssal Blade Demon stared at Linley in shock.

"Didn't you hear me?" Linley frowned.

"Lord, this... this warblade was naturally created from my body. It took me

hundreds of thousands of years. This..." The red Abyssal Blade Demon was somewhat unwilling.

These Abyssal Blade Demons were made of blades, but the most powerful blade was the one on their backs. That was the place where their essence was concentrated, and that blade was incomparably hard and powerful. Originally, when Linley's group had encountered that ordinary Abyssal Blade Demon on the tenth floor, the sharpness of its blade was already approaching that of a divine artifact.

The blades of the red Abyssal Blade Demons were definitely at the divine artifact level.

After developing the 'Dimensional Decapitator' and slaughtering the Abyssal Blade Demons, he had discovered... that his Dimensional Decapitator was completely unable to damage the warblades of the Abyssal Blade Demons. One could imagine how sharp and tough they were.

"Hrm?" Linley frowned, staring coldly at the red Abyssal Blade Demon.

Life or blade. Which one was more important? This question didn't need to be asked.

"Right, Lord. I'll immediately send people to obtain the other two warblades." The red Abyssal Blade Demon, terrified, immediately pulled out the blade from his back, respectfully offering it to Linley."

"Right. Bring me a thousand warblades from the ordinary Abyssal Blade Demons as well," Linley said casually.

Although the red Abyssal Blade Demon was astonished, he didn't dare to say anything. After all, Linley had killed a hundred thousand Abyssal Blade Demons. A thousand warblades wasn't much. Only, he secretly said to himself, this expert in front of him was perhaps a bit too... a bit too 'that'. He was already so powerful, but he still wanted so many warblades.

"Although I don't need it, I can give it to the descendants of the clan," Linley said to himself secretly.

Even the warblades of ordinary Abyssal Blade Demons were comparable to the adamantite heavy blade in preciousness. This sort of warblade would

definitely be considered an extremely valuable weapon on the Yulan continent.

“Unfortunately, my interspatial ring isn’t big enough,” Linley secretly said to himself.

If it was larger, Linley would perhaps take even more, but a thousand warblades was already enough.

After storing the one thousand warblades and the three red warblades into his interspatial ring, with countless Abyssal Blade Demons kneeling towards him, Linley returned to the tenth exit.

Desiring a Divine Spark?

On the tenth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods.

“Bebe, how is Linley currently?” Desri asked softly.

“The Boss is still alive and kicking.” Bebe’s wounds had already been more than half-healed, but he was still focused entirely on sensing Linley’s existence, terrified that Linley might die.

As for Tulily and Rosarie and the others, all of the experts were waiting quietly off to one side. Only from Bebe would they learn that Linley was still alive.

Tulily could sense how depressing the mood amongst the experts was. In order to change the mood, he said, “Olivier, the power of that sword attack you displayed on the eleventh floor really was quite formidable. You were able to kill four of those Abyssal Blade Demons with a single blow.”

“I remember that sword attack as well,” the Blackscale Scorpion said.

“I don’t think any of the rest of us can accomplish that,” Tulily said.

When the experts had been trying to flee back to the tenth floor, Olivier, in desperation, had unleashed his most powerful sword attack, and when that black-and-white illusionary sword had chopped out, it had immediately chopped four of the Abyssal Blade Demons to death.

These Abyssal Blade Demons were formed from tough metal, even if their defenses weren’t as strong as their attacks. To kill four Abyssal Blade Demons with a single sword blow was too hard. Even Linley had to utilize either the Profound Truths of the Earth or the ‘Tempos of the Wind’ to kill a single Abyssal Blade Demon. An ordinary sword blow wouldn’t be able to chop the Abyssal Blade Demons into two parts.

But of course, after gaining insight into the ‘Dimensional Decapitator’, Linley’s sword blows could easily kill five or six Abyssal Blade Demons per hit.

For Olivier to have been able to kill four of the Abyssal Blade Demons was a sight that truly stunned everyone present. After all, Tulily and the others couldn't accomplish this.

"This attack is my last resort, a desperation ultimate attack. After utilizing it, my spiritual energy is all but wiped out," Olivier said.

"Despite that, it's still very powerful. Even going all out, my attacks aren't as powerful," Tulily laughed self-mockingly.

The various experts all sighed in amazement at Olivier's rate of progress. When they had just entered the Necropolis of the Gods, Olivier could only be considered a memory of the second group, but after the past ten years, Olivier's strength had increased dramatically and his attacks had reached such a tremendous level of power.

Olivier didn't explain any further.

The only reason he had his current level of achievements was because of the near-death experience he previously had.

"In the past, when we encountered that Beholder King, we knew that you had some differences compared to us." Desri sighed as well.

Now that everyone was chatting, the atmosphere on the tenth floor improved a bit. None of them noticed, however, that Bebe's lowered head suddenly rose up, staring in astonishment towards that distant stone pillar.

"Boss!" A cry of surprised joy rang out.

"Swish!" A black blur charged over.

"What?!" Desri, Tulily, Olivier, and the other experts all turned to stare towards the exit to the eleventh floor in astonishment. They saw a youngster dressed in a sky-blue robe, exchanging grins with a black Shadowmouse.

Linley had returned!

"Boss."

"Bebe." Linley was currently holding Bebe in his arms, and the man and the magical beast laughed, staring at each other.

“Wonderful, Boss. I missed you terribly. I was afraid you wouldn’t make it back, Boss.” Bebe’s beady little eyes were turning misty. The past three or four hours had been a type of torture for Bebe. He was afraid that Linley really would die.

At this time, Desri, Fain, Olivier, Rosarie, Tulily, the two Six-Eyed Golden N-Lions, and the Blackscale Scorpion immediately hurried over. They, too, felt both astonishment and joy that Linley was able to return to the tenth floor!

“Linley, you managed to escape?” Fain said with surprised joy.

“I really didn’t expect that despite being pursued by a million Abyssal Blade Demons, you were still able to return to the tenth floor, Linley,” Desri’s face was covered in smiles as he spoke. “I thought that you were trying to delay underground as long as you could, and hold the Abyssal Blade Demons off until the ten-year period was up.”

“Think about how awesome my Boss is!” Bebe immediately began to grow boastful. He stood up high on Linley’s shoulders, his little paws folded proudly over his chest.

Linley laughed, “Do you think I didn’t want to try and delay and hold them off? But those Abyssal Blade Demons were simply too clever. They set up an enormous number of choke points in the center area, and whenever I was discovered, they would immediately have large numbers of Abyssal Blade Demons attack me simultaneously. After holding on for three hours, I simply couldn’t hold on any further.”

“Then Linley, how did you return?” Fain and the others stared at Linley in confusion.

Fain and the other experts simply couldn’t imagine how, under the pursuit and assault of the Abyssal Blade Demons, Linley had managed to flee to the tenth floor.

“Luckily enough, at the critical moment, I suddenly had a breakthrough, and my speed rapidly increased, allowing me to easily throw off those Abyssal Blade Demons. After killing a few of those Abyssal Blade Demons, I managed to acquire the divine spark of the eleventh floor, and then I returned home safely,” Linley said these words quite calmly.

But everyone, including Bebe, was stunned.

“You retrieved the divine spark?” Fain, Desri, Rosarie, Tulily, and the other experts stared, their eyes round and shocked. Even Olivier, who stood silently behind the others, stared at Linley with hard-to-disguise amazement.

Divine spark...

The treasure that Fain and the others had dreamed about acquiring. Upon acquiring the divine spark of a Demigod, they would become Deities.

The difference between a Saint and a Deity was as great as that of the earth and the heavens.

“Linley, congratulations.” Desri was the first to recover. All he could do was say congratulations.

The other experts forced out smiles and congratulated Linley as well. Right now, Desri and the others felt hard-to-repress envy in their hearts! After all, they had worked for simply too long to acquire a divine spark. Now that Linley had it, there was nothing they could say, as Linley had risked his life to acquire it.

But in their hearts, they still felt a hint of envy.

In fact, their envy made it so that they couldn't help but think about 'killing Linley and stealing his divine spark', but as soon as that idea came to their minds, it immediately was tossed aside.

After all, they weren't despicable people like that.

In this group, aside from Bebe, only a single person didn't feel much envy. That person was Olivier.

“Linley, I expect you will become the sixth Deity of our Yulan continent.” Olivier's face revealed a hint of a smile. “Linley, you are more powerful than me right now, but... in a few more years, I will definitely challenge you.”

Olivier felt extremely confident in himself.

He was weaker than Linley, but that was just for now!

“Challenge?” Linley looked at Olivier, nodding and laughing, “Wonderful, I'll

accompany you any time you choose.”

After Linley returned to the tenth floor, the experts all comfortably awaited the conclusion of the ten-year time period, and they all went to find places to rest and relax on the grass. As for Linley, he naturally was with Bebe.

“Boss, tell me, how many divine sparks were there on the eleventh floor? I expect there was more than just one,” Bebe whispered.

Linley smiled. “Three.”

Bebe’s little eyes instantly turned as round as the moon, and then he grinned so wide, his little mouth nearly split open. “Wow, wonderful, three divine sparks! Boss, what element were those divine sparks?” Bebe hurriedly asked. “Are they compatible with you, Boss? I hope those three divine sparks aren’t of fire, lightning, or something like that.”

“One is earth-style, one is wind-style, one is Destruction-style.” Linley raised his head and looked up meaningfully. “They are extremely compatible with me!”

Bebe was shocked as well. “How could there be such a coincidence?”

“How should I know?” Linley chuckled, then shook his head and sighed. “Unfortunately, I am too weak and don’t have the power to go up to the twelfth floor or higher.”

“Huh?” Bebe stared at his Boss in confusion. “Boss, why do you want to go even higher? The twelfth floor is only suitable for Deities to challenge. If we go, that’s as good as throwing away our lives.” Bebe also knew... that from the twelfth floor onwards, the guardians of each floor were all Deities.

Without the power of a Deity, entering was certain death.

“Bebe, before we entered the eleventh floor, I told you that there is something in the Necropolis of the Gods that is calling to me.” Linley sighed, while Bebe cocked his little head.

“Ever since I arrived here in the Necropolis of the Gods, I had the feeling... that whatever is calling to me is coming from above. When I entered the tenth floor, I still felt that whatever was calling me was calling from above. At that

time, I thought that perhaps it was in the eleventh floor.”

Linley shook his head. “But after I entered the eleventh floor, I realized that I was wrong. The presence that was calling to me was still higher. Perhaps it is on the twelfth floor, or perhaps the thirteenth... it might even be as high as the eighteenth. Who knows? After all, I’m not strong enough to go higher.”

Bebe nodded slightly.

After Linley had been on the tenth floor for roughly a month, Desri came to Linley’s area. He was hesitating slightly, unable to speak.

“Desri, what is it?” Linley asked in confusion.

Desri seemed rather embarrassed. He let out two dry laughs, took a deep breath, then whispered, “Linley, I would like to know... how many divine sparks did you find on the eleventh floor?”

Linley’s heart moved. This Desri, it seemed, had some desire towards his divine sparks. However, Linley could understand why.

“Three.” Linley didn’t try to hide it.

Desri’s eyes lit up. “Can I ask what elements they were?”

“Desri, why are you asking?” the nearby Bebe asked angrily. “These divine sparks, my Boss only acquired after risking his life. Don’t forget that if the Boss hadn’t used his ‘Dimensional Edge’ to open up a pathway and then blocked all of those Abyssal Blade Demons, none of you would have survived.”

Desri looked rather awkward.

Linley glanced at Bebe, then smiled towards Desri. “There’s no reason for me not to speak of it. They are of the earth-style, the wind-style, and the Destruction-style.”

“Oh?” Desri nodded.

“Linley, there’s something I need to tell you.” Desri looked at Linley. “First of all, you don’t necessarily have to fuse with a divine spark of your own element. For example, you are entirely capable of fusing with a fire-style divine spark. But of course... the speed would be very slow. To absorb a divine spark, the only requirement is that a person be at the Saint level, which would allow his soul to

be able to fuse with the divine spark.”

Linley nodded slightly.

“In addition, every Saint can only fuse a single spark,” Desri explained.

“This, I know.” Linley nodded.

Desri hesitated, but in the end, still forced out a smile and said, “Linley, you only need a single divine spark for yourself. If... and I’m only saying if... if you were willing, would you be willing to... one of your divine sparks...” At this point, Desri didn’t know what to say.

What should he say? Ask Linley to sell it?

What could he, Desri, possibly exchange for a divine spark?

Ask Linley to gift it to him?

Desri couldn’t even force out the words to ask. The only reason why he had come and so shamelessly discussed this with Linley was because he simply had too great of a desire to become a Deity. Even if the element was different and his rate of fusion was slow, and his future rate of understanding the Laws would be impeded... he didn’t care.

“Aside from Olivier and those two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, the other experts all have this wish,” Linley secretly said to himself.

Over the past few months, almost all of the other experts had secretly come over to talk with Linley.

Even if Linley himself didn’t need the divine sparks, he still valued them highly. It must be understood... that a single divine spark represented a Demigod! He could give these three divine sparks to Gates and his brothers, or to his own brother Wharton, and let them become Deities!”

“Let me delay for now,” Linley secretly said to himself.

The experts only hinted at their interest. After all, their lives had been saved by Linley, and Linley had only managed to acquire these divine sparks after an extremely dangerous experience.

“Rumble...”

Suddenly, the entire Necropolis of the Gods began to shake.

“What’s going on?” Linley and Bebe immediately turned their heads to stare about them.

Instantly, they saw that off in the distance, an exit covered by a black aura had appeared out of nowhere. From within that black exit, a person walked out. He had long black hair, a long black beard, and wore a long black robe. It was the number one expert of the Yulan continent. Beirut.

Linley, Desri, Tulily... all the experts immediately stood up.

Beirut glanced at the experts, and then said, “The ten years are up. Everyone can now leave the Necropolis of the Gods.” And then, he turned his gaze to Linley, a hint of a smile on his lips. “Haha... Linley, I must congratulate you.”

The Predictions of Beirut

“Grandpa Beirut, you already know what happened?” Bebe instantly rushed over to him.

Beirut beamed as he hugged Bebe, nodding. “I manage the Necropolis of the Gods on behalf of the almighty Sovereign. Of course I know what happened within the Necropolis of the Gods.” Beirut cast Linley an amused, meaningful glance.

Linley suddenly understood.

Perhaps...

It was Beirut who had placed those three divine sparks there for him. If the person to successfully overcome the challenges of the eleventh floor had been Olivier, perhaps the divine sparks would have become of ‘light-style’, ‘darkness-style’, and ‘Destruction-style’ instead.

But of course, this was just Linley’s hypothesis.

“Linley.” Beirut laughed calmly as he looked at Linley. “I trust you have already had a dim sense of the Deity level. You should be at the precipice now, yes?”

Linley nodded, secretly saying to himself, “It seems that Beirut knows everything that happened within the Necropolis of the Gods. Beirut... he should be the ‘housekeeper’ for the Sovereign, in charge of managing this Necropolis of the Gods,” Linley understood.

The Necropolis of the Gods was nothing more than a game to the Sovereign, so he could send any one of his subordinates down to manage it.

Only, any one of the subordinates of a Sovereign was someone far and above Linley’s level.

“If my prediction is correct, within ten years, you should reach the Deity

level,” Beirut said.

Linley’s ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ included both the ‘Fast’ and the ‘Slow’ aspects. If Linley were to fully master the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’, then he would have fully mastered and fused those two major aspects into one, and he would have risen to the full God-level.

“Ten years?” Linley murmured to himself, then nodded slightly.

This speed was roughly on par with what he had anticipated.

The nearby Desri, Fain, and other experts all looked at Linley in shock. They all knew what Beirut was saying. Linley, not by relying on a divine spark, and only by relying on his own insights, would be able to reach the Deity level, and it would be within ten years.

Even if Linley had been training since the day he was born, he would have been training for around half a century.

Ten more years would only be sixty plus years. In sixty years, he would have reached the Deity level by his own efforts!

“But Linley, you’d best not slacken off. The potential of that young fellow, Olivier, is perhaps even a bit higher than yours.” Beirut laughed calmly, turning to look at Olivier.

These words instantly stunned Desri, Tulily, and the other experts. If Linley was powerful, fine. After all, in the Necropolis of the Gods, based on his performance... Linley was clearly more powerful than them, and he had single-handedly procured divine sparks on the eleventh floor. They admitted inferiority to him.

But Olivier...

Linley was rather surprised as well.

“Lord Beirut.” Olivier paid his respects.

Beirut smiled and nodded. “Your luck wasn’t bad. You were able to fuse both light and darkness without your soul being destroyed... I’ve wandered through countless planes, but situations like yours are rare, incredibly rare! Even I am rather envious of what you have become.”

Olivier's face changed slightly. Although Beirut hadn't said it openly, Olivier could tell that this Beirut knew his secret!

"Could it be that this Beirut is capable of inspecting my soul?" Olivier was somewhat astonished. He didn't know... that Beirut was so powerful that he could even easily riffle through someone's memories without them knowing about it. Compared to that, how trifling a matter would it be for him to inspect Olivier's soul?

Linley looked towards Olivier as well.

"This Olivier... when we encountered the Beholder King and were hit by the Beholder King's attack, I became utterly helpless, but Olivier was able to break the Beholder King's technique." Bebe had later told Linley about what had happened.

At the time, the Beholder King had been quite surprised by Olivier's soul as well.

"Based on your current rate of improvement, if my prediction is correct, in ten years if you are fast, fifty years if you are slow, you should reach the Deity level as well," Beirut said with a calm laugh.

"No wonder Olivier was so confident to say that after training for a few years, he would come challenge me." Linley had a hint of anticipation in his heart as well. Previously, he hadn't paid much attention to Olivier's words, as he now possessed the 'Profound Truths of Velocity'. He had only replied out of politeness.

But now, Linley rather looked forward to it.

Desri, Fain, Rosarie, and the other experts felt their hearts clench.

What a difference!

They had trained for thousands of years, but compared to Linley and Olivier, the difference between them was simply too great.

"Lord Beirut, might you tell us how long we need until we can reach the Deity level?" Desri said respectfully. Rosarie, Tulily... even the two Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions and the Blackscale Scorpion all looked towards Beirut with anticipation.

They wanted to hear Beirut's judgment.

Given Beirut's power, it was very easy for him to judge the level of understanding a Saint was at.

"You?" Beirut glanced at them. "For you to reach the Deity level, hrm, if you are fast, just one or two days..."

The eyes of Tulily, Desri, and the other experts all lit up.

"But if you are slow, it could take you trillions of years," Beirut finished, causing Tulily and the others to be utterly stunned. These experts deeply desired to become Deities. This was their reason for existence, the goal they had pursued for thousands of years, which they had never reached.

Beirut shook his head and laughed. "You young fellows... there is such a thing as 'genius', and both Linley and Olivier can be considered geniuses. In addition, the 'Profound Truths' that they are training in are more powerful than yours," Beirut said with a lecturing air.

Desri, Fain, and the other experts who had trained for thousands of years all listened obediently, as though they were children listening to a lecture.

"Your vision is too narrow and limited. You must understand... these countless dimensions possess countless material planes, but your gaze is limited to just the Yulan continent. Genius? Amongst the geniuses I have seen, one of them reached the Deity level ten years after being born, but I've also met those who have trained for tens of millions of years while being trapped at the Saint level."

Linley and Olivier were both stunned.

Reach the Deity level ten years after birth? This was simply monstrous. Could it be some sort of divine beast race? But even a divine beast such as Bebe would take nearly a hundred years to grow into maturity.

"Linley, Olivier." Beirut looked at the two of them. "The Yulan continent has existed for countless years, and the experts it has produced are numerous beyond measure. But of course, in the past hundred thousand years, the two of you can be considered to be the two most talented."

Linley and Olivier didn't display a hint of self-satisfaction.

“But if we look at the countless planes of the universe, there are simply far too many people who are greater geniuses than you two.” Beirut sighed. “There are some geniuses whom even I can only stare at in dumbfounded awe.”

Linley and Olivier both nodded slightly. At their current level, they had a greater vision than before.

“In addition, there are some races that are exceedingly powerful, such as those races you encountered in the Necropolis of the Gods. The Beholder race, or that Lachapalle... and so on. These races are naturally powerful. There is nothing which the boundless universe does not contain.” Beirut turned to look at Desri and the other experts.

Desri and the other experts had a rather unpleasant feeling in their hearts.

“After becoming powerful, don’t grow complacent. As for Fain and the rest of you, don’t underestimate yourselves. After all, in the Yulan continent, you are already at the top of the mountain. In the countless planes, there are even people who have trained for tens of millions of years without being able to reach the Deity level. There are plenty of people far inferior to you.”

Desri, Fain, and the other experts could only laugh bitterly in their hearts.

There were many people they were superior to, but also many they were inferior to.

“The most important thing is having self-confidence,” Beirut said seriously. “Actually, I’ve discovered that in your hearts, you’ve all begun to doubt yourselves. You’ve become worried over having been at the Prime Saint level for so long, and thus you entrusted your hopes to getting a divine spark?”

“Wrong!”

Beirut shook his head. “If even you yourselves doubt yourselves and don’t have strong faith in yourselves, how can you possibly break through to the Deity level?”

Desri, Fain, and the other experts all felt their hearts tremble.

Indeed, they had all entrusted their hopes to finding a divine spark, and deep in their hearts, they had begun to doubt their own ability.

“But Linley and Olivier are different. They believe in themselves, believe that they will be able to train to the highest levels, and so they truly have continued to advance, making one breakthrough after another.” Beirut sighed appreciatively.

This was indeed the truth. Linley’s heart had always been focused on reaching the limits of training, never doubting his own ability. As for Olivier, when he had first left the O’Brien Empire and arrived in the Arctic Icecap, despite being so weak, he had dared to say that he would challenge Rutherford.

Even now, after Linley had returned from the eleventh floor with divine cores, he still dared to say that in the future, he would challenge Linley.

Self-confidence!

Linley and Olivier were both filled with self-confidence, and they were both extremely hard working as well.

If a person constantly doubted themselves, it would simply be too hard to make a breakthrough.

“Thank you, Lord Beirut.” Desri and the other experts seemed to understand a bit.

Beirut said calmly, “After having experienced countless life and death experiences in the Necropolis of the Gods, can it be that you’ve gained not even a shred of insight? This sort of place, where one is constantly at the border between life and death, can easily allow someone’s potential to be unleashed and a breakthrough to be made. Unfortunately, none of you had truly believed in yourselves.”

“Enough. Everyone leave the Necropolis of the Gods,” Beirut said.

Linley and the other experts followed Beirut out from the exit he had created, leaving the tenth floor.

Outside of the Necropolis of the Gods was the bottom of the sea.

As soon as Linley and the others came out, they discovered that there was one black exit after another leading from the second, fifth, and tenth floors of the Necropolis of the Gods. Clearly... these three levels had Saints present.

“Hrm? War God, High Priest, Dylin, Cesar...” Linley instantly noticed the four great Deities standing off in the distance.

At this moment, there was a large group of experts outside the Necropolis of the Gods, such as Higginson and the others. Aside from Linley and the other nine who had remained on the tenth floor, there were nearly twenty or so other experts who had stayed on the second and fifth floors. One of them was a familiar figure...

“Barker!” Linley’s eyes instantly turned round, and a look of wild joy appeared on his face.

“Lord Linley!” Barker saw Linley as well, and immediately flew over with surprise and joy.

Linley excitedly gave Barker a bear-hug. If Barker truly had died, then on the return trip back home, Linley truly would have found it hard to face Gates and the others, as well as Barker’s wife and son.

“Barker, you didn’t die!” Bebe flew over to Barker as well with a surprised howl.

Barker began to laugh as well.

Outside the Necropolis of the Gods, the experts who knew each other began to engage in conversation, such as the personal disciples of the War God who had been hiding on the second or fifth floor. All of the lucky survivors were here.

“Barker, how did you manage to escape from the third floor?” Linley immediately asked.

Barker shook his head. “I was very baffled as well. When the Ba-Serpent woke up, he slaughtered many of the Saints, and I didn’t know if you, Lord Linley, had even managed to flee or not. I couldn’t see anything clearly.”

Linley nodded slightly.

“Only, after slaughtering all of the Saints on the third floor, the Ba-Serpent gave me a whack with his tail.”

Linley’s heart trembled. Although Barker was still alive and perfectly well, that

scene was simply terrifying to even contemplate. How could Barker not have died after being struck by the tail of the divine beast, Ba-Serpent?

“The strange thing was, when the tail of the Ba-Serpent struck me, it sent me flying back an extremely great distance, and I was totally paralyzed, as though an invisible rope was wrapped around me. When I landed... I found that, as if by coincidence, I fell into the exit to the second floor.” Barker, even while telling the story, seemed to find it unbelievable as well.

Linley and Bebe immediately stared, mouths gaping.

“Hey there, guys,” a playful voice rang out, and a devilish, green-haired youngster suddenly appeared next to Linley and the others.

Linley, Barker, and Bebe immediately looked in astonishment at this nearby green-haired youngster. The three of them had only noticed his presence after he had spoken.

“Linley, right?” The devilish green-haired man laughed. “Not bad. You were actually able to successfully get the divine sparks on the eleventh floor. You rock, kiddo.” As he spoke, he patted Linley on his head. Linley wanted to dodge, but he found that his body couldn’t move at all.”

“Godrealm!” Linley was shocked.

Aside from the War God and the rest of the four, there was another Deity-level expert?

“Tarosse, get over here,” the distant Beirut called out.

The devilish green-haired youth immediately ran over quite obediently, laughing, “Lord Beirut, let’s go back to the Yulan continent. It’s been so long since I’ve gone back. I really do miss home.”

All of the experts looked at the devilish green-haired youth in puzzlement. Who was he?

Beirut glanced at the surrounding experts. Calmly, he said, “Let me introduce you. This person is named Tarosse, and quite a few of you have met him before. He was the guardian of the first eleven floors of the Necropolis of the Gods, that slumbering divine beast, the ‘Ba-Serpent’.”

“Ba-Serpent?” Many of the experts were shocked, and when they looked at Tarosse, their eyes were now filled with respect and fear, while deep in their hearts, they secretly felt hatred as well.

After all, many experts had been slaughtered by Tarosse.

“I know the four of you. I knew Catherine from way back. We’re old friends. Oh, this one is O’Brien, and this one is Cesar, right?” Tarosse chortled.

O’Brien and Cesar didn’t dare to say much. After all, Tarosse was a full God!

Linley could tell that this Tarosse should be only now meeting O’Brien and Cesar for the first time, but had met Catherine in the past.

“Whoaaaaah. Dylin. My dear friend! Your luck is excellent. You actually managed to escape from the Gebados Prison. The happiest part of me getting out of there is having a chance to see you. C’mere, we two buddies need to have a nice reunion.” As he spoke, ‘Tarosse’ went over to give Dylin a hug.

Dylin, with a frown, moved next to Beirut.

Right now, Dylin was not in a good mood, because his second son had died. These lower eleven floors were under the control of Tarosse. However, he knew that Tarosse wasn’t able to break the rules. He was able to turn a blind eye to some things, but if he were to intentionally rescue someone on a certain floor, that was not permissible. Even a Highgod would fall if he violated the rules of the Sovereign.

“Tarosse, enough,” Beirut said calmly, and Tarosse immediately no longer dared to make another sound, standing obediently behind Beirut. Only, he turned his head to wink at Barker. Barker now understood... that the ‘Tarosse’ in front of him was the Ba-Serpent.

The Ba-Serpent who had spared his life!

“Everyone, prepare to head out and return to the Yulan continent,” Beirut said calmly.

“Yes, Lord Beirut,” all of the experts said in unison.

Under Beirut’s leadership, Tarosse and the rest of the five Deities as well as the thirty Saints headed back together, journeying back towards the Yulan

continent.

On this day, it was Yulan calendar's year 10034, March 4th. Exactly ten years had passed since Linley and the others had arrived!

Part II

The Descent of the Gods

Coming Home

Deep in the bottom of the sea, with Beirut in the lead, the experts began to fly towards that interdimensional door.

“The Necropolis of the Gods...” Linley turned to glance at it.

Although they had flown tens of kilometers away from it, that twenty-thousand-meter-tall structure, the Necropolis of the Gods, was still as visible as ever. The side currently facing Linley was still that carving of a coiled, serpent-like wingless dragon. Upon seeing that enormous dragon sculpture, Linley’s heart naturally surged with a familiar feeling.

“No matter what it is that is within the Necropolis of the Gods calling to me, I can’t just throw my life away. At home, I have Delia, Taylor, and Sasha.” Linley couldn’t help but suddenly think of his wife and children, his heart filling with warmth.

Within the boundless South Sea. Although the ocean winds weren’t very strong, waves still rolled gently over the ocean’s surface. The scorching noonday sun shone down upon the surface of the sea, causing it to reflect with dazzling light.

“Drip, drip...”

The waves of the sea suddenly bizarrely split apart, and the black-robed Beirut was the first to fly out from the bottom of the sea. Behind him was the War God O’Brien, the High Priest, Dylin, Cesar, and Tarosse, the five Deities. Behind them were those nearly thirty lucky survivors of the Necropolis of the Gods, the remaining Saints.

“Whew!” After arriving on the surface of the sea, Linley took a deep, greedy breath of air.

“This is the taste of the air of the Yulan continent.” Linley raised his head,

staring at that scorching sun. His face couldn't help but have a hint of a smile on it.

"The feeling of coming home is wonderful," Linley murmured to himself.

Not just Linley. Even Barker, Olivier, Fain, Desri, and the other experts all had smiles on their faces. The Yulan continent was the plane that had given birth to and nurtured them. In this plane, their souls felt extremely comfortable and at ease.

"Lord Beirut, I'll only escort you this far, then," Tarosse said respectfully.

Beirut glanced at him, then nodded. "Fine. But Tarosse, you should know my rules. I trust you won't violate them again." Beirut gave Tarosse a cold glance, and Tarosse immediately squeezed out a smile.

"Lord Beirut, don't worry. The current Tarosse is no longer that Tarosse of ten thousand years ago," Tarosse said respectfully.

"Mm. Let's go," Beirut ordered calmly.

The other experts followed Beirut and flew towards the north at high speed. Only Tarosse was left behind, staring at the endless sea. He murmured, "I'm finally back..." And then Tarosse dove down into the sea.

Linley and the other experts continued to fly north in the air above the sea.

"Lord Linley, when we returned from the Necropolis of the Gods to the Yulan continent, it was Tarosse who opened the interdimensional gateway. It seems that one needs to be at the full God-level of power to activate it." Barker and Linley were engaged in a quiet conversation.

Linley nodded.

"That should be the case. But that Tarosse spared your life... we owe him a debt."

"Right." Barker nodded. "But I don't understand why he did that."

Linley laughed. "Enough, don't worry about it. You should celebrate your survival instead. But it really is quite odd. I didn't imagine that the divine beast, the 'Ba-Serpent', belonged to our Yulan continent plane, and was a magical beast of the South Seas."

“Linley.” Cesar, who was flying up ahead, suddenly slowed down his flying speed. Flying next to Linley, he laughed and whispered, “Are you discussing Tarosse? This Tarosse... ten thousand years ago, he was extremely famous. Back then, he was known as the ‘King of the South Seas’, and only Dylin was comparable to him. But of course, Lord Beirut doesn’t count.”

“Oh?” Linley was secretly astonished.

This Ba-Serpent truly was extraordinary.

“Linley, I have to thank you,” Cesar continued.

“Lord Cesar, what do you mean?” Linley was startled. Cesar lowered his voice still further. “Thank you for saving Rosarie’s life. Alas... Rosarie, that woman, is simply too stubborn. She insisted on heading to the Necropolis of the Gods on her own. Good thing you were there, as otherwise, this time...”

Linley only now understood what Cesar meant.

Cesar said resignedly, “It’s unfortunate. If we Deities are to enter the Necropolis of the Gods, we must start from the twelfth floor. It would be very hard for me to acquire a Demigod’s divine spark for Rosarie.”

“Start from the twelfth floor?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

“Right. After all, those Saint-level creatures don’t pose any threat to us at all.” Cesar laughed calmly. “Oh, we’re at the Burning Desert now. We’re back to the Yulan continent.”

Linley also saw the boundless Burning Desert.

“We’re at the Yulan continent now. Everyone, go back to your own places,” Beirut said.

“Yes, Lord Beirut,” The experts all replied respectfully, and then all of them separated. The magical beasts either flew back to the Forest of Darkness or the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, while the humans flew in all directions. As for Beirut, standing there alone, he quickly disappeared from everyone’s vision in a flash.

“What incredible speed.” Linley’s heart shook.

Even though his power had increased dramatically, compared to Beirut, the

difference was as great as that between the heavens and the earth.

“Whew. Heading home.” Bebe was on Linley’s shoulders now, extremely excited. Linley and Barker both had smiles on their faces. Clearly, they both were thinking of home as well.

Flying past the Burning Desert, traversing the Rhine Empire and the Rohault Empire. As the centrally located empires of the Yulan continent, the air above the Rhine Empire and the Rohault Empire was now fairly warm, and green leaves and vegetation could be seen growing luxuriantly everywhere.

After passing through the territory of these two empires, Linley’s group finally arrived at the Baruch Empire’s territory.

The Baruch Empire was located in the northern part of the continent. Although it wasn’t like the Eighteen Northern Duchies, a place of perpetual cold, it was still much colder than the south. Right now, although it was March, many of the trees below only had bare branches, and some areas were even covered with snow.

After Desri’s group left, only a few people continued to fly north alongside them.

“Ten years. The ‘Anarchic Lands’ have transformed so much.” Flying at high speed and staring at the cities on the boundless earth below, Linley had a hint of pride in his heart.

Ten years ago, the Baruch Empire had only just been established after twelve years of consolidation, allowing the region to catch a breather after ending the countless years of war. But now, the Baruch Empire’s population had increased dramatically, and the cities had become more graceful, comparable to the previous Holy Union.

Below, an ancient, plain and simple castle appeared within the wilderness.

The eaves of the castle were covered with a layer of thin snow, and many guards were currently patrolling atop it. This castle was the legendary ‘Dragonblood Castle’ of the Baruch Empire. It had been constructed after the former magicite mine had been completely emptied out, and was the place where Linley’s family lived.

“Linley, let’s part ways here. If you want to find me in the future, you can come to the Arctic Icecap,” Olivier gestured courteously as he spoke.

“Definitely.” Linley laughed and nodded.

Olivier immediately left, along with the remaining lucky survivors of the Arctic Icecap as they flew north at high speed. As for Linley, Barker, and Bebe, they flew down towards Dragonblood Castle.

Dragonblood Castle, the place where the spiritual pillar of the Baruch Empire, Linley, lived. According to legends, this Dragonblood Castle would often have massive dragons patrol about it. In addition, the guards of Dragonblood Castle were all the most talented warriors of the Baruch Empire. Nobody dared to invade this place.

Three streaks of light shot down from the skies towards the castle, while an enormous aura suddenly spread out, encompassing the entire Dragonblood Castle.

“Lord Linley?” That familiar aura... instantly, many of the experts of the Dragonblood Castle immediately reacted to it. Whether Zassler, Gates and his brothers, or Linley’s children, all of them ran towards the rear gardens of Dragonblood Castle.

Because Linley and the others were currently landing within the rear gardens.

The previous day’s snow had yet to melt completely, and thus clumps of snow could still be seen amongst the flowers.

“Linley’s back?” Housekeeper Hiri and Hillman, who were currently enjoying the sun in the center of the rear gardens, immediately turned to stare from afar. Linley, dressed in a sky-blue robe, and Barker, dressed in a brown robe, were standing shoulder to shoulder, while the adorable Bebe was currently standing on Linley’s shoulder.

“Uncle Hillman. Grandpa Hiri.” Linley immediately went over to greet them.

“Wonderful. Wonderful.” Housekeeper Hiri was extremely excited. “Over ten years. Ten full years. Linley, I, an old fellow, thought I might not have the chance to see you return.” Housekeeper Hiri had accompanied many generations of the Baruch’s clansmen. He was over a hundred years old now.

After all, in terms of age, Linley was over fifty years old.

However, amongst Saints, compared to those experts who had trained for thousands of years, Linley was just a young fellow.

“Lord Linley. Oh! Big brother!” Gates and Ankh, those two huge fellows, immediately charged forward, their faces covered in excitement.

“Father!” a deep voice rang out.

Still covered with sweat and wearing just a simple cloak, a sturdily built youngster rushed forward. This youngster was over two meters tall, and as he ran over, he excitedly looked everywhere before his gaze locked on Linley.

“Father.” The sturdy youngster immediately ran towards Linley.

This sturdy youngster’s features seemed to have 70% similarity with Linley’s. Only, he was physically larger than Linley. Linley immediately recognized him. With surprised joy, he said, “Taylor?”

“Father, it’s been ten years.” Taylor immediately embraced Linley.

When Linley had left his home, Taylor had only been twelve, and was just a child. But ten years later, Taylor was already twenty-two years old. If he were to stand side by side with Linley and someone were to claim that Linley and Taylor were siblings, many would probably believe it.

After all, Linley’s appearance was virtually unchanged.

“Father, you look exactly like you did ten years ago.” Taylor was so excited that his eyes were turning red. After all, to the twenty-two-year-old Taylor, ten years was indeed an extremely long period of time.

Linley patted Taylor on the head, a smile on his face. Linley had always felt a hint of guilt towards Taylor. A person’s childhood... was the most important period to them in their development, but he, Linley, had never had much time to spend with his son.

“Where’s your sister, Sasha?” Linley asked.

Taylor shook his head. “Sis isn’t at home. She went to the imperial capital. Most likely, she’ll only come back some time later.”

“Your mother?” Linley noticed that Delia hadn’t come out yet.

Right at this moment, a beautiful young lady holding an infant walked out. The beautiful young woman, upon seeing Linley, had a hint of worship in her eyes. Linley glanced at this young lady, puzzled. “Taylor, who is this?”

“Jenny, quick, come on over,” Taylor immediately called to her.

The beautiful young woman walked over, then said, somewhat nervously, “Father!”

“Father?” Linley was somewhat astonished.

Taylor immediately chortled, “Father, come, this is your precious grandson. He was born just three months ago.” Taylor immediately took the infant from the arms of the young lady, then held him out in front of Linley. “Father, look at how cute he is.”

“Grandson?” Linley was rather flabbergasted.

He hadn’t come back in ten years. Not only had his son grown up, he had a son of his own now.

“Haha... Boss. That look on your face... so funny.” Bebe was laughing loudly now, and the others began to laugh as well. Only, they didn’t dare to laugh as wildly as Bebe did.

Linley couldn’t help but clout Taylor on the head. “Taylor, you little rascal. You got married and had a kid without even waiting for your father, me, to come back.” Linley didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. He just stared at his grandson in front of him, with his tender, watery skin, and those adorable, pure, pitch-black eyes staring at Linley in confusion.

As soon as Linley had seen his grandson, he immediately took a liking to this adorable kid.

Linley immediately reached out to hold the infant. Linley was extremely careful. Even when he was picking up those three divine sparks in the Necropolis of the Gods, he hadn’t been as careful as he was now.

“Oh... what a good boy...” Linley held his grandson, a smile blossoming on his face.

Taylor and his wife, Jenny, glanced at each other, smiles appearing on their faces as well. Jenny whispered into Taylor's ear, "Taylor, didn't you say that your lord father ripped a Hellfire Phoenix apart with his bare hands? But your lord father doesn't seem as terrifying a person as the legends make him out to be."

Taylor looked at his father, Linley. Right now, Linley looked as though he were holding the rarest of treasures in his arms.

"Taylor, have you picked a name for the child yet?" Linley raised his head to look at Taylor.

"I have. His name is Arnold," Taylor said.

"Arnold?" Linley lowered his head, looking into Arnold's pure, jet-black eyes. He said softly, "Arnold, Arnold..." This was his first grandson, and this feeling of holding him filled Linley's heart with satisfaction and fulfillment.

Becoming a Deity?

After spending ten years in the Necropolis of the Gods, he came back to a grandson.

This truly caught Linley somewhat off-guard, but while holding Arnold in his arms, Linley still felt very happy.

Within the main hall of the castle.

“Taylor, where is your mother?” Linley asked.

Taylor immediately began to laugh. “Father, two years after you left, Mother reached the Grand Magus Saint level...”

“What? Two years?” Linley wasn’t only overjoyed; he was also shocked.

In the Necropolis of the Gods, he had finally broken through to the Grand Magus Saint level on the tenth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods. That was the ninth year in the Necropolis of the Gods. Compared to Delia, Linley had actually reached the Grand Magus Saint level much slower.

“Delia really is amazing,” Linley secretly said to himself while grinning.

Taylor continued, “After reaching the Grand Magus Saint level, she went to the underground training room you always used. A while ago, when Arnold was born, Mother had come out of seclusion, but after his first month, Mother went back to continue training.”

“Oh?” Linley nodded slightly.

Turning, he glanced at the others. “Everyone, wait here for now. I’ll bring Delia out soon. We’ll have dinner together.”

Deep within Dragonblood Castle was that mysterious dimensional gateway. Only, compared to the dimensional gateway beneath the South Sea, this one was much smaller. Linley’s body was already covered with a ‘Pulseguard

Defense' layer, and he walked in.

"Ten years."

Linley stood in the pocket dimension. Outside of that membrane was chaotic space, and within it, Delia was seated cross-legged, meditating. Her face was covered with a holy light, and she seemed like a goddess.

"Hrm?" Linley suddenly frowned in confusion.

While she was training, the aura that Delia was emitting was actual capable of causing Linley's heart to clench.

Delia opened her eyes, turning her head in puzzlement. But when she saw Linley, she immediately stood up in surprised joy. "Linley!" Delia's eyes instantly turned red. The feeling of being separated for ten years truly had been hard to endure.

Delia threw herself into Linley's arms, clutching Linley tightly.

Linley also tightly held Delia, saying softly by her ear, "Forgive me, Delia."

"Linley, I've been so afraid. I was afraid that you wouldn't be able to return from the Necropolis of the Gods." As Delia spoke, Linley suddenly felt that his clothes were growing wet. Delia was already crying!

Delia lifted her head to look at Linley, a mixture of laughter and tears on her face, with tears glistening on her eyelashes. "Linley, you won't leave now that you are back, right?"

"I'm not leaving, I'm not leaving," Linley reassured her.

Linley and Delia walked towards the stone bed, sitting down while holding each other.

"Right, Delia. Why is it that I have the feeling as though you are rather different compared to the past?" Linley asked questioningly.

Delia looked at Linley, intentionally putting on a mysterious air. "Linley, guess why I am different from before?"

"Is it because you have reached the Grand Magus Saint level?" Linley asked.

Delia shook her head.

“Hrm?” Linley couldn’t understand it.

Delia smiled, then said softly, “Linley, I’ll tell you big a secret. I. Have already... become a Deity!”

Linley instantly was utterly stunned. It was as though he had been struck by a bolt of lightning. He was speechless for a long time.

“What did you just say? Delia, did you say you’ve become a Deity?” Linley stared disbelievingly at Delia. How could one become a Deity so easily? The likes of Desri and Fain had trained for so many years without success. Even Linley himself had experienced countless life and death battles before, out of a lucky happenstance, he had broken through on the eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods.”

But despite that, Linley would still need around ten years to become a Deity.

Delia had become a Deity?

“It’s true.” Delia nodded.

“Delia, stop joking around.” Linley began to laugh. “If you really want to become a Deity, that’s not a big deal. This time, I acquired divine sparks in the Necropolis of the Gods, one of which is a wind-style divine spark of a Demigod. You can use it to become a Deity.”

Delia gently shook her head.

“Linley, watch carefully,” Delia said softly to Linley.

Suddenly...

A strange presence suddenly filled the area. Linley felt as though he had suddenly come under tremendous invisible pressure, binding him and causing him to be unable to move.

“Godrealm?” The experienced Linley instantly understood.

But Linley’s layer of Pulseguard Defense over his body shuddered and broke free of the ‘binding’. Linley couldn’t help but feel astonished. How could a so-called ‘Godrealm’ be broken through so easily?

Linley stared at Delia in disbelief.

Delia said, somewhat embarrassed, “I’ve only been fusing with this divine spark for eight years, and I’ve only gained insight into a small part of the Laws held within it. I haven’t even finished absorbing the divine spark. I can only use this ‘Godrealm’ for scaring people. After I completely absorb the divine spark, my ‘Godrealm’ will become a true ‘Godrealm’.”

Hearing Delia say this, Linley stared at her in astonishment.

“Delia, what is this all about?” Linley spoke.

Linley was truly stunned.

He came back after ten years and found a grandson, fine. But his wife had become a Deity too?

“Linley, do you still remember how on the day of our wedding, Bebe said that the Violet-Gold Rat King friend of his had given him a black stone? And then, Bebe had given that black stone to me as our wedding present,” Delia said.

Linley’s mind suddenly shook.

“Delia, are you saying that the black stone...” Linley was no fool. Now that Delia mentioned it, he instantly understood.

“Right. That black stone was a wind-style Demigod divine spark!” Delia said.

“So it really was the case...” Linley felt that this was simply too ridiculous.

It was all too ridiculous.

There was no need to describe how important a divine spark was. Desri and the others had pursued godhood for thousands of years, and even Linley had only acquired these three divine sparks through experiencing countless dangers and near-death situations. But now he suddenly learned... that on the day of his wedding, the wedding gift he had been presented with was actually a divine spark!

“I couldn’t believe it either, but after I began to absorb this divine spark... I knew that it couldn’t be fake, right?” Delia said honestly.

Linley nodded slightly.

“At first, during our wedding, although I had bound the black stone by blood

and absorbed it into my body, I couldn't sense it at all... only, from that day onwards, my spiritual energy and mageforce both increased at a ridiculously fast rate," Delia said.

Linley laughed. "With a divine spark in your body, how could you possibly not train quickly?"

"But I was never able to sense the presence of the divine spark. Only roughly two years after you left, when I reached the Grand Magus Saint level and my soul began to change, did I clearly begin to sense the existence of the divine spark. At that time, I totally understood."

Linley nodded. "Right. Only after reaching the Saint level can one's soul truly be able to fuse with a divine spark."

The reason why she had never been able to sense it in the past, and why she had trained so rapidly, had all become clear. Now Linley fully understood the reason for her 'rapid improvement'.

"Delia, according to what you said, you have already spent eight years fusing with this divine spark, but you've only absorbed part of it?" Linley asked. Linley himself knew that if he didn't train and instead used a divine spark to become a Deity, he would still need a very long period of time.

"Right." Delia nodded. "It might be because in the past, I didn't have any insights into the Elemental Laws at all. So, just like reading a book, I had to slowly begin understanding the most basic, elementary aspects of the Laws within this divine spark. Most likely, only after I finish understanding everything it contains will I be able to completely absorb this divine spark, and only then will it completely belong to me."

Linley nodded.

To ordinary people, becoming a Deity was something that required constant experiments, and which had to be taken one step at a time.

But with a divine spark, it was as though all of the profound truths of the Laws were laid bare before you, allowing you to peruse them at your leisure. After you understood them, that was enough.

"I expect that it will take at least ten or twenty years of hard work before I'll

be able to completely absorb this divine spark and understand the profound mysteries of the Laws it contains.” Delia said rather resignedly, “However, although I do understand some of the profound truths of the Elemental Laws of the Wind, I have no idea how to actually use them...”

Linley was stunned.

“Delia, what do you mean by saying that?” Linley didn’t understand.

“I mean, I have some insights into the Laws, but I don’t know... how to use them to attack,” Delia said, embarrassed.

Linley suddenly understood.

“Hahahaha...” Linley began to laugh loudly.

This logic was actually quite simple. For example, if a divine spark contained the profound truths of the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’, a Saint who fused with the divine spark would also understand the profound truths within the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’... but he wouldn’t actually know how to use it.

For example, using the vibrations of the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ to attack was what Linley had developed into his own special attack, the ‘Profound Truths of the Earth’.

When utilizing it for his defense, it became the ‘Pulseguard Defense’.

Understanding the profound truths of the Laws was nothing more than understanding a theory. If you actually wanted to use it to kill someone, you still had to understand how to put that theory into practice.

For example, if someone gained insight into the ‘Fast’ aspect and you then asked them to utilize the ‘Myriad Swords Converge’, would they be able to do so?

This was a form of application!

This was the problem with absorbing someone else’s divine spark. The divine spark only contained the insights into the mysteries of the Law, but didn’t include the special techniques that the original owner had used to actually apply and utilize the Laws.

“The question of ‘application’ is indeed a tricky one. Right, Delia. This divine

spark of yours which possesses mysteries regarding the Elemental Laws of the Wind... what type of mysteries does it contain?" Linley asked. "If it has to do with speed, I might be able to give you some pointers."

Delia shook her head. "I don't know how to explain it clearly. I've only managed to understand a small part of it. Okay, I can put it to you like this. The mysteries contained within this divine spark which I am fusing with is somewhat similar to the wind-style spell, 'Void Extermination'."

"Void Extermination?" Linley nodded slightly.

"I truly don't know anything about that at all." Linley wanted to help but couldn't.

Linley then laughed. "Enough. Delia, for now, just work hard on training. After you fully understand the mysteries of this divine spark, come up with ways of applying what you have learned. Actually, the control over wind elemental essence that the divine spark confers upon you will allow you to form a 'Godrealm', and within that realm, Saints won't be able to move at all."

Delia laughed as well. This was the biggest difference between a Saint and a Deity.

The divine spark, in and of itself, represented a type of authority.

Actually, the Sovereigns and the Highgods weren't necessarily that different in terms of their level of understanding of the Laws. Only... with but a thought, a Sovereign could kill a Highgod. This was the unparalleled authority that a 'divine Sovereign spark' conveyed. And in the countless planes of the universe, the number of Sovereigns was fixed.

"Delia, it is wonderful that you are going to become a Deity. But you have to work hard. Most likely, in another ten years or so of training, I'll reach the Deity level as well, on my own." Linley laughed.

"Huh?" Delia stared at Linley. "You'll become a Deity yourself, after training for ten years? Aren't you going to fuse with a divine spark? Don't you have a divine spark?"

Linley shook his head. "No need. It takes a fairly long period of time to fuse with a divine spark, and in terms of effect, fusing with a divine spark isn't as

good as gaining one's own insights." Linley shook his head and laughed. "In the Necropolis of the Gods, I acquired three divine sparks, one of which, a wind-style divine spark, I was planning to give to you. But now it seems... that won't be necessary."

"Three divine sparks?" Delia was surprised.

Delia, as well, understood what a divine spark represented. These three divine sparks could produce three Demigods. On the Yulan continent, Demigods were the most powerful creatures in existence.

"Three divine sparks isn't too much." Linley sighed. "This time, on my trip to the Necropolis of the Gods, I went to the most dangerous of the three Necropolis of the Gods. In the past, not a single person had ever succeeded. In such a dangerous place, it is only fair for the reward to be three divine sparks."

If there had only been a single divine spark, Linley would have felt it quite unjust.

"Dangerous?" Delia said hurriedly. "Linley, tell me about what happened in the Necropolis of the Gods."

Linley nodded, then immediately began to tell her about this trip to the bottom of the South Seas.

Only, Linley remained puzzled about something. There was no question that the divine spark he had received on his wedding came courtesy of Lord Beirut via the Violet-Gold Rat King. What was Lord Beirut's intentions in giving Delia a divine spark? Could it be that he didn't care about divine sparks? But it seemed that his three children were still Saints.

Linley truly couldn't understand it.

The three Violet-Gold Rat King brothers were all Saints, and yet they never entered the Necropolis of the Gods. Seemingly, they didn't care about becoming Deities. Towards the King of the Yulan continent, Beirut... Linley was beginning to feel that he was more and more mysterious.

Dividing the Treasures

Dragonblood Castle. Within the underground pocket dimension.

Linley's wife, Delia, was listening to him talk about the events of the Necropolis of the Gods. As she listened, she felt fear for him as he described encountering the Ba-Serpent on the third floor...

Felt worry for Barker's near-death experience.

Felt shock at the frightful power of the Flame Tyrant on the sixth floor.

Felt terror at how Linley had nearly died under the tendrils of Queen Mother Lachapalle.

"A million Abyssal Blade Demons!" Delia, hearing what Linley had encountered on the eleventh floor, was totally petrified. "When we sent our army to fight against the Radiant Church and the Cult of Shadows who had joined forces against us, I saw an army of five hundred thousand. Five hundred thousand soldiers already composed a sea of people, endless and uncountable."

"Right. They were boundless and inexhaustible in number."

Linley couldn't help but think back to that scene. At that time, as soon as the experts had exited from the underground area, nearly a million Abyssal Blade Demons, covering the skies, had simultaneously charged forth while chopping down with long range energy blades. What an apocalyptic scene that had been. That was what had caused the second of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions to die.

"Continue telling me more. How did you escape, and how did you manage to acquire divine sparks in that sort of environment." Delia was nervous.

Delia knew very well that right now, having only partially begun to fuse with the divine spark, she could only be considered a half-god. Even her 'Godrealm' was incomplete, and she wasn't able to actually apply any of the profound

mysteries in the Elemental Laws at all. If she had been on the eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, most likely those massed Abyssal Blade Demons would have slaughtered her.

Linley immediately continued, describing how the experts had risked everything to charge towards the tunnel. He described how in the end, he had gone to block those Abyssal Blade Demons, and then how he had been pursued underground before finally coming to understand the 'Profound Truths of Velocity'.

"Whew." After Linley finished his story, Delia finally dared to let out a breath and relax.

Delia raised her head to look at Linley.

Delia still remembered how, all those years in the past, Linley had been the indomitable young genius magus of the Ernst Institute. And now, Linley was an ultimate expert who was capable of dominating a million Abyssal Blade Demons. Delia couldn't help but feel proud of her husband.

"What are you looking at?" Linley laughed.

"Looking at you." Delia's current expression was like that of an innocent young girl.

Linley began to laugh. "Right, Delia. What do you think I should do with these three divine sparks? All of those experts had hinted interest in them towards me. But of course, after having been lectured by Lord Beirut, perhaps they have changed their minds."

Linley had to admit that Delia was much stronger than him in terms of managing human relations.

"Linley, jeeze..." Delia couldn't help but laugh in resignation, shaking her head. "You really... I don't even want to lecture you any longer. In the Necropolis of the Gods, of the humans, Desri, Olivier, Fain, Rosarie, and Tulily remain. Of these five, Desri has the best relationship with us, right? And according to Beirut, Olivier's potential is very high!"

"But think about it. Fain received a Pearl of Life, while Tulily and Rosarie each received a divine artifact. Olivier and Desri, on the other hand, received

nothing.”

Delia laughed as she looked at Linley. “Olivier’s potential is high, while Desri is on good terms with us. Both are worthy of being pulled closer to us. But... neither of them received anything.”

Linley opened his mouth, but didn’t know what to say.

“Linley, your status is now different compared to the past. You are the pillar of our Baruch Empire. You can’t make decisions so casually any longer,” Delia said. “Look, right now, in the human societies of the Yulan continent, the two most powerful are the Yulan Empire and the O’Brien Empire, because they possess the War God and the High Priest.”

“Only with a Deity will an empire have longevity.”

“Even if you become a Deity, Linley, most likely, compared to the likes of the War God, it will still be hard for you to overcome them. After all, they have been Deities for a long time.”

Linley nodded slightly.

The power of the War God and the High Priest was indeed far greater than he could hope to fathom for now.

Delia sighed. “Desri himself lives in the borders of our Baruch Empire, and his daughter has married your good friend, Reynolds. You should pull Desri closer to our side and let us all become one family.”

“But of course, while pulling others close is important, strengthening our own people is even more important,” Delia said. “Thus, I think that of the three divine sparks, one of them needs to go to your little brother Wharton, or to one of the Barker brothers.”

“The second divine spark should be reserved for Desri.”

“As for the third divine spark, for now, just hold on to it, in case we suddenly need it. For example, if the War God or the High Priest were to come and ask for it on behalf of a disciple. Or, for example, if Dylin or Cesar came. Both are possible. Dylin has his sons, while Cesar has that Rosarie. For them to owe us a debt is a good thing for us.”

Hearing Delia's analysis, Linley felt as though the mystery bedeviling him had suddenly been resolved.

"Alright, Delia. We'll just do what you said." Linley nodded.

Delia continued, "Linley, as for your ten divine artifacts, three red warblades, and a thousand regular Abyssal Blade Demon blades... as I see it, the thousand Abyssal Blade Demon warblades should temporarily be stored. They can be considered the guardian treasures of our empire. After all, every single one of them is comparable to your adamantine heavy sword. In addition, if we were to take them all out at once, a great tumult would be caused in the continent."

Linley nodded.

"As for the thirteen divine artifacts, including those red warblades, that's much easier to dispose of. Divide them out within the family, or perhaps you can give one or two of them to Desri. The divine artifacts are easy to divide up," Delia said.

Linley began to laugh. "Alright. However, there is one item amongst the thirteen which you have to take."

"What?" Delia asked curiously.

Linley, with a flip of his hand, retrieved a set of divine battle armor from his interspatial ring. "Delia, this divine battle armor is yours."

"Uh?" Delia was momentarily stunned, then she immediately said, "Linley, you are the pillar of our empire. You should be the one to wear this divine battle armor."

Linley began to laugh. "No need, Delia. First of all, I already have a Pearl of Life. Secondly... once I reach the Deity level... you need to understand that the 'Sacred Earthguard Armor' spell can be used at the Deity level as well. At that time... the defensive power of my 'Divine Earth Armor' will definitely be on par with your divine battle armor.

"Then give it to Wharton. After all, I'm fusing a divine spark," Delia said.

Linley shook his head. "No need. Didn't you say it yourself? One of the three divine sparks will be reserved for our own people. In a few days, I'll go ask

Wharton if he is willing to fuse a divine spark. If he is willing, then he will become a Deity. If he isn't willing, then after I finish a final matter, I will give my Pearl of Life to him."

"A last matter?" Delia started. "Linley, are you saying...?"

Linley nodded slightly. "I have been looking forward to this for a long, long time. Although right now, I don't have complete confidence, they definitely don't have the ability to injure me." Linley's eyes flashed with a hint of fierce light.



*

Wharton had already retired and given up the throne to his son, Cena Baruch, who was the new Emperor of the Baruch Empire.

After learning that Linley had returned, Wharton had immediately flown back and returned to Dragonblood Castle, and Linley's daughter, Sasha, had returned as well. All five of the Barker brothers reunited here, and now, all of the people who had followed Linley so many years ago were together in the hall.

Linley asked Wharton if he was willing to absorb the divine spark to become a Deity. After all, Wharton was himself already a Dragonblood Warrior Saint.

But Wharton's response made Linley feel resigned.

"Big bro, if I were to fuse with the elemental divine spark you want to give me, after I become an earth-style Demigod, would I still be able to continue training in the Elemental Laws of Fire?"

"You cannot. Once you become an earth-style Demigod, your ability to sense other elements will drop greatly, while your ability to sense earth elemental essence will greatly rise. Earth-style Demigods will find it virtually impossible to gain insights into the Elemental Laws of Fire."

"Big bro, do you have a fire-style divine spark?"

"I do not."

"Then I won't use it."

Wharton's response had been very simple and blunt. As it turned out, upon reaching the Saint level, Wharton had begun to walk on the path of the Elemental Laws of Fire. Although Wharton had just begun to gain insights, he truly enjoyed the sensation of understanding the Elemental Laws of Fire.

Linley didn't argue with him.

He understood his little brother, because he, too, liked the feeling of his soul becoming one with the earth or with the wind. He liked feeling the wind's freedom and the earth's vastness. To Linley, training in the Elemental Laws of Wind and Earth was a sort of spiritual relaxation and enjoyment.

If someone were to give Linley a fire-style divine spark and then tell him to go fuse it, Linley wouldn't be willing to do so either.

Because...

Once the fire-style divine spark was fused, he would immediately become a fire-style Demigod, which would make it virtually impossible for him to gain any more insights in the other Elemental Laws.

"To become a fire-style Demigod and to give up the Profound Truths of the Earth and the Wind?" Linley shook his head.

In addition, there was a big difference between becoming a Deity through using a divine spark and between achieving it on one's own.

Linley then went to ask the Barker brothers.

Gates and the other three insisted that their boss, Barker, be the one to fuse with the divine core, while Barker himself just so happened to like the earth-style. Thus, Linley gave the earth-style Demigod divine spark to Barker, who began to fuse with the divine spark and train in seclusion.



*

In the rear gardens of Dragonblood Castle.

Four young men were seated around a round table, laughing loudly and drinking loudly. These four people were: Linley, Reynolds, Yale, George.

“It has been over ten years since we four bros have met. Come, cheers, everyone!” Yale laughed loudly as he spoke. Right now, the weakest of the four of them was Yale, but even he was a magus of the seventh rank by now and possessed a lifespan of centuries.

Their appearances still seemed very young.

“Boss Yale, congratulations on becoming the Chairman of the Dawson Conglomerate.” Linley laughed.

Linley was incomparably delighted to be together with his closest friends of his youth.

“Haha, Third Bro, I can’t compare to you at all.” Yale chortle, and then slapped George on the shoulders. “Second Bro, the two of us have been out-competed by Third Bro and Fourth Bro. Third Bro goes without saying; he reached the Saint level long ago. After founding the Baruch Empire and getting married, it’s been, what, twenty-four years, right? In the past twenty-four years, our Fourth Bro, who was previously a magus of the seventh rank, is now a magus of the ninth rank. But the two of us?”

George began to laugh as well. “Boss Yale, don’t group me in with you. Two years ago, I finally became a magus of the eighth rank. I’m a level higher than you.”

This year was year 10034 of the Yulan calendar. Linley’s wedding had been on year 10010.

Twenty-four years.

Of course, for ultimate experts, they might go into seclusion for training for a century at a time. A few decades was nothing.

“I’ve been busy and haven’t had enough time to train. Fortunately, I’ve finally reached the seventh rank as a magus, at least.” Yale let out two laughs.

George was an important minister of the Yulan Empire, while Yale was busy managing the affairs of the Conglomerate. Indeed, they hadn’t spent enough time on their training.

“Third Bro.” Yale clapped Linley on his shoulders twice. “Life truly is

interesting for someone like you. You founded a massive empire and became one of the ultimate experts of the continent. There are so many hot-blooded youths in the continent who have set you as their goal. Those hot-blooded youths are just like how we four bros were in the past!”

Linley, George, Yale, and Reynolds fell silent for a time.

They couldn’t help but think back to the events of their youth.

Reynolds suddenly laughed. “Boss Yale, you are now the Chairman of one of the three great trading unions of the Yulan continent. Your wealth rivals that of an empire. According to what you say, you should be satisfied as well, right?”

“Not yet. There’s still two other trading unions.” Yale’s eyes were shining. “I really want to swallow up both the ‘Snow Island Syndicate’ and the ‘Gere Group’. Unfortunately, it’s too hard. Still, that just makes it challenging and interesting.”

Linley stood up.

“Right. Only something hard is challenging.” Linley raised his head to look at the sky.

The Yulan continent was just a material plane. In the boundless universe, there were countless planes, and above the ordinary planes, there were Four Higher Planes and Seven Divine Planes.

He himself was nothing more than at the top of the Yulan continent.

“Walk to the ultimate peak of training! Only that is interesting and challenging.” Linley had a hint of a smile on the corner of his lips.

“But before that, there’s still something I have to do.” Linley couldn’t help but turn to stare into the west, in the direction of the ‘Sacred Isle’ of Radiant Church.

Linley still remembered the death of Grandpa Doehring. Still remembered the oath he had sworn when he had left the City of Hess and entered the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. “Radiant Church, just wait. There will come the day when I will destroy you all and pull you up by the roots!”

“It’s about time,” Linley murmured to himself.

A Major Event

Dawn. Sunlight illuminated the rear garden of Dragonblood Castle. For the first time in a long time, Linley had the desire to go to the rear garden and devote himself to stonesculpting. While sculpting, Linley couldn't help but think back to one scene after another of himself with Grandpa Doehring.

"A stone's appearance, quality, grains, and coloration impact not only its appearance, but its entire potential and true form. We use chisels to remove the excess parts and allow its natural beauty to be revealed. This is stonesculpting."

"The stonesculpting way is really a way of controlling space and appearance. When stonesculpting, one must..."

The scene of Grandpa Doehring teaching him about stone sculpting was still so fresh, so vivid in Linley's mind.

After understanding the 'Profound Truths of Velocity', Linley's straight chisel moved even more gracefully and agilely, sometimes transforming into countless blurs while at other times, moving so slowly and gently... the human-shaped stone in front of him slowly took form. Linley's carving attracted the attention of Hillman, Taylor, and many others, who watched from afar.

"Father's sculpting method is so strange," Taylor said in surprise.

Hillman sighed in surprise as well. "Right. Your father's stone sculpting gives me the feeling... as though the sculpture itself already exists. All he is doing is removing the excess stone and dust that is covering it up."

The straight chisel flashed, and flecks of stone flew about.

Indeed, it was as Hillman had said. Linley was truly just removing a layer of useless stone atop the sculpture, and as the flecks of stone flew off, the sculpture slowly began to reveal its true appearance.

“Shedding the shell. This is the feeling known as ‘shedding the shell’ which stone sculptors talk about.” Jenny sighed in amazement. “Only, I have never realized that someone could be able to sculpt in such a natural manner.” Jenny herself had learned stone sculpting, but what she learned was the normal type of sculpting which required many tools.

“Hrm...”

To Linley, a single straight chisel was enough.

He started sculpting at dawn, and continued until dusk. Only then did Linley finally set aside his chisel, reaching out with a hand to gently stroke the sculpture.

“Grandpa Doehring,” Linley murmured to himself. “In the past, I promised that there would come a day when I would utterly destroy the Radiant Church and pull them up by their roots. Soon, very soon... I will be able to accomplish this.”

The sculpture in front of him was that of ‘Doehring Cowart’. Doehring Cowart’s face had that ever-present hint of a benevolent smile on it.

“Linley.” Suddenly, a voice came from behind him.

Linley turned and saw that the speaker was actually Fain. Next to him, Hillman immediately said, “Linley, Mr. Fain has been waiting here for quite some time now. But when he saw that you were sculpting, he didn’t want to disturb you.”

“It truly looks as agile and real as a spirit.” Fain sighed in amazement as he stared at the statue.

The statue seemed to be alive, and for a moment, it was as though a real person was standing there.

“Linley, who is this person that you sculpted?” Fain asked curiously.

Linley didn’t respond. “Fain, you came because...?”

Fain hurriedly said, “Oh, this time, I’ve come to invite you to make a trip to War God Mountain. Tomorrow, which is to say April 6th, all the various Deities will be convening at War God Mountain, while a few Saints have also been invited to attend.”

“Oh?” Linley was suddenly intrigued; a gathering of Deities, with only a few Saints being invited? Clearly, this meeting was of great importance.

“Might I ask what this is about?” Linley asked.

Fain shook his head. “I’m not sure either, and Master didn’t tell me. But if you go, you’ll definitely find out.”

“Alright. I’ll definitely go tomorrow.” Linley nodded as he spoke.



*

Yulan calendar, year 10034, April 6th. The O’Brien Empire. Outside the imperial capital. On War God Mountain.

Within the quiet, secluded courtyard of War God O’Brien, four Deities, including the War God, the High Priest, Dylin, and Cesar, along with four Saints, being Fain, Linley, Desri, and Tulily, all casually sat down.

“So only the four of us came.” Desri also felt rather curious. “Linley, do you know what is going on?” Linley and Desri were engaging in a mental conversation.

“I’m not sure either. They are all Deities. We shouldn’t have anything to do with their affairs.” Linley was puzzled as well.

At this time, all four of the Saints were maintaining their silence.

The War God and the High Priest exchange a meaningful glance, and then the War God turned his razor-sharp gaze towards Linley and the other three. In a sonorous voice, he said, “Today, the primary reason the four of you have been summoned is because the High Priest and I have come to an agreement. There are too many nations in the Yulan continent. It is time to reduce the number.”

Linley and the other three were shocked.

“Is the War God preparing to incite a major war?” Linley wondered secretly to himself.

The masked High Priest said in a gentle voice, “The War God and I have come to an agreement. There should only be three empires that will remain here in

the Yulan continent; the O'Brien Empire, the Yulan Empire, and the Baruch Empire. In other words... it is time to start a war that will cover the entire Yulan continent."

Linley, Fain, Desri, and Tulily, although inwardly shocked, still managed to appear calm on the outside.

"Linley, do you have any thoughts? You can be considered the representative of the Baruch Empire."

Linley paused for a moment.

"This is good news. I naturally won't object."

Linley immediately continued, "If our three major empires join forces, it won't be hard to destroy the other nations. Only, I trust that if you, War God, and you, High Priest, join forces, you can accomplish these things easily. Why have you invited us Saints to come? I do not understand this."

The War God and the High Priest might have simply wanted to give him face and invite him, but why did they invite Desri, Tulily, and Fain as well?

"It is very simple." The nearby Cesar had a playful, teasing look in his eyes. "The War God and the High Priest don't want to act. They want you to act."

The War God couldn't help but glance sideways at Cesar, but Cesar only snickered.

"We won't get involved in this battle," the War God's firm, forceful voice rang out. "We have to tell you something. Per the orders of Lord Beirut, in three days' time, we four Deities will all head towards the Necropolis of the Gods."

"To the Necropolis of the Gods?" Linley, Desri, and the others all knew that last time, only the Saints had entered the Necropolis of the Gods, while the Deities had not entered it.

What Saints wanted to acquire was Demigod divine sparks, while what the War God wanted was full God divine sparks.

"Three days later? Why didn't Lord Beirut have you enter the Necropolis of the Gods along with us? Was there a special reason?" Linley asked.

The nearby Dylin snorted. "No special reason. The only reason was because

Lord Beirut so ordered it.”

Linley was amazed.

Just because Lord Beirut had ordered it?

“Enough about that,” the War God said calmly. “Eliminating the other nations is only a small matter. I trust you four are completely capable of handling it. How about this... Linley, Tulily, Desri, you go lead your forces to the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church and destroy it.”

“As for the personal disciples of my War God’s College, as well as the personal disciples of the High Priest, they’ll go together to destroy the headquarters of the Cult of Shadows.”

The War God glanced sideways at Linley. “Don’t tell me you can’t do it.”

“I would be very much delighted to deal with the Radiant Church,” Linley frowned as he spoke. “But on the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church, there is a large-scale, powerful magical formation, the ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’. I imagine that just relying on Saint-level power alone, we will find it very difficult to break through it.”

The nearby Dylin said disdainfully, “The Glory of the Radiant Sovereign? Yes, the power of that large magical formation isn’t bad. Back then, it was able to block a blow from me. Just a single Saint won’t be able to break it. But Linley, if ten of you Saints attack it at full strength simultaneously... maybe not the first time, maybe not the second time, but eventually, you’ll be able to destroy the ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’.”

Linley laughed as well.

Previously, the Radiant Church had also feared that Linley would lead a square of Saints to attack the Sacred Isle. Thus, they had Linley sign the agreement that if he were to ever go to the Sacred Isle, he would go alone.

But that agreement, ever since Linley, the Radiant Church, and the Cult of Shadows had their falling out, had been destroyed.

The High Priest, ‘Catherine’, spoke. “Actually, if three wind-style Grand Magus Saints were to simultaneously cast the ‘Dimensional Edge’ and attack the same

location, that should be enough to break the ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’.”

“If you can destroy the opponent’s Saint-level combatants, the results of the battle will be a foregone conclusion, even before it starts,” the War God said coldly. “In this sort of nation-destroying war, when the time comes, directly utilize your Saint-level forces and threaten the opponents. I trust that this battle will be concluded very quickly.”

Linley, Desri, Fain, and Tulily could only laugh ruefully in their hearts.

To Deities, the battles of the Yulan continent were indeed nothing more than children’s games, especially when the War God and the High Priest joined forces.

And indeed, once the highest level experts of the Radiant Church and Cult of Shadows were destroyed, the results of the war would be plainly obvious to anyone.

“Lord War God, I am a bit confused,” Linley spoke out. “Why did you drag this out for so long instead of starting it long ago? I think that if you and the High Priest were to join forces, you would have been able to divide up the other two empires long ago and split the world up for yourselves.”

The War God and the High Priest glanced at each other.

Dylin laughed wickedly. “That’s simple. At that time, I hadn’t arrived at the Yulan continent, and Cesar hadn’t made his breakthrough. In the human societies of the Yulan continent, the only Deities were the two of them. The two of them were always opponents; how could they possibly join forces?”

“As for why they are joining forces now, the first reason is because they both now have the feeling that unifying the Yulan continent under their rule is now hopeless, and so they have divided the world into three parts instead. The second reason is because they now feel pressured. As to why they feel pressured... go figure that out yourself,” Dylin said.

Linley suddenly had a thought. “The War God and the High Priest... feel that unifying the continent is now hopeless? Because of me?”

Linley instantly understood.

First of all, he was about to become a Deity. The War God and the High Priest should be aware of this. Secondly, he had acquired divine sparks within the Necropolis of the Gods, and was capable of cultivating a crop of Demigods. Finally and most importantly of all, the relationship between Bebe and Beirut. These three points made it impossible for the War God or the High Priest to treat Linley as an enemy.

“The Eighteen Northern Duchies and the Holy Union will belong to my O’Brien Empire,” the War God said calmly.

The War God looked at Linley. “The Rohault Empire and the great plains of the far east will belong to your Baruch Empire.”

“As for the remainder, the Dark Alliance and the Rhine Empire, they will belong to the Yulan Empire.” The nearby High Priest nodded slightly.

“Linley, do you have any objections?” The War God and the High Priest looked towards Linley.

Linley could only laugh helplessly in his heart.

From the words and attitude of the War God and the High Priest, he could completely sense... that the War God and the High Priest didn’t treat the upcoming war in the continent as a major affair at all. And indeed, this was a war without any possible alternate outcomes. Experts on their level didn’t need to worry about it.

“No objections. Of course I have no objections.” What else could Linley say?

And so, according to this arrangement, the Yulan continent had been divided into three parts.

“Right.” The War God nodded with satisfaction. “Linley, you should know that actually, to the likes of us, worldly power is meaningless. The most important thing is your own level of training. Linley, I have heard that you will become a Deity in around ten years or so.”

Linley could tell that the War God’s attitude towards him was now clearly one where he considered Linley as someone on the same level.

After all, in but ten short years, by the time the War God returned, Linley

would most likely be a Deity already.

The nearby Dylin said solemnly, “But before that happens, I have to remind you of a few things. Otherwise, if you were to make a foolish mistake, it would be terrible for you.”

Linley immediately listened carefully, and even the nearby Desri and the others paid close attention.

“Relying on your own power to become a Deity and fusing with a divine spark to become a Deity are completely different. Once your level of understanding of the Laws has reached a certain level, the universe will naturally create a divine spark based on the nature of your soul, and this divine spark will completely be as one with your soul.”

“Once your divine spark is created, you will face a choice.” Dylin looked solemnly at Linley. “After the divine spark is created, you have two options. The first is to absorb the divine spark into your mind and make it become one with your soul. At that time, your body will naturally transform into a divine body.”

“The merging of your soul with the divine spark will cause your body to transform into a divine body. If that divine spark was of the earth-element, then in the future, you would only be able to train in the Elemental Laws of the Earth and be unable to train in any others.”

“But of course, after the birth of the divine spark, there is still the second option!”

“That option is to not absorb the divine spark into your body, and to instead, leave it outside. If you do so, then the universe will, according to the nature of the divine spark, generate a second body. Your original body won’t change at all. In other words... you will essentially have a clone of yourself. This clone of yourself will be a Demigod, while your original body will still be able to train in the other Elemental Laws!”

Dylin said seriously, “However, there is a price for the second choice as well. Your soul will be divided into two. Now, during the process of becoming a Deity, the strange energies of the universe will protect you during that instant, and thus your soul being split in half will be a controlled process, and you won’t die from it. However, it will still be rather harmful to your soul.”

The Apocalypse War of Ten Millenia Ago

“What the right choice is, only you can decide,” Dylin said seriously.

The choice people made upon the moment when they became Deities by their own power would determine their future accomplishments and developments.

Linley didn't have to think about it at all; his heart automatically inclined towards the second choice. He had walked on the path of understanding the wind and the earth, two different elements, this entire time. He truly would be unwilling to give up any one of those two elements.

“Lord Dylin, if one makes the second choice, for example, if I become a wind-style Deity, then the moment I become a Deity, if I put the divine spark outside my body, then the universe will naturally form a divine body around that divine spark, right? And my soul will be divided as well. In other words, there's no difference in the soul between the original and the clone, right?”

“Right.” Dylin nodded.

“Then I want to ask, if the clone becomes a Deity, what about the original? Will it advance in power?” Linley held this in great importance.

If his clone became a Deity, but his original body remained at the Saint level, wouldn't that be a huge weakness?

“There is an increase in power, and your original body will be able to borrow divine power from your clone.” Dylin shook his head as he spoke. “But unfortunately, that's just borrowed divine power. Although you can borrow a great amount of it, since the original body has no divine spark, it will be much weaker than true divine power, due to the fact that there is no divine spark to merge with that ‘divine power’.”

The nearby Cesar laughed, “Linley, you should know that some of the Saints

of the various religions can also sometimes borrow a bit of divine power.”

Linley nodded slightly.

Cesar continued, “You would be like them, except you’ll only be able to borrow divine power from your divine clone. But of course... there’s no need for you to offer tributes to yourself before borrowing a large amount of energy. However, without a compatible divine spark, the power will just be rather weaker.”

“Understood.” Linley nodded.

The importance of a divine spark was something that Linley understood quite clearly. If the original body had no divine spark and only had divine power... it wouldn’t be able to, for example, create a ‘Godrealm’.

“Although the original body will be weaker due to not having a divine spark, there are still ways to protect it. Because the clone and the original are actually one entity to begin with, therefore... you can reabsorb your clone into your original body.” Dylin laughed and continued, “And thus, you would still be able to utilize the strength of your divine clone.”

Linley secretly shook his head.

Merge the divine clone with the original body? Utilize the power of the divine clone?

In reality, that wasn’t an increase in power at all.

“If you do that, although your power won’t be increased, your original body will be protected better. Actually, the only real benefit of this second choice is... it will allow you to train in other Elemental Laws. The only real flaw... is that your soul will be divided in two!”

Dylin looked at Linley, saying seriously, “Linley, a soul is the most important part of a creature. It is very difficult to strengthen and transform a soul. This sudden division in half means that your soul will be weakened by half. In terms of both training speed as well as ability to resist enemy attacks, the soul will be affected.”

“I understand. You gain something, you lose something. How could there only

be benefits and no disadvantages?” Linley understood this.

“It is good that you know this.” Dylin nodded.

Linley’s heart was filled with questions. “What’s going on with Dylin? Why has he explained to me all these details regarding becoming a Deity... it isn’t like Dylin, right?” Linley felt that today, Dylin was acting rather differently.

The War God, O’Brien, spoke out sonorously. “Linley, remember what we discussed earlier. I’ll hand over dealing with the Sacred Isle and the Radiant Church to you.”

“Don’t worry.” Linley’s eyes had a hard look flash through them.

Destroy the Radiant Church?

How many years had he been waiting?

“Alright. Then you can leave now,” the War God said calmly.

Linley, Desri, Fain, and Tulily all immediately rose. Bowing respectfully, they left the War God’s quiet, secluded residence.

Atop the quiet War God Mountain.

“Linley, congratulations. Today, Master and the others treated you with such friendliness that they clearly consider you to be one of them,” Fain suddenly said.

Linley was slightly startled. Right now, he could completely understand how bitter these other three experts had to feel in their hearts. Thousands of years of training, yet they still hadn’t made any breakthroughs.

“Fain, I believe you three will quickly break through as well.”

Desri suddenly laughed and nodded. “Right. We will break through soon. Fain, Tulily... have you already forgotten what Lord Beirut said? The three of us can break through in as quickly as a single day. The most important thing is that we have to have faith in ourselves.”

“Right. We will break through.” Tulily and Fain’s eyes lit up and they nodded.

If they could break through on their own, they wouldn’t need a divine spark.

But breaking through on one’s own truly was difficult.

“Linley, when shall we head out to destroy the Radiant Church’s Sacred Isle?” Desri asked.

Linley was silent for a moment, then said, “How about this. It’s best to address this quickly.” Just thinking about destroying the Radiant Church made Linley feel his blood boil and made him feel alive. “Let’s all go back home today. Tomorrow, we’ll summon our forces to make preparations. The day after that, on the eighth... the morning of the eighth, come to my Dragonblood Castle, and we’ll head out together to slaughter a path to the Sacred Isle.”

“Alright. We’ll head out together on the eighth.” Tulily and Desri both nodded.

Fain began to laugh. “Linley, you are moving so quickly. It seems I’ll have to pick up the pace on my side as well and eliminate the Cult of Shadows more quickly.”

“Haha, Fain, then we’ll head off for now,” Linley said.

Linley, Desri, and Tulily immediately flew into the air, streaking towards the east.

Linley’s Dragonblood Castle was in the northern part of the Baruch Empire, while Desri lived in the southern part of the Baruch Empire. As for Tulily, he lived in the great plains of the far east. The three flew together for only a short while before breaking apart.

“Whoosh.” A strong wind was blowing, causing his robe to flutter.

Moving through the skies, soaring through the clouds and the mist, he flew at high speed towards Dragonblood Castle.

“Linley, wait a moment.” A sound suddenly rang out, and an indistinct blur appeared near Linley.

A devilish young man, dressed in a dark gold robe, was standing before Linley. In his forehead, there was a single slit, like a knife scar. It was the Deity-level expert, ‘Dylin’.

“Lord Dylin.” Linley was somewhat surprised.

Dylin, surrounded by a devilish aura, had a rather sincere smile on his face

right now. “Linley, your flying speed is quite fast. It seems you have indeed progressed significantly due to your time in the Necropolis of the Gods.”

Linley felt utterly confused.

Flying fast?

On the road back to Dragonblood Castle, he was only flying at regular speed, and didn't even fly at full speed. Why would Dylin say he was flying fast?

“This Dylin... why is he praising me for no reason?” Linley could instantly guess that Dylin probably had something to discuss with him.

“Lord Dylin, is there something you need?” Linley directly broached the subject.

Dylin took a deep breath. “Linley, to be honest... I, Dylin, was born tens of thousands of years ago, and experienced the terrible Apocalypse War of ten thousand years ago, as well as the war of the gods, the Theomachy, of five thousand years ago. I've been protecting my five children this entire time, but unfortunately, five thousand years ago, my children and I were imprisoned into the Gebados Planar Prison...”

Hearing this, Linley felt deeply stunned.

“Five thousand years ago, experts from other planes descended. I knew about this. But what is this ‘Apocalypse War’ of ten thousand years ago?” Linley had never heard that ten thousand years ago, there was an ‘Apocalypse War’. From what Dylin was saying, it seemed as though the war of ten thousand years ago was even more terrifying than the one five thousand years ago.

Dylin, seeing the look on Linley's face, understood.

“You are curious about the Apocalypse War?” Dylin laughed.

He had a favor to ask, and thus he was very happy to have the chance to tell these secrets to Linley.

Linley nodded.

“The Apocalypse War was on a far larger scale than the war of five thousand years ago. In truth, in the past, this plane had five continents!” Dylin explained in detail.

“Five continents?” Linley had never heard of this before.

In addition, the history books had never mentioned the existence of other continents.

Dylin explained in detail, “There was a vast distance between each continent, and the Yulan continent is the northernmost continent of the five. The other four continents were all in the South Seas. Because there is a distance of nearly ten million kilometers between the continents, back then, ordinary people didn’t know about the other continents’ existence.”

“During that Apocalypse War...”

Dylin sighed. “That was a true, large-scale war, an utterly destructive, apocalyptic war. The waves of the ocean rose to the heavens, and space itself was ripped apart. Even the shockwaves of the battles occurring in the depths of the sea impacted the other continents. The four southernmost continents were all shattered and destroyed, and one Deity after another fell... the scale of this war was far, far greater than the one from five thousand years ago.”

Linley’s heart quailed.

The battle had been so vicious that four continents had collapsed? What level of experts had fought in this war?

“And it was also due to that battle that Lord Beirut formally assumed control over the Yulan continent.” Dylin sighed. “Linley, at that time, although I was already a Demigod, I could only hide here on the Yulan continent, not daring to participate in the battle at all.”

Linley could completely imagine that scene.

“I heard that the divine sparks and Deity corpses of the Necropolis of the Gods came from that Apocalypse War.” Dylin sighed. “But of course, that’s just what I hear. I don’t have any proof.”

Linley nodded slightly. Dylin had been hiding, after all, and didn’t take part in the battle.

“Five thousand years ago, my children and I were jailed into the Gebados Planar Prison. That place... was an utter nightmare,” Dylin said in a low voice.

“My five children... two of them died there. Fortunately, we escaped back to the Yulan continent afterwards.”

To this very day, Dylin hadn't told Linley that it was Linley who had allowed him to escape.

“But this time, yet another one of my children have died.”

Dylin's eyes contained irrepressible grief. “It truly is too hard to become a Deity. My children are only Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, after all. It will be hard for them to break through their natural limitations and become Deities. Perhaps Desri and Fain will be able to break through upon receiving some insight, but magical beasts... it is far harder for us to break through than humans.”

“Therefore... I, Dylin, would like to ask you, Linley, to give me one of your divine sparks.” Dylin looked at Linley sincerely.

Linley understood what Dylin was thinking.

“Of course, I won't let you suffer too much of a loss. Only, I definitely don't have a treasure as valuable as a divine spark, but I do have divine artifacts. I can trade divine artifacts for it. How about three divine artifacts? Or perhaps, I can give you my own personal set of divine artifact gloves,” Dylin said hurriedly.

Dylin deeply loved his children. This was apparent from the efforts he had gone to in the Gebados Planar Prison to protect them.

Originally, he had forbidden them from going to the Necropolis of the Gods, but Cleo and the other brothers all desired to become Deities. In the end, Dylin couldn't stop them... but on this trip to the Necropolis of the Gods, one of them had died. Now that Linley had three divine sparks, Dylin had decided to thicken his skin and come ask him for one.

Divine sparks were far more important than divine artifacts.

Four divine artifacts for a divine spark... Linley was actually still trading at a loss. What was the chance for a Saint to successfully navigate the eleventh floor? It was incredibly low. Linley's success allowed him to obtain these three divine sparks, but in the future, Linley probably wouldn't have this sort of opportunity again.

“Alright. I agree.” Linley nodded.

Dylin couldn't help but feel ecstatic. Dylin immediately retrieved three divine artifacts with a flip of his hand. All of them were bladed weapon type divine artifacts. At the same time, in Dylin's hands appeared a dark gold divine artifact gloves. In terms of preciousness, it was still the divine artifact gloves that was the most precious.

“Here is the divine spark.” With a flip of his hand, Linley retrieved the Destruction-type divine spark. Linley had made this decision on behalf of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. After all, they themselves trained in the Way of Destruction.

Seeing the divine spark, Dylin couldn't help but feel his heart quiver.

This was a divine spark!

If he himself wanted to enter the Necropolis of the Gods, he would have to start from the twelfth floor. It would be extremely hard to procure a divine spark, even for him.

“Thank you, thank you.” Despite his normal, terrible temper, Dylin right now felt so excited that he said ‘thank you’ twice in a row. “Wait a moment. I'll dissolve the ownership bond I have with the divine artifact gloves.”

“Lord Dylin, I don't need these divine artifacts,” Linley said.

He didn't lack for bladed divine artifacts. Two or three extra made no difference! As for divine artifact gloves, Linley himself was a sword user, and so they wouldn't be very useful to him anyways.

“What? You don't need them?” Dylin was stunned.

“I don't need them.” Linley smiled and nodded. “Lord Dylin, I only hope that if in the future, I need your assistance, Lord Dylin, that you can help me. That would be wonderful.”

In his heart, Dylin actually was quite unwilling to part with these divine artifact gloves, but Dylin was a very arrogant, prideful person. If he were to receive a divine spark from Linley without giving Linley anything good for them, he himself would feel uneasy. Dylin couldn't help but feel rather frantic. “How

can this be acceptable? Unacceptable...”

Seeing Linley, Dylín felt very guilty, as though he owed him a great debt!

What could he do to recompense Linley?

Slaughtering a Path to the Sacred Isle

“This definitely is not acceptable. If you are going to act like this, then I...”
Dylin wanted to say ‘I will be unable to accept this divine spark’.

But this divine spark was simply too important to Dylin.

“Lord Dylin, don’t mind it too much. You should know that I am going to become a Deity on my own, and so I think you will need it more than I do.”
Linley quickly changed the topic. “Lord Dylin, I have to get going.”

Seeing Linley was about to leave, Dylin couldn’t help but reach out to stop him.

“Linley, I truly don’t have any other treasures I can bring out.” Dylin looked at Linley, more serious than ever before. “But Linley, I will remember the kindness you have shown me on this day. If in the future there is anything you need, I, Dylin, definitely won’t say a single word in complaint.”

Linley smiled.

“Then Lord Dylin, let’s part ways here.”



*

Linley returned to Dragonblood Castle, and informed Delia, Wharton, and the others of the decision of the War God and the High Priest. Wharton, the Barker brothers, and Zassler, upon hearing this news, were extremely excited.

Both the Barker brothers and Zassler had their own major scores to settle with the Radiant Church.

This entire time, Wharton, as well, wanted to help Linley in his quest for revenge. In the past, he wasn’t strong enough, but now, Wharton had reached the Saint level as well, and once he transformed into a Dragonblood Warrior

Saint, he was extremely powerful, on par with Gates and the others.

Night time. A crescent moon hung in the sky.

Linley left his bed, putting on a long robe and heading to the balcony, staring at the endless night.

“Tomorrow. Tomorrow, the Radiant Church and I will have our final battle.” Linley couldn’t fall asleep tonight, no matter how he tried.

For some reason, those scenes from his childhood years kept on flashing through his mind. Whenever he thought about the fact that tomorrow, he was going to deal with the Radiant Church, and that he was about to accomplish the goal he had been striving towards for so long, he would grow excited.

“Linley.” Delia walked next to Linley as well. “Are you thinking about the attack on the Radiant Church tomorrow?”

Delia was going alongside Linley tomorrow. Although Delia hadn’t completely fused with the divine spark, Delia was still a Grand Magus Saint of the wind-style now. In addition, even her incomplete ‘Godrealm’ could still be effective in certain circumstances.

“Right. Tomorrow is a day for which I have waited a long time.” Linley’s heart was surging with emotion. “Sadly, Grandpa Doebling... won’t be able to see it.”

“If your Grandpa Doebling was still alive, he would definitely be so proud of you,” Delia consoled him. Delia knew about Doebling Cowart as well.

“Mother died. Father died. Even Grandpa Doebling, who took care of me the entire time, died.” Linley stared towards the west. “All thanks to the Radiant Church! Self-proclaimed to be ‘radiant’, self-proclaimed to ‘love the world’. The Radiant Church! They destroyed everything.”

Linley shook his head and sneered. “While I... I was nothing more than one of the countless families they had destroyed. Barker and his brothers, Rebecca and her sister... their families were all wiped out as well! It was the Radiant Church who did it!”

Linley’s rage was beginning to build.

“Linley, don’t think too much about these things. Tomorrow, everything will

come to an end,” Delia consoled him. Delia knew very well... that if it hadn’t been because of the amount of hatred he had felt, how could Linley have forced himself to endure so much, and at the tender age of eighteen, enter the endless, uninhabited Mountain Range of Magical Beasts for three full years, and then train in another little village for five?

“Right. Tomorrow, it will all come to an end.” Linley raised his head to look at the night sky.

For a moment, it seemed... his father, his Grandpa Doehring, and that vague, blurry memory of his mother were there in the night sky, watching him!



*

April 8th. Dawn. The morning sun shone down upon Dragonblood Castle.

“Groooooowl.” A deep growl.

An enormous, sinuous draconic form seemed to coil about near Dragonblood Castle, but the soldiers of Dragonblood Castle weren’t startled at all. Many of them already knew that there were three Saint-level dragons living within Dragonblood Castle. Occasionally, the dragon Saints would head out, while occasionally they would come back.

This was also the reason why there was an urban legend that Dragonblood Castle had enormous dragons in the vicinity.

Within the spacious training fields of Dragonblood Castle.

Linley’s experts had arrived long ago. On this trip to the Sacred Isle, Linley’s side included... Linley, Bebe, Delia, Wharton, the five Barker brothers, Zassler, and the three Saint-level dragons. In total, thirteen.

As for Dragonblood Castle, Haeru would be left on guard.

Every single individual heading out on this expedition was a peak-stage Saint, none of them weaker than Heidens in power.

“They haven’t arrived yet?” Wharton was getting rather impatient.

Right now, there was a large group of people waiting to send them off as well.

One of them was Hillman, who laughed and said, “Wharton, don’t be impatient. It is still early. The great plains of the far east are especially far away from us, at least ten thousand kilometers distant. Even flying will take a long time.”

“Desri’s group will probably arrive a bit earlier, but Tulily and the others will need a long period of time. Don’t be impatient. Everyone, just keep waiting a while longer,” Linley spoke out. But although he counseled patience, Linley himself still couldn’t help but continuously stare towards the skies.

He had waited far too long for this day.

“Big bro, I think you are even more impatient than I am,” Wharton said with a laugh.

Linley could only laugh in response.

“Wow, they are here!” Bebe, standing on Linley’s shoulders, suddenly let out a surprised, delighted cry.

Linley’s group quickly discovered that in the distant horizon, indistinct human figures were flying towards them at high speed. One of them, a fast-moving flashing white streak of light, was especially noticeable, and Linley immediately recognized the person. It was Desri!

“Hrm?” Linley was suddenly surprised.

From the distant horizon, there were more than ten people flying over. Aside from Desri, Pennslyn, Higginson, Miller, Ford, and Livingston, there were six others coming as well. The other six people were led by Tulily.

“Tulily and his disciples have arrived as well?” Although Linley was puzzled by the question of how Tulily, who lived over ten thousand kilometers away, had managed to arrive so soon, he was still extremely delighted.

Everyone was here. That meant they could head out soon.

Desri and Tulily’s groups landed together within Dragonblood Castle.

Tulily walked forward, a rare hint of a smile on his face. “Linley, we aren’t late, right?”

“Not late at all. Only, why is it that you are alongside Desri’s group? Did you coincidentally meet on the way over? Especially since you live in the great

plains of the far east...” Before Linley even finished his words, the nearby Desri laughed and responded, “Linley, Tulily led his disciples to my place yesterday, which is why this morning, we headed out together.”

Linley now understood.

“I was afraid of coming late and making your two sides impatient. That wouldn’t be good.” Tulily laughed. “Desri and I haven’t had a proper get together in quite some time anyhow, so I stayed a night at his place.”

“Everyone’s present. Enough chitchat, then. Let’s head out,” Bebe said.

Linley, Desri, and Tulily exchanged glances, then began to laugh. Linley nodded, then said loudly, “Good, then let’s head out immediately.” Linley stared towards the western horizon, his eyes shining. “Our destination: The Radiant Church’s Sacred Isle!”

Yulan continent, year 10034, April 8th. With Linley, Desri, and Tulily as the leaders, a total of twenty-five Saints flew valiantly out of Dragonblood Castle, piercing through the clouds in the sky, heading directly west.

The guards of Dragonblood Castle all sighed in astonishment as they watched this scene.

Twenty-five Saints flying together at the same time. When had ordinary people ever seen such an incredible sight?



*

Within a large ship that was sailing with haste towards the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church.

The waves struck against the beaches as that ship finally came to a halt at the Sacred Isle’s harbor. In front of the harbor, the violet-robed Special Executors of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal were staring coldly at the ship. The high-level Executor who was in charge of escorting this ship was the first to disembark.

“How many did you ship over?” the leader of the Special Executors asked coldly.

“Milord, this time we have shipped over eight hundred,” the disembarked Executor answered respectfully.

“Mm.” The Special Executor nodded slightly. “Quick, bring them all over. First wash them, and give them some clean clothes.”

“Yes!”

Immediately, one dirty slave after another was brought out by the executors.

“Radiant Church, radiant? As radiant as dogshit!” a slave roared furiously from amidst the others in the ground, but immediately following his shout was a crack of a whip.

“If you have the ability to do so, then kill me. I was blind for having believed that this was a pilgrimage,” the slave roared loudly in a hoarse voice. “My wife, my daughter? Did you bring them all here as well? And you claim this is a pilgrimage? I really am blind... uh... uh... uh...”

A blade had flashed, and a large hole had appeared in the slave’s mouth as a piece of his tongue came falling off.

“What’s this all about?” the Special Executor barked to the whip-wielding low-level Executor.

“Milord, I don’t know either.” The low-level Executor was terrified. “While shipping them over, these stubborn ones were disciplined long ago. I didn’t expect that this fellow had been biding his time.”

The slave whose tongue had been cut off stared hatefully at these Executors.

Most of the other slaves had felt resigned to their fate long ago. They walked forward numbly.

Within a wide tunnel.

Heidens, dressed in a white robe, was standing in front of a beautiful female priestess, dressed in white. At this time, a large number of washed slaves, now dressed in clean clothes, were being escorted through this dark tunnel to the other end.

“Uh...” That slave whose tongue had been chopped off had also been washed and given a fresh change of clothes.

He stared at Heidens, and instantly, his terrified eyes turned round.

In the Holy Union, Heidens had presided over large-scale masses before, and in the past, this slave had personally seen Heidens and knew that Heidens was the Holy Emperor of the Radiant Church.

Instantly, he began to make furious 'uh' sounds towards Heidens.

"Hurry up." Instantly, one of the escorts behind him gave him a vicious lash of the whip, causing the slave's body to spasm from the blow.

"Such utter fools. They should feel proud to be able to offer their lives to the mighty Lord Chiquita," the female priestess behind Heidens said with a cold snort.

Heidens laughed calmly.

"How many souls does Lord Chiquita still need before he will have completely recovered?" Heidens asked the white-robed priestess.

The priestess said respectfully, "Your Holiness, in the past year, we have already delivered several tens of thousands of people. Lord Chiquita has already recovered most of his strength, but according to what Lord Chiquita says, to completely recover, he will most likely need ten thousand more common souls."

"Ten thousand more common souls? That will still take a long time." Heidens frowned.

"But of course, ten Saint-level souls would be sufficient," the white-robed priestess said.

Heidens frowned, casting a glance at the white-robed priestess. "Saint-level souls? Hmph. Remember, all you need to do is take good care of Lord Chiquita. Don't get involved in anything else."

"Yes," the white-robed priestess said respectfully.

Heidens glanced towards the other end of the tunnel, then at the freshly washed slaves who were still being escorted in an unbroken stream through it. He sighed secretly, "Before draining their souls, he wants the slaves to be washed and changed into clean clothes? This Chiquita... ugh..."

Heidens actually felt some aversion towards this Chiquita.

But Heidens knew exactly how terrifyingly powerful Chiquita was.

Ever since the event that happened in the Anarchic Lands, where he had torn up the agreement with Linley and had their final falling out, Heidens had begun to carefully plan for what he would have to do in the event that Linley led a group of Saints to slaughter a path to the Sacred Isle.

“Fortunately, the Radiant Sovereign is munificent. At this moment of crisis, he permitted Lord Chiquita to descend,” Heidens murmured to himself.

But what Heidens didn’t know was that right now, Linley was currently leading a group of twenty-five experts who were traversing through the ocean, flying at high speed to the Sacred Isle.

Judgment Day Descends

From far off in the distance, the Radiant Church's Sacred Isle seemed so peaceful. A group of shadows was flying towards it at high speed from the horizon.

"Hold," Linley's voice rang out in everyone's mind, and instantly, all of the experts came to a halt at a distance of a few kilometers away from the Sacred Isle. The enormous draconic bodies of the Tyrant Wurm, the Thunder Lizard, and the Gold Dragon swayed slightly in the air.

The three leaders, Linley, Tulily, and Desri, stared down at the distant island.

"That's the Sacred Isle. No mistaking it." Tulily nodded.

Linley's group could feel that enormous light-style aura. It felt the same as Fenlai City had in the past.

"First let myself and Delia give them a greeting gift." After having suppressed his hatred for so long, Linley's heart was now filled with rage.

"A greeting gift?" Tulily, Desri, and the other experts all looked at Linley and Delia.

Delia and Linley, wife and husband, exchanged a glance. They had already discussed this affair of attacking the Sacred Isle late into the previous night. Delia immediately began to murmur the words to a magic spell, while Linley did so as well.

"Wind-style forbidden-level magic?" The experts were all eagerly awaiting this spectacle.

Delia's eyes suddenly lit up, and her jade-like arms pointed towards the distant Sacred Isle.

"Rumble..."

Suddenly, a massive storm that was dozens of kilometers wide appeared out of nowhere.

Everywhere within line of sight was filled with blasts of wind, which either formed into twisting tornados or powerful, knife-like gusts of wind. The ocean itself was beginning to stir!

The waves of the ocean quickly reached a height of hundreds of meters, and with a rumbling sound, the massive tidal waves crashed down towards the Sacred Isle like waves of soldiers.

When they reached the Sacred Isle, those tidal waves came crashing down viciously like mountains.

“Bang!” Under the attack of the tidal waves that were hundreds of meters high, those stone houses immediately shattered from the impact, and many boulders and trees were smashed to smithereens as well. Many of the Radiant Church’s forces were directly smashed into a pulp.

This ‘blowing’ wind was actually acting like countless cutting blades.

This was...

Wind-style forbidden-level magic – Annihilating Tempest!!!

Wherever the Annihilating Tempest passed by, not a single shred of grass would be able to survive!

This wasn’t that sort of ordinary, natural tempest. This was the ‘Annihilating Tempest’, formed from countless wind blades of all sizes. Even boulders and trees were effortless sliced into rubble by the countless wind blades.

A white radiant aura, centered on the ninth floor of the Radiant Temple, shot out in every direction. A visible white barrier was quickly expanding, and every place covered by this white barrier was protected against and blocked off from the energy of the Annihilating Tempest.

“What’s going on? Who is attacking?” the leader of the Zealots, Lehman, grabbed a Vicar and growled at him.

“Don’t know, I don’t know.” The white-robed Vicar seemed to have been scared silly by the power of the Annihilating Tempest. Just then, he had

personally witnessed how those people in the distance had been sliced through by the countless wind blades of the Annihilating Tempest and turned into a pile of ground meat.

And just at this moment...

“Rumble...” The entire Sacred Isle was beginning to shake.

After having experienced the Annihilating Tempest, the lucky survivors of the Sacred Isle only numbered 10% of their former numbers. These lucky survivors were all experts of the seventh or eighth ranks. But against a forbidden-level spell, these experts were also utterly terrified.

“What is going on with the ground?” Many of the followers of the Church, their bodies soaked through and through by those earlier waves, felt the ground beneath their feet was unsteady.

“Crunch!” “Boom!”

The earth was constantly shaking. It was as though a series of ripples was expanding in every direction. These vibrations were causing the earth itself to break apart, and one massive crack in the earth appeared after another. Many experts, screaming, fell directly into those massive cracks... but that wasn't the worst part.

The worst part was in the skies. Countless massive boulders, covered with an earthen light, were crashing down wildly from the heavens.

“Bang!” Many of the members of the Church who were struck by those boulders were instantly turned into meat pulp.

“Lord!” some hopeless believers raised their head and shouted, hoping that the Lord would save them.

And then... they were smashed flat by the massive descending boulders, and their blood stained the ground an eye-catching color. But soon, their blood was washed away by the water which was appearing from the cracks in the earth, and many half-smashed bodies were now floating about.

“Bastard.” Lehman smashed forth with a fist viciously, breaking an enormous boulder above him into tiny pieces.

But he wasn't able to save any others!

"Who just used the earth-style forbidden-level spell, 'Heaven Collapses, Earth Shatters'?! " Lehman was howling in his mind.

Earth-style, forbidden-level spell – Heaven Collapses, Earth Shatters!

Over two thirds of the ground of the Sacred Isle had sank down, with only the central third area where the Radiant Temple itself was located remaining. And yet, even this remaining third still had many large cracks in the ground.

The radius of the protective barrier of the Radiant Temple retracted once again.

They were afraid that the enemies would use yet another forbidden-level spell... and yes, their fears were correct.

This was nothing more than the appetizers. The faces of those very few lucky survivors changed, because suddenly, the large amounts of seawater around the Sacred Isle had instantly frozen, and the cracked earth of the Sacred Isle was covered with a layer of ice. Frost had completely covered the entire area.

"Boom!"

The areas that were not under the direct protection of that barrier of the Radiant Temple were immediately frozen, then shattered. Countless boulders and mounds of dirt all shattered into tiny pieces, and then fell into the sea. But the freezing and shattering of these boulders was just a side effect.

More importantly, due to the shrunk radius of the protective barrier of the Radiant Temple, many followers of the Church had abruptly been exposed, and they, too, were frozen and then shattered into tiny pieces.

Water-style, forbidden-level spell – Absolute Zero!

"Your Holiness, what should we do? What should we do?!" A nearby Cardinal was standing next to Heidens in terror and fear.

Heidens was standing on the ninth floor of the Radiant Temple, staring at what was happening from a distance.

"The most terrifying enemy of our Church..." Heidens' face was ugly to behold. "Has come!"

“Don’t bother about the other areas. First, protect the Radiant Temple.”

Suddenly, Heidens’ face changed.

“What?!” Seeing what had happened through the window, Heidens was shocked as well.

After having suffered the ‘Absolute Zero’ attack, the Sacred Isle only had 20% of its original territory left. The Radiant Temple’s barrier was currently only protecting a few kilometers worth of space in the heart now.

Suddenly, a white light, like the rays of the sun, shone down on the tattered remnants of the island. The island, illuminated by that holy light, suddenly seemed to be much brighter, but then... everything that white light touched was transformed into dust, the people included!

Light-style, forbidden-level magic – World-Purifying Light!

After taking four forbidden-level spells in a row, the originally beautiful, graceful Sacred Island was now reduced to just the few square kilometers on which the Radiant Temple sat.

“When you two couples work together, you really are quite terrifying.” In mid-air, Tulily sighed in amazement.

“That was awesome.” Bebe’s excited little eyes were gleaming.

Just then, after Linley and Delia had cast their two major forbidden-level spells, Pennslyn and Desri had cast two major forbidden-level spells of their own. Earth-style, wind-style, water-style, light-style... four forbidden-level spells had struck out in sequence. Even if the Radiant Church had wanted to protect the entire island, there was no way it could have done so.

Right now, Linley’s eyes, sharp as daggers, were staring at the distant Radiant Temple.

“That was just the greeting gift. Come. Let’s start the battle.”

Linley led the way, flying towards the Radiant Temple, and the rest of the twenty-five Saints flew alongside him.

All the high-level members of the Radiant Temple were clustered here on the ninth floor. Through the massive window wall, they could clearly make out

those twenty-five experts flying towards them. Seeing this, their hearts all shuddered, but their leader, Heidens, was silent.

“That’s Linley. Linley has come.”

“And Desri! That traitor to the Church, Desri, who left long ago. He is so shameless to come back now? Everyone, what should we do?”

Everyone was frantic.

“Hrmph,” a cold snort rang out, and instantly, all of the high-level members of the Church on the ninth floor quieted down. The Holy Emperor Heidens, who in the past had always been amiable and smiling, never revealing his rage, even when utterly infuriated... was no longer hiding anything.

“Lehman. Fallen Leaf,” Heidens’ heavy voice shook the entire Radiant Temple, and even the area outside of it rang with his voice.

Two blurs appeared in the middle of the ninth floor of the Radiant Temple. It was the leader of the Zealots, Lehman, and the spiritual leader of the Ascetics, Lord Fallen Leaf.

“Lehman, we’ll be relying on you this time.” Heidens looked at Lehman.

“The ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’. This is the most powerful attack of our Church.” The emaciated Fallen Leaf looked at Lehman as well. “This time, we cannot afford to lose.”

Lehman’s chiseled, granite features appeared very cold. “Please don’t worry. We have fifteen Saint-level Four-Winged Angels, ten Saint-level Zealots, six Saint-level Ascetics, and four Saint-level Special Executors. Including me, we have a total of thirty-six... we can form the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’. Linley’s group will definitely die.”

Heidens nodded slightly.

Only by including Lehman would they be able to reach the necessary number of thirty-six Saints. Many of them were only early-stage and middle-stage Saints.

“The total strength of the Church, as well as our future prospects, are all at stake here.” In his heart, Heidens felt nervous. The Church had staked all of its

Saint-level power on this battle.

The radius of the protective barrier coming from the Radiant Temple was rapidly shrinking, until finally retreating to a radius of just a few hundred meters around the Radiant Temple itself.

Dozens of figures emerged from within the Radiant Temple, with Heidens and Lord Fallen Leaf leading them. Heidens and Lord Fallen Leaf were both dressed in white robes, while Heidens was wielding a magistaff in his hands, and his bald head was gleaming with light.

“Heidens, you actually dare to come out!” Wharton growled coldly.

“Why shouldn’t I dare?” Heidens’ face was cold. He turned to look at Linley, with the demeanor of a high and mighty celestial spirit. “Linley, do you know that by acting in such a way, you are committing a great blasphemy against the Radiant Sovereign? This desire of yours to destroy the legacy of the Radiant Sovereign in the mortal world is an unpardonable sin.”

“Heidens, do you think I am one of your followers, to be fooled by you?”

Linley let out a cold laugh. “The Radiant Sovereign is an exalted Sovereign. His glorious light is spread across countless planes. How can the Sovereign possibly be bothered if just one or two of them have problems? What’s more, this is just a material plane that cannot possibly accommodate the mighty presence of a Sovereign!”

“Linley, don’t waste words with them. Let’s just kill them,” Tulily said.

In the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley had been terror-stricken many times, but even there, he had never been as excited as he currently felt.

“Heidens, that year, when I left the City of Hess, I swore that I would definitely destroy your entire Radiant Church and pull it out by the roots. Now, today...” Linley looked calmly at Heidens. “Today is the day your Radiant Church is annihilated.”

Heidens looked at Linley, secretly hating himself. “In the past, after I found out that Linley knew about what happened to his mother, I shouldn’t have tried to have him become a ‘Blessed One’. I should have killed him early on.” At the same time, Heidens spoke mentally to Lehman, “Lehman, make your move.”

The many Saints behind Heidens suddenly began to move at high speed. These thirty-six Saints were clearly preparing to set up the 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation'.

"Ah!" Suddenly, an agonized scream rang out.

One of Heidens' Saints fell from the sky, his head crushed into smithereens.

"What do you think you are doing, eh?" Bebe waved his little paws, snickering as he stared at Heidens.

Heidens stared at Bebe, feeling as though Bebe's smile was incomparably detestable. "Bastard." No matter how well trained he was, Heidens couldn't help but let out a curse. The Great Six-Point Battle Formation was now missing a person. What to do? Heidens could only glance at the nearby Lord Fallen Leaf, and mentally spoke to him, "Fallen Leaf, you go..." But just as he began to mentally speak, Heidens noticed a look of shock appear in the eyes of Fallen Leaf.

Heidens frantically turned his head back.

A devilish, violet flash of light had already arrived next to him, and where the violet sword passed through, space itself was torn apart.

"Linley!" Heidens stared in shocked into Linley's cold eyes.

The Great Six-Point Battle Formation

A holy light suddenly sprang forth from Heidens' body, and Linley's Bloodviolet sword instantly began to move more slowly, as though it was mired in mud. At the same time, the wellspring of this holy light, the 'Radiant Scriptures', flew out from within Heidens' body, hovering above Heidens' head.

"Die!" Linley's face was cold and cruel. Although Bloodviolet's speed had been lessened and impacted, it still wasn't slow enough for the likes of Heidens' to dodge.

"No!" Heidens' frantically tried to dodge.

"Slash!"

Bloodviolet chopped down diagonally from Heidens' shoulder, and half of Heidens' body, including both of his legs, was chopped apart. That half of his body included his right arm, which had been holding his magistaff. With this chop, even the magistaff tumbled down.

"Ughhhh!!!" a suppressed, agonized cry escaped Heidens' lips.

But then, Heidens' remaining half of his body flew back at high speed, while the 'Radiant Scriptures' hovering over his head radiated a holy white light that quickly began to repair Heidens' wounds. His body was visibly regenerating. Actually, Heidens himself was very talented at light-style healing magic, but with this divine artifact, the 'Radiant Scriptures', his healing speed was even faster.

"Heidens, I didn't expect you to be able to survive even that. But it's for the better... I'll let you personally witness the true destruction of the Radiant Church," Linley said with complete confidence.

After his experiences in the Necropolis of the Gods, he now possessed the Pearl of Life and gained insights into the Profound Truths of Velocity. Linley was

now far stronger than he had been before entering the Necropolis of the Gods, and he didn't hold the experts of the Radiant Church in front of him in any regard at all.

"Prepare to die, Linley," Lehman rumbled in his thick voice.

Including Lehman and Lord Fallen Leaf, thirty-six Saint-level experts had suddenly move outwards, surrounding Linley's group.

"How laughable. You fellows didn't try to flee." Lehman, in mid-air, laughed coldly.

Linley, Tulily, Desri, and the others began to laugh as well. How could they not have noticed that the experts of the Radiant Church were surrounding them? Perhaps they were about to set up some sort of new, special battle formation, but Linley's group understood a simple principle; no matter how powerful a battle formation is, it is still only as powerful as the people who use it!

Tulily laughed coldly. "These Saints... most of them are early stage Saints. More importantly... your formation doesn't just surround one of us. It surrounds twenty-five of us. The combined attacks of we twenty-five Saints... I wonder if your formation would be able to hold on!"

"Whooosh..."

Heidens had already rapidly retreated to the door of the Radiant Temple. He raised his head, staring upwards into mid-air. Seeing that Linley's group had been trapped within the Great Six-Point Battle Formation, he couldn't help but feel wildly overjoyed, and he said in a loud voice, "Linley, you and your group came to die. Lehman, hurry up and kill them."

Just then, he had nearly lost his life. Heidens' heart was currently swelling with a murderous intent, but he himself wasn't powerful enough to take action.

"Yes, Your Holiness." Lehman was extremely confident as well.

Heidens took a deep breath, and then started watching, slightly nervous. Although he was extremely confident in the power of the 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation', the enemy he was facing was Linley!

A person who created miracles!

Linley was currently carefully examining this so-called 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation' before him. In but a glance, Linley could tell that this 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation' should be the advanced version of the 'Angel Battle Formation', which was formed from six experts.

This 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation', however, had thirty-six Saints divided into six parts.

Each of the six Saints in each part formed an 'Angel Battle Formation'.

The thirty-six of them then formed a single whole, as the six 'Angel Battle Formations' once again merged with each other, forming this so-called 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation'.

"Could it be that they don't know that the Angel Battle Formation means nothing to me? Could it be that they think I would be stopped by a powered-up Angel Battle Formation?" Linley was extremely confident.

The Four-Winged Angels... the wild Saint-level Zealots... the cold, merciless Saint-level Special Executors... the thirty-six Saints were formed into a single whole, and terrifyingly powerful 'holy force' was constantly flowing through them. Amongst them, the director of this formation, Lehman, clearly had the most powerful holy force.

"Raaaaaaaaaargh!" 2.5 meters tall, and as massive and burly as a magical beast, Lehman let out a furious roar, brandishing that long staff of his, covered in holy light.

"Bang!" The long staff struck down from far away.

Instantly, a ray of holy energy that was dozens of meters long and as thick as a barrel blasted down from the staff. The holy energy's main target was Linley, but with a single movement, Linley dodged away from it when the beam of holy energy was still a meter away from him.

Linley was simply too fast!

"Everyone, don't try to take that beam of light on by yourself," Linley's voice rang out in Delia, Desri, Tulily, and the other experts' minds.

Although he hadn't touched the beam of light, even at the distance of one

meter, Linley had sensed that his Pulseguard Defense was faintly trembling. After having been reinforced by the merged power of thirty-six Saints, this attack was definitely comparable to a combination attack of a hundred Saints.

“Boom!” “Boom!” “Boom!”

One pillar of light blasted out after another, but after the beam of light dissipated, the holy energy actually returned to the formation.

“If this continues, their power will be virtually limitless,” Linley said to himself.

“Haha, everyone, attack together,” Tulily shouted loudly, and then a blood red blade flashed through the sky.

“Rooooooar!” The Tyrant Wyrms, the Thunder Lizard, and the Gold Dragon swept out with their draconic tails, smashing viciously towards the enemies.

“Die!” Barker and his brothers, who had been nursing their grief and hatred this entire time, had all transformed into Undying Warrior Saints. With a furious roar, the five brothers all brandished those astonishing greataxes smashing down towards the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ with mountain-splitting force!

As for Zassler, he had summoned eight Saint-level undead! Zassler’s eyes were flashing nonstop with jade green light.

Linley, Wharton, Bebe, Miller, Livingston, Ford, Higginson, and the other Saints all attacked the formation at the same time as well.

With the Saint-level undead added in, their side had over thirty peak-stage Saints!

“Bang!” “Bang!” “Bang!” “Bang!” ...

Rips in space appeared and disappeared like an electric snake tearing through the sky, but that white light endured and continued!

The wild attacks caused the entire formation to vibrate wildly, but in the end, it still managed to stabilize. The faces of a few of those thirty-six Saints had turned somewhat pale, but as the holy light flooded through their bodies, they quickly recovered.

“Whew. It’s fine!” The distant Heidens felt a surge of joy.

“We held on. We really held on!” Heidens had worried that this ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ wouldn’t be able to hold on in the face of so many experts attacking together.

“Linley, you will definitely die.” Heidens finally felt confident.

If even Linley, when joining forces with all the other experts, wasn’t able to break through, what did they have to be afraid of? After all, the energy of the attacks aimed at the inside of the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ would return to the formation, making the available energy virtually limitless. No matter how long this fight lasted for, the Radiant Church wouldn’t be afraid.

“Haha...” Lord Lehman laughed loudly in his thick, rumbling voice.

The Radiant Church’s side all had excited smiles on their faces.

“The power of this formation is quite something,” Linley sighed in praise.

“Right. It really is powerful. Our full power attacks were quickly depleted by the energy of this formation, absorbing the great majority of the strength of the attacks. Only 10 or 20% of our power managed to get through and land on the bodies of those thirty-six.” Desri sighed in praise as well.

The power of their combined attacks, even reduced to 10 or 20%, was still enough to cause some of those weaker thirty-six Saints to be injured.

The difference in power between the two sides was simply too great.

Only, the duplicative, merged power of this formation was simply too great, and it also possessed the healing properties of light-style energy.

“Desri, watch me.” With a flip of his hand, Linley withdrew his adamantine heavy sword.

Linley swept Lehman and Fallen Leaf with his gaze. He praised, “I have to admit, this formation your Radiant Church possesses truly does have incredible defense. However... could it be that you aren’t aware that this sort of formation is useless against me?”

“Whoosh!” With a flash, Linley charged towards Lehman’s side.

“Die.” Linley’s eyes were filled with fierceness.

The adamantine heavy sword in his hand struck out gently, like a falling leaf, but its speed was actually as fast and as vicious as a bolt of lightning. In an instant, it landed against the white glow, and a terrifying vibrational force passed straight through it, virtually ignoring it as it attacked Lehman.

Profound Truths of the Earth – Throbbing Pulse of the World, 64 Fused Waves!

“Huh?” Linley suddenly frowned.

Linley could clearly sense that the vibrational waves, upon reaching Lehman’s arm, instantly made it explode, but the holy energy immediately began to visibly repair the damage done at high speed.

“Not good.” Linley instantly understood the difference between this Great Six-Point Battle Formation and the Angel Battle Formation.

Six people represented each of the six parts of the Angel Battle Formation.

If Linley were to attack one part of the Angel Battle Formation and his adamantine heavy sword were to land against a person, the vibrational waves would have a high probability of directly destroying that person’s internal organs. The assorted experts of the Angel Battle Formation wouldn’t be able to dodge at all!

But the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ was different. Its six parts were actually made up of six people that were formed into one whole.

Linley’s adamantine heavy sword hadn’t actually clashed with any weapons. To be precise, this attack of Linley’s was actually aimed towards the entire group of six people in that unit, but the vibration travelled in a straight line. Whoever it attacked would be the one to be damaged!

This sort of straight-line attack would naturally be avoided by the opponents, especially when Lehman and the others sensed that strange force penetrate the ‘holy power’ protecting them.

Although the speed of the vibrations was quite fast, it would only be enough to injure Lehman.

“Linley, so this is that ‘legendary’ technique of yours, the Profound Truths of

the Earth?” Lehman’s eyes were gleaming, and he laughed loudly, “Haha... if this was the Angel Battle Formation, you truly would be able to succeed, but did you think that the Radiant Church would step in the same pit twice? Haha...”

Lord Fallen Leaf had a hint of a smile on his face as well. “The Great Six-Point Battle Formation is formed from six groups of six people. As soon as your Profound Truths of the Earth penetrates the holy energy, they will be able to sense it and can instantly move to make sure their vitals are not struck. You won’t be able to easily kill any one of them.”

“Linley, weren’t you feeling very confident, just now?” one of the Special Executor Saints in the formation said in a cold voice.

But Linley began to laugh.

Delia, Tulily, Desri, and the others all began to laugh.

“Boss, you’ve made a fool of yourself.” Bebe laughed.

Linley laughed as well. “I really did underestimate this Angel Battle Formation.”

The Radiant Church’s forces were all rather angry now, because Linley’s side was still chatting and laughing amongst each other, as though this formation was nothing to them at all. But at the same time, Lehman, Fallen Leaf, and the others began to feel uneasy. How could the enemy be so confident? Did they have something up their sleeves?

“Do they have some sort of method to break our formation?” Lehman worried.

“Lehman, shrink the area covered by the formation. Force them into tighter quarters, then kill them,” Heidens’ voice rang out from afar.

“Fine.” Lehman didn’t think about it anymore.

The thirty-six Saints of the Radiant Church instantly began to draw closer together, reducing the volume and space covered by this ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’.

“Linley, stop playing around with them,” Desri said mentally to him.

Linley nodded slightly. “Delia, make your move,” Linley’s voice rang out in

Delia's consciousness. Delia smiled slightly, then all by herself, flew at high speed towards Lehman, who paid no attention to her at all.

"She dares to draw near? She's asking for death." Lehman laughed coldly to himself.

If Linley was to draw near, Lehman would perhaps be a bit nervous, but this was Delia. Why would he care?

But just as Delia was within ten meters or so of Lehman, Delia's aura suddenly transformed.

"Rumble..."

An area of several dozen meters around her was affected. Lehman and the rest of his six, who were closest to Delia, suddenly couldn't move at all, and even the flow of holy energy that was circulating amongst them came to a sudden halt. Because Lehman and his men were unable to move, and the holy energy in their bodies was suddenly separated from the rest of the formation, the entire Great Six-Point Battle Formation instantly shattered.

"She... she's a Deity?!" Lehman's eyes were filled with shock, but he couldn't move.

The other thirty or so Saints were utterly mystified.

"Lehman, what's going on?!" They didn't understand why Lehman and the others had stopped using the formation, and had even stopped circulating the holy energy.

"Bang!" Bebe ripped the skull of one of the Saints to pieces. "Haha, you have no clue, right?"

"This Godrealm technique, even an imperfect one, is still able to prevent the opponent from moving for an instant." Linley and Delia exchanged a glance, and the husband and wife couple both laughed.

The Godrealm was definitely the biggest reason why Deities were able to look down upon Saints with such contempt. Even this imperfect 'Godrealm' that Delia used was able to cause the opponent to be unable to move for a second or two. After all, even Linley, upon being affected by it, had been frozen for one

or two seconds.

In a battle between Saints, these one or two seconds would determine life and death!

The Descent

Because of the appearance of the Godrealm, the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ had been disrupted in one part, causing the entire ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ to collapse. As soon as the formation had collapsed, Bebe had immediately killed a Saint.

“Haha, let’s begin the slaughter.”

The practitioner of the Way of Destruction, Tulily, shouted loudly, and each time the blood colored scimitar in his hands lit up, a Saint was chopped to death.

“Kill!” Barker and his brothers, the five Undying Warrior Saints, had ferocious looks on their faces. They roared angrily, brandishing their greataxes as they chopped towards the Saints close to them.

As for the Grand Magus Necromancer, Zassler, he laughed insidiously, utilizing spiritual attacks while simultaneously ordering his eight Saint-level undead to attack those pitiable Saints on the side of the Radiant Church. “Die... die... don’t you fellows love to kill ‘heathens’? All of you, die.”

As for the fastest person amongst them... without question, that was Linley.

With a flicker of his body, Linley charged towards Lord Fallen Leaf. If they were to discuss who was the strongest person on the side of the Radiant Church, Linley’s opinion was that it would be this person, the spiritual leader of the Ascetics. The skinny Lord Fallen Leaf saw Linley fly over, and he couldn’t help but immediately fly backwards in shock and anger.

“Lord Fallen Leaf, no need to flee,” Linley’s voice rang out in Fallen Leaf’s mind.

“Swish! A devilish violet light flashed.

The edge of that violet light had a hint of faint blue light. Wherever the violet

sword went, a small seam in space itself was immediately ripped open. Lord Fallen leaf's body radiated countless lines of white light, wanting to entangle that Bloodviolet sword, but as soon as they touched those tiny seams in space, those white threads of light instantly collapsed.

“Slash!”

Linley's Bloodviolet sword chopped down directly towards Fallen Leaf's head. It was like a tiny line had appeared in the middle of Fallen Leaf's skull. The sword sliced through the skull, but the skull actually didn't split apart. Only, a bloody line appeared straight through his head.

“Linl... Linley...” Lord Fallen Leaf looked at Linley. In the moment of his death, he thought back to that day when Guillermo had brought Linley to him to be trained as his apprentice.

At that time, Lord Fallen Leaf had refused Linley...

“I will only teach those with kind hearts and pure souls. But you... your heart is filled with an excessive desire to kill. I will not teach you.”

Thinking back to that scene, Fallen Leaf had a bitter feeling in his heart.

An excessive desire to kill?

Who would have thought that in the end, he would have died by Linley's hands.

And then, Fallen Leaf's consciousness vanished and dissipated!

As soon as Linley's side had begun massacring the forces of the Radiant Emperor, Heidens, standing at the entrance to the Radiant Temple, began to tremble. His entire body shook, and then he turned towards the white-robed priestess behind him and mentally barked, “Hurry, hurry and ask Lord Chiquita to come, hurry!!!”

“Yes, Your Holiness.” The white-robed priestess within the Radiant Temple immediately ran at high speed towards the insides of the Radiant Temple.

Holy Emperor Heidens gripped the ‘Radiant Scriptures’, staring at the scene above, his heart trembling. “Died. They all died.” Heidens' heart ached. These dead Saints had been the reason why the Radiant Church had been able to

maintain its grip on power in the Yulan continent.

Some of these Saints might have had the potential to one day surpass him in power and become the next Holy Emperor.

“Too late. It’s all too late.” Heidens felt boundless grief and rage in his heart.

“But... there is still hope!” Heidens’ ground his teeth. “As long as we can kill that Linley, after a few more centuries of training and gathering new forces, our Radiant Church can definitely grow strong again.”

Heidens’ face suddenly changed. He cried out in shock, “Fallen Leaf!”

Right at that moment, Lord Fallen Leaf’s corpse fell down from mid-air.

As Lord Fallen Leaf died, twenty-eight other Saints of the thirty-six the Radiant Church had started with had died as well.

Only eight were left!

The rate at which they had been killed caused the members of the Radiant Church who had witnessed this to feel shock and terror in their hearts.

“This Linley...” Heidens found out, to his amazement, that Linley next charged straight towards Lehman. Lehman had finally broken free of Delia’s ‘Godrealm’. After all, her Godrealm was an imperfect one, and was only capable of trapping him for a few seconds.

“Linley!” Lehman roared with fury, delivering a full-forced stick smash towards Linley.

Wherever the staff passed through, space itself rippled.

“Die,” Linley said calmly.

A devilish violet light passed through the staff, which instantly snapped into two parts. Wherever the devilish violet light passed, space itself was instantly torn apart. The spatial rip actually tore straight through Lehman’s body, and his tall, massive body was instantly split into two halves.

Dimensional Decapitator!

With a flash of the sword, Lehman’s skull exploded.

Linley turned and stared at the distant Heidens.

“Heidens. It’s your turn, now.” Linley’s voice seemed to echo throughout the heavens.

With Lehman and Fallen Leaf dead, the Saints on the side of the Radiant Church primarily only consisted of early and middle stage Saints. In front of experts like Tulily, Desri, and Bebe, they didn’t have any ability to fight back at all.

In but a few seconds, all thirty-six Saints on the side of the Radiant Church had perished. Not a single one had managed to even escape.

“Heidens, what, are you planning to hide within the Radiant Temple, beneath the defensive formation of the ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’?” Standing in midair, holding the bloodstained Bloodviolet in his hand, Linley stared down at the terrified Holy Emperor, Heidens.

Once upon a time...

In Fenlai City, the young Linley had wanted to slay the King of Fenlai Kingdom, Clayde, to avenge his parents. At that time, Holy Emperor Heidens had stood in midair as well, easily dominating and maintaining control of the situation and of Linley.

There were hundreds of members of the Radiant Church within the Radiant Temple, but they didn’t even have a place to flee!

The shattered remnants of the Sacred Isle were surrounded by the sea. If they wanted to flee, they would have to flee into the endless sea... but none of them were capable of flight. Even if one of them was a wind-style magus, Linley’s side, including the Saint-level undead, numbered over thirty Saints. How could they possibly be fast enough to escape?

All they could do was hide inside the Radiant Temple.

The Radiant Temple was the last thing they could rely on.

“What should I do? What should I do?” Heidens was extremely nervous. “The Radiant Temple definitely won’t be able to hold on for too long.”

The greatest, final source of support for the Radiant Church had been the Great Six-Point Battle Formation. The ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’ only

relied on the magicite gems stored within the Radiant Temple to power it, and definitely wouldn't be able to withstand the power of the repeated attacks of Linley's group of thirty-plus Saints.

"Why hasn't Lord Chiquita arrived yet?" Heidens was frantic.

"Quick, you go underground as well and ask Lord Chiquita to come," Heidens mentally said to an Ascetic behind him.

"Yes, Your Holiness." This Ascetic was very worried as well.

Holy Emperor Heidens stared at Linley's group, hovering in mid-air. Instantly, his face changed, because he noticed that Linley and Delia had both fallen silent. No one else was speaking either; everyone's attention seemed to be focused on the two of them.

"They are chanting a magical incantation!" Heidens could instantly tell.

"They have multiple Grand Magus Saints. If they were to all cast forbidden-level spells at the same time, and then have the others attack at the same time, the Radiant Temple definitely wouldn't be able to hold on." Heidens felt as though he were an ant atop a heated saucepan. He was utterly frantic now.

He turned his head yet again. "Why hasn't Lord Chiquita come yet? What is going on?"

The 'Lord Chiquita' that Heidens had placed all his hope in had still yet to appear.

"Chiiiiiiii."

An enormous, faint blue 'Dimensional Edge', at least twenty meters long, suddenly flew out from Linley, carrying a destructive surge of energy towards the Radiant Temple. By Delia's side, a second Dimensional Edge, five or six meters long, also flew out.

Two-Dimensional Edge spells, one large, one small, attacking at the same time!

"How could this Dimensional Edge be so huge?" Everyone hiding within the Radiant Temple, Heidens included, felt utterly shocked upon seeing this scene.

Dimensional Edge spells were generally three or four meters long. If they

reached five or six meters in length, it was a sign that the Grand Magus Saint casting it was going all out.

Twenty meters?

How could they have imagined that Linley possessed a monstrously powerful supportive divine artifact like the Coiling Dragon ring?

“Chiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” The Dimensional Edges chopped down against the walls of the Radiant Temple, and the Radiant Temple instantly lit up. A dazzling, holy light emanated out, frantically striving to block the Dimensional Edge spells, but this Dimensional Edge which Linley had cast was simply too enormous.

“Crunch!”

The entire Radiant Temple shuddered. Many people within it, Heidens included, noticed that the walls of the Radiant Temple were beginning to crack.

“The Radiant Temple is no longer able to hold on. Everyone, all together, let’s destroy it!” Wharton roared with fury, and then, brandishing the warblade ‘Slaughterer’, charged forward. Instantly, the three Saint-level dragons, Bebe, the Barker brothers... the experts all charged forward.

But Delia noticed that Linley had suddenly changed.

“Linley, what is it?”

Linley, staring at the cracking, shattering Radiant Temple in front of him, had a very complicated mixture of feelings in his heart. How long had he waited for this day, the day of the destruction of the Radiant Church?

“I’m fine.” Linley chuckled. “Hrm, what is that Heidens doing?”

Heidens, seeing the many experts charging forward, ground his teeth, then immediately knelt down. The ‘Radiant Scriptures’ he had been holding in his hands suddenly flew into the air above him, and he immediately bowed down, pressing his head against the floor.

Heidens’ entire body began to glow with an eye-piercing brilliant light.

Faint lines of blood began to emerge from Heidens’ body, staining his white robe. Heidens raised his head, his eyes shooting forth two rays of piercing golden light, which struck directly upon that holy scripture.

“Lord, let your Glory descend and exterminate these Blasphemers!”

Heidens’ voice was incomparably ancient.

“Bang!” At this moment, the Radiant Temple came under the combined attack of the thirty-plus Saints, and the magical defensive formation instantly shattered. The nine-story-tall Radiant Temple collapsed, and the members of the Church within it let out cries of agony.

But at the same time, the holy scripture began to glow with an incomparably eye-piercing golden brilliance. The golden brilliance floated in the air above Heidens, forming into golden flower petals.

These ‘golden flower petals’ were slowly opening and unfurling.

Linley, Bebe, Tulily, Desri, Delia, and the other experts all watched this scene cautiously. They saw that from within the golden flower petals, a barefooted, muscular man with short silver hair and hemp clothes suddenly appeared, wielding a spear in his hands.

A terrifying aura was emanating from this barefooted, muscular man with short silver hair.

“Is it you... who have summoned me?” The muscular spear-wielding man lowered his head, looking at Heidens. “Blasphemers? Where?”

Heidens’ eyes lit up, and he immediately pointed towards Linley’s group. “O Mighty One, that group of Saints before us are all Blasphemers.”

The spear-wielding muscular man stood in mid-air, and with two steps, he walked outside of the Radiant Temple, turning his gaze towards Linley’s group.

The aura that this muscular, spear-wielding man was emanating was one which Linley and Desri were very familiar with.

This was the aura of a Deity!

“Linley, this is the apparition of a Deity from the Divine Realm of Light. The apparitions of Deities are only formed from energy and don’t possess divine sparks. Their energy is limited to that of Prime Saints, and can’t possibly reach the Demigod-level,” Desri’s voice rang out in Linley’s mind.

Linley immediately calmed down.

“However, we still need to be careful. Although the apparitions are constrained by the bounds of these material planes to have the power of Prime Saints, their understandings of the Laws are at their full level. If their true body is that of a Highgod, then the apparitions will have a Highgod-level of understanding of the Laws!” Desri’s face was solemn.

Even if the apparition was limited to the power of Prime Saints, if the apparition had the insights of a Highgod, most likely even a Demigod would be easily killed by it.

The spear-wielding, muscular man swept Linley’s group with his gaze. “I am Belzie, the Third Guardian under the command of Lord Plaker. Die, Blasphemers!” The muscular man’s spear suddenly pierced through the air, arriving in front of Linley in an instant.

Lord Chiquitas!

“Crunch!”

Although Linley immediately dodged, the spear still pierced through Linley’s throat, then instantly returned to Belsize’s hands.

“So fast.” Linley felt utterly shocked. A faint green light quickly covered the wound, allowing his throat to rapidly return to normal.

Belsize glanced at Linley in surprise, then let out a sigh of approval. “I didn’t expect that you would be in possession of a Pearl of Life. It seems that you are the leader of these Blasphemers, then.” Although he had discovered that Linley was in possession of a Pearl of Life, Belsize was still completely confident.

This attack of Belsize had caused all of the experts on Linley’s side to feel terror.

“That attack only pierced through your throat. This next attack, I will use to pierce through your soul. Let’s see how you will dodge this.” Belsize moved, transforming into a line of bright light and piercing through the air. As for Linley, he immediately utilized the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ to fly backwards and retreat.

Linley was fast. But Belsize was even faster!

The Bloodviolet sword in Linley’s hand, covered with that faint blue aura, chopped directly towards Belsize’s head.

Belsize smiled disdainfully. Dodging backwards, he avoided the strike of Bloodviolet, and then the spear in his hand shot out like a ray of light, piercing through the heavens towards Linley’s skull. The speed of this attack was simply too fast, and Linley didn’t have any time to dodge at all.

“Clang!”

Bloodviolet seemed to have teleported, as it clashed against the side of the

spear. The spear shuddered, then just missed Linley, passing by his head.

“Your attack has a hint of the ‘Dimensional Edge’ about it, and your speed isn’t bad either.” Belsize was wielding his spear again, chuckling calmly as he looked at Linley. “Even in the countless, myriad planes of the universe, amongst Saints, you can be considered to be amongst the highest class. A pity...”

Belsize’s face grew solemn, and then he swept his arm out.

“Boom!”

A burst of dim white light shot directly towards Linley. Linley had been extremely cautious, and so as soon as the white light shot at him, Linley immediately flew backwards, retreating without even pausing to think.

“Hissss...” The parts of his body that the white light touched all immediately disintegrated into ash.

“Whew.” Having just barely escaped the area of the white light, Linley let out a secret sigh of relief.

Right now, his forehead was matted in sweat. His entirely disintegrated legs were quickly regrowing, and he stared in terror and rage at the distant Belsize. “His speed is several times faster than mine, and it seems he hasn’t gone all out yet either. Even a casual blow from him is so terrifying.”

In terms of power and energy levels, Linley and Belsize were on par.

But in terms of understanding the Laws...

The difference was simply enormous!

“Boss!” Bebe’s voice rang out in Linley’s mind. “If you can’t hold on, then flee.” Bebe was nervous as well. Desri and the others had fled far away long ago and were watching from afar. They had to admit... that their power was far lower than Linley’s.

If Linley was unable to defeat the opponent, then they wouldn’t be able to either.

“Hissss...” Suddenly, a Dimensional Edge suddenly shot towards Belsize at high speed. It had been cast by Delia.

“Dimensional Edge.” The other experts, Linley included, all felt a thread of hope.

Belsize glanced at the Dimensional Edge, neither dodging nor retreating. When the Dimensional Edge reached his body, only then did Belsize suddenly retreat at high speed.

The Dimensional Edge flew forwards, and Belsize flew backwards.

“What?!”

Everyone, Linley included, felt shock and terror, because they knew exactly how fast the ‘Dimensional Edge’ was... and yet it was still slower than Belsize. Belsize had a faint smile on his face, easily maintaining the distance between himself and the Dimensional Edge.

After the Dimensional Edge dissipated, Belsize came to a halt as well.

“Dimensional Edge? It has been such a long time since I have encountered it. What a nostalgic feeling.” Belsize sighed.

Linley’s face changed.

It was hopeless!

It was utterly hopeless!

“Retreat, everyone, retreat, quickly, quickly!!!” Linley’s voice suddenly rang out in the minds of Tulily, Desri, and the other experts.

Not hesitating at all, Tulily and the other experts immediately began to flee in every which way.

“Fleeing?” Belsize’s face turned cold. “Hrmph.”

Belsize suddenly raised his level of speed to the limit, appearing in front of Linley in the blink of an eye, and Linley immediately flew backwards.

But just at that moment, Belsize’s body suddenly came to a halt, a hint of surprise and anger in his eyes. “A Deity?” Linley suddenly realized that Delia was close to them, and he hurriedly, frantically messaged her mentally, “Delia, quick, leave!”

Delia had just utilized her ‘Godrealm’.

However, this 'Belsize' was nothing more than an apparition, an energy construct. He had no soul, only a linked thread of awareness. If this was a true 'Godrealm', perhaps there would have been some effect, but this imperfect 'Godrealm' had virtually no effect on him.

Belsize's body paused for only the briefest of instants, and then he turned to look at Delia, his gaze cold. "You haven't even successfully fused with the divine spark in its entirety, and yet you dare to use it?"

"Swoosh!" The spear immediately shot out from his hands, and the target... was Delia!

"Delia!" Linley was shocked.

"Clang!"

A metallic ringing sound. The spear returned to Belsize's hands, its mission unaccomplished. Belsize stared at Delia in astonishment. "A set of divine battle armor? You actually have divine battle armor?"

"Delia, leave, quickly. I'll hold him down. Quick!" Linley mentally said to her frantically.

Linley knew that given Belsize's speed, if he chased after any one of them, that person would definitely be caught up to and killed.

"No." Delia didn't leave. She stared at Linley, her eyes slightly misty. "If we die, we die together."

"Delia..." Linley's heart was extremely confused and torn.

He hadn't expected that the Holy Emperor, Heidens, would have this final card up his sleeve. To summon the specter of a Deity, and one of such terrifying power, at that...

"I was overconfident, too overconfident. If I had been a bit more prudent, and had immediately killed Heidens at the beginning! If I hadn't given him the chance to summon this specter, none of this would have happened." Linley hated himself for his mistake. And at this moment, Belsize charged towards Delia once more."

At this point in time, Belsize's primary target had actually become Delia.

“A divine spark, and a set of divine battle armor...” Belsize flew over at high speed. “I didn’t expect that in this material plane, there would actually be someone so astonishingly stupid. If she had actually finished fusing her divine spark, it truly would be quite hard for me to kill her. But as things stand...”

A cold light flashed through Belsize’s eyes.

“Delia, quick, leave!” Linley was utterly beside himself with panic, shooting towards Belsize at maximum speed.

But Linley was behind Belsize, and he was slower than Belsize to begin with. How could he possibly catch up?

“Shkreeeeeeeeeeeee!!!”

Suddenly, a heaven-shaking, high-pitched shriek rang out, and a black shadow charged forward from behind Delia. Ignoring everything, it charged straight towards Belsize with explosive fury, transforming into eight shadows, all of which revealed cold, sharp fangs and fierce claws. It was Bebe!

Linley was instantly stunned.

“Bebe, quick, flee!” Linley was about to go insane.

Bebe, block Belsize? How could he possibly hold!

“A little mouse?” A look of contempt flashed through Belsize’s eyes. The speed of the rat-type magical beast in front of him was lower than Linley. How could Belsize be bothered by it? As for this Shadowshape Doppelganger Technique, Belsize could tell at one glance where Bebe’s true body was.

The spear in Belsize’s hand swept out.

“Slash!” The spear pierced directly into Bebe’s body. But even then, Bebe still opened his maw, wanting to bite down at Belsize, his two eyes filled with a hint of insanity.

“Boss, quick, run, run!!!!” Bebe’s voice rang in Linley’s mind.

Bebe stared forcefully at Linley with his two eyes.

It was as though in this last moment of his life, he wanted to take one more look at Linley.

“Boss, run for it!” Bebe’s little eyes were filled with unshed tears.

“Bebe!” Linley felt his mind go blank. Seeing Bebe spitted on that spear, Linley’s tears began to fall out uncontrollably. He felt so powerless. He wanted to save Bebe, but he didn’t have the ability to do so! Linley’s entire body began to shudder from his agony.

“Huh?” Belsize’s eyes suddenly opened wide with astonishment and rage.

After his spear had just penetrated partway through Bebe, he wasn’t able to push any further. Suddenly, a surge of black light instantly erupted forth from Bebe’s body, directly attacking Belsize’s mind, destroying that linked thread of awareness. As it did so, an ice-cold voice rang out in his mind.

“Belsize, how dare you! When I have some free time, I will pay a personal visit to your Lord Plaker!”

Belsize’s body instantly crumbled away and dissipated.

“Boss, Boss!” Bebe instantly scurried towards Linley.

Surprised and delighted, Delia flew over as well. Linley was standing there in mid-air, utterly stupefied. What had happened?

Just moments ago, he had been filled with utter despair and regret. But now, the incomparably powerful Belsize had suddenly dissipated, and Bebe hadn’t died.

“Bebe isn’t dead!” Linley’s eyes suddenly lit up.

“Bebe.” Linley immediately grabbed Bebe, pulling him in for a tight hug.

“Boss.” Bebe rubbed his little head comfortably against Linley’s chest.

“Delia.” Linley reached out to embrace Delia as well. Just moments ago, he had been in the grip of a nightmare, but now... he felt as though he truly understood what ‘happiness’ meant.

Within the shattered remnants of the Radiant Temple, in a room, there was a tall, three-eyed man with a pair of goose-like wings on his back. The man was staring out the window. He had watched the entire battle, from start to finish. “Even the specter of Lord Belsize was destroyed. How is that possible? That ‘Linley’ fellow’s power is on par with mine, but there’s no way he could possibly

destroy the shadow of Lord Belsize.”

The three-eyed man considered his options.

“Best to simply leave. As for that Heidens... leave him to his fate.”

The tall, muscular man leapt out from within a window in the Radiant Temple. His wings trembled gently, and then he transformed into a line of light, disappearing into the horizon. His speed was incredibly fast, on par with Linley.

Heidens’ face seemed ancient and decrepit. His eyes were dim.

The execution of the ‘Deity’s Descent’ technique which was only taught to each Holy Emperor was something that had caused great harm to Heidens. Not just in terms of mageforce; his spiritual energy had been entirely used up, and even his soul had been badly damaged. There was no way he could possibly recover without spending a century in rest.

“He lost?” Seeing Belsize’s form dissipate, he couldn’t believe his eyes.

“Your Holiness, what should we do?” The Church members behind him were all terror-stricken. Just then, they had been celebrating their impending victory, but now...

Heidens stood up, turning and roaring with anger, “Where is Lord Chiquitas? Why hasn’t Lord Chiquitas come? Go find him!!!” At this point in time, their one and only hope was Lord Chiquitas. Heidens had personally witnessed Lord Chiquitas’ power before.

He should be able to deal with Linley.

“Heidens, what are you shouting about?”

Heidens turned his head. Linley, with Bebe in one arm and holding Delia’s hand with the other, walked into the main hall of the Radiant Temple.

“Linley...” Heidens, after having utilized the ‘Deity’s Descent’ technique, was unable to fight back any longer. “Linley, don’t be so smug. The Radiant Church will never be destroyed, and the glory of the Lord will forever illuminate the endless reaches of the world,” Heidens growled with fury.

Right at this moment, a white-robed priestess came running over.

Heidens noticed the white-robed priestess. This was the one he had sent to go find Lord Chiquitas. Heidens suddenly felt a hint of hope. “Lord Chiquitas?”

The white-robed priestess was so panicked, she was crying. “Your Holiness, Lord Chiquitas is no longer here. He’s left. I can’t find him. I looked everywhere, but I can’t find him!” The white-robed priestess also sensed what the situation was.

“No...” Heidens seemed to have been struck by a bolt of lightning. He was utterly stunned.

Heidens instantly understood everything. Given how major this battle had been, if Chiquitas had been planning to get involved, he would have done so long ago, but he did not... clearly, Chiquitas didn’t want to get involved, and had fled long ago.

“Aaaaaaaaaah!!!” Heidens let out a furious, unrepentant howl.

Looking at Heidens, who was in such agony that he seemed about to go insane, as well as those other terrified high-level members of the Church, Linley felt his heart become peaceful. He spoke. “The Radiant Church... will never exist again.”

One Night

“**B**oom!”

The remnants of the Sacred Isle began to tremble violently, as though there were thousands of enormous beasts beneath it that were shaking it. One enormous crack after another appeared in the Sacred Isle, and endless amounts of seawater poured in, covering the entire Sacred Isle.

The Radiant Temple, already collapsed, no longer had the protection of the ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’. It was now no different from any ordinary building, and these massive vibrations caused the collapsed Radiant Temple to break down even more. On the remnants of the island, many enormous boulders were raining down from the skies, and the few remaining survivors of the Radiant Church fled in terror into the seas, hoping to avoid those countless boulders and prevent them from smashing down on them.

Earth-style, forbidden-level magic – Heaven Collapses, Earth Shatters!

Linley stood in mid-air, with Bebe on his shoulders and Delia’s hand in his own. He stared from afar at the collapsing, distant Sacred Isle. Soon, the entire Sacred Isle disappeared into the ocean without a trace. Where the Sacred Isle had previously been, there was now nothing besides rolling waves and a few corpses that occasionally rose to the surface of the sea.

Linley quietly watched this scene.

Delia, conscientiously, didn’t make a sound. After a long time...

“Let’s go.” Linley let out a long sigh.

Holding Linley’s hand in her own, Delia smiled. “What are you thinking about?”

“The past,” Linley said.

“Boss, the past? Do you have some profound thoughts about the past?” Bebe

smirked from his position on Linley's shoulders.

Linley laughed, glancing at Bebe. "What sort of profound thoughts can I have? Enough, let's go home!"

"Right. Go home!"

Delia and Bebe both felt their hearts tremble. Just then, the three of them had nearly died, but now, all of them were going home safely. These sorts of sudden changes in fortune naturally had mentally affected them.

The ocean wind continued to blow. In mid-air, Linley, Delia, and Bebe flew at high speed towards the eastern horizon.

Staring into the boundless eastern skies, Linley suddenly felt as though he were staring at everything he had encountered during this part of his life.

"Father. Mother. The Radiant Church has finally been destroyed." A hint of a smile appeared on Linley's face.

"Father, do you still remember what you told me that year? The two greatest desires you had was for me to bring back the ancestral heirloom of our clan, the warblade 'Slaughterer'... and for the clan to be restored to its former glory."

"The warblade 'Slaughterer' is back now, and the Baruch Empire has been founded. Our Baruch clan is now one of the most powerful clans in the entire Yulan continent."

"Grandpa Doebling, when I was young, I did everything for my father and for the goals of the clan. I took on the hopes of the clan onto myself. If I had been forced to rely on myself for everything, it would have been very hard to accomplish all these things. But because I had you, Grandpa Doebling... you changed my life. Training magic... the Straight Chisel School of sculpting... your help, your tutelage, allowed me to grow one step at a time. It was you who helped me this entire time."

"When you died, I swore an oath to destroy and uproot the Radiant Church in its entirety. How many years has it been? I've never dared to forget that oath."

"Now... I've succeeded."

"Grandpa Doebling, I feel so relaxed now. Truly. I feel relaxed in my heart."

Right now, I'm holding hands with my beloved wife, and by my side is Bebe, who has braved life and death along my side. Grandpa Doehring, if you were still alive, you would definitely feel very happy for me."

"No matter how much time passes, I, Linley, will forever remember your tutelage for me in my youth. Grandpa Doehring... thank you..."

Soaring above the seas and facing the east, Linley's eyes were so very bright!

From his childhood years until now, Linley had always been carrying many burdens. His mind had always been under great pressure, but today, Linley was finally at ease!

He could finally live a carefree, happy, wonderful life!

The Holy Emperor Heidens, Lehman, and Fallen Leaf had all died in battle. The thirty-plus other Saints had all fallen as well. Even the Sacred Isle and the Radiant Temple had turned to rubble and disappeared within the vast sea. Although the Holy Union still had many Church members in it, without any Saints to serve as their foundation, the Radiant Church was destined to never be able to flourish again.



*

Dragonblood Castle.

Because of the complete destruction of the Radiant Church, Linley and the others managing to escape with their lives from near-certain death, as well as Linley finally being able to lay down his burdens, Linley felt extremely happy on this day. All of the Saints thus convened at Dragonblood Castle and had a jubilant celebratory feast.

This celebratory banquet was such a major affair that even the Emperor of the Baruch Empire, Cena Baruch, hurried over to attend.

"Big bro, I really was so worried... but fortunately, you made it back, big bro. Come, big bro, let me toast you." Wharton's emotions were very complicated right now.

“Come, cheers.” Linley immediately laughed and raised his cup.

“Wharton, where’s Desri and the others?”

As this banquet proceeded, Linley felt helplessness in his heart. “Wharton, Barker and his brothers, and the others... although they had fled during the battle at the Sacred Isle when that Belsize had appeared, I truly don’t blame them at all.”

Linley understood how Wharton, Barker, his brothers, and the others were currently feeling.

When Belsize had appeared, Linley had ordered them to flee. Desri, Tulily, and the others, including even Wharton, who had been Emperor for a while, knew that staying behind would have been a very foolish idea.

They had immediately fled.

Logically speaking, this was the right decision, and the decision that Delia and Bebe had made to stay was a decision that should have resulted in their meaningless deaths.

However, from an emotional standpoint, Desri, Wharton, and the others still felt a bit guilty.

Naturally, during this celebratory banquet, they worked hard to act cheerfully and worked hard to chat, laugh, and drink with Linley, wanting Linley to be happy. Actually, Linley hadn’t been angry at them at all. But Desri, Wharton, and the others themselves felt nervous inside.

“Cena, after this banquet concludes, go to the study. There’s something I need to discuss with you,” Linley said to Cena.

“Yes, Uncle,” Cena said respectfully.

Cena had grown into an elegant, refined looking man. It was hard to imagine that the massive Wharton would have a son like him. Cena, already twenty-four years of age, had taken on the responsibilities of being Emperor years ago. Both in terms of personal ability as well as in Imperial management skills, Linley was very satisfied with Cena.

After the banquet concluded, it was late at night.

Dragonblood Castle. Within Linley's personal, private study. Although Linley almost never used this study, someone would come here every single day to clean it. Naturally, it was very tidy. Today, Linley was making a rare visit to his study.

"I wonder why Uncle has asked me to come here?" Cena looked at the nearby, peaceful study, his heart filled with questions.

The study was shining with lamp light. Late at night, the lamp light was quite eye-catching.

Cena was currently the Emperor of the Baruch Empire, and he had an exalted status. But when Cena arrived at Dragonblood Castle, he didn't dare to put on any 'Imperial' airs at all, because the many experts that Dragonblood Castle contained were all the most important, supportive pillars of the Baruch Empire.

Especially his uncle!

Linley was to the Baruch Empire what the War God was to the O'Brien Empire or the High Priest was to the Yulan Empire.

Empires could lack for Emperors, but they couldn't lack for those three.

"Knock!" "Knock!" "Knock!" Cena, somewhat nervous, rapped on the door to the study. Ever since he was young, Cena had only seen Linley a few times. Towards Linley, Cena felt a combination of fear as well as worship.

"Come in."

Taking a deep breath, Cena pushed the door open. He immediately saw Linley seated before a reading table, currently flipping through a book.

"Oh, Cena. Come, sit." Linley smiled in a very friendly manner, pointing to a nearby chair.

"Yes, Uncle." Cena immediately shut the door, then sat down.

Linley looked at Cena. He couldn't help but laugh. "Cena, it's quite odd now that I think of it. Your father, when he was young, was a handful and a troublemaker, but you've always been very clever and well-behaved. In my opinion, you take after your mother, Nina, much more." Linley rather liked Cena.

“Boys usually take after their mother.” Cena grinned as well.

“Good point. Taylor is quite a handful as well, and Delia herself was quite fierce when she was young.” Linley paused for a moment, then went straight to the main topic. “Cena, the reason I asked you to come was because I want to tell you something. You have to listen carefully,” Linley said with a laugh.

Cena immediately focused his attention.

“The High Priest of the Yulan Empire and the War God of the O’Brien Empire have spoken with me. Their two empires, as well as our Baruch Empire, will join forces and together take over the entire Yulan continent. Our three empires will split the world evenly!” Linley said very casually.

But Cena, listening, was utterly stunned.

As the Emperor of an Empire, this sort of news was simply too shocking to him.

“Uncle, this... this division of the world...” Cena didn’t quite dare to believe it. “Represents that we are going to destroy the Rohault Empire, the Rhine Empire, the great plains of the far east, the Dark Alliance, the Holy Union... this would take decades, if not centuries.”

Linley shook his head.

“Cena, during the banquet, you should have learned that just now, we went to destroy the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church,” Linley said.

“Right.” Cena nodded, but then his eyes lit up. “Uncle, are you saying that...” Cena suddenly understood.

“It wasn’t just the headquarters of the Radiant Church. The headquarters of the Cult of Shadows should also have been destroyed over the course of the next day or two. Once the wars truly begin... think about it. If the enemy has no Saints, but we send Saints to do battle... will the wars take so long?”

Cena felt his throat turn dry and his back turn sweaty. His heart was shaking. “Uncle and the others are simply too terrifying. They directly annihilated all of the enemy’s Saints. There is now no way for them to fight back during this war.”

Even the Holy Emperor himself had died.

This meant that the Holy Union now had no leader. Once war descended upon them, most likely the kingdoms and duchies of the Holy Union would instantly surrender.

“I just wanted to give you a heads up.” Linley didn’t really care much about this battle.

After all, to him, size of territory and population ruled meant little. The most important thing was for him to walk further along the path of training and become a Deity as soon as possible.

Deity!

Becoming a Deity represented a fundamental change in the level of one’s existence. It meant possessing a divine spark, a Godrealm, and being able to draw upon the power of faith. It was a level of existence far beyond mortal ken.

“Uncle, the three sides shall split up the world, but how?” Cena asked. He rather cared about this.

“Oh, I almost forgot.” Linley chuckled. “This is how it will work. The territory of the Holy Union and the Eighteen Northern Duchies will belong to the O’Brien Empire. The Rhine Empire and the Dark Alliance will go to the Yulan Empire. As for the Rohault Empire and the great plains of the far east, they will belong to our Baruch Empire.”

Cena’s eyes instantly lit up.

The size of the Rohault Empire was essentially on par with the Baruch Empire. But more important than that was... the great plains of the far east!

The territory of the great plains of the far east was actually enormous in scope, approaching the massive O’Brien Empire in size. But because it was all grasslands, it had a small population despite being massive in size, causing it to only have three kingdoms. However, those three kingdoms were not to be trifled with. The three kingdoms of the great plains of the far east had been able to fight on even footing with the Rohault Empire and Rhine Empire for many years. One could tell from this how strong they were.

After all, these people who spent their lives in the saddle of a horse naturally possessed an extremely martial culture.

“Alright, Cena. It’s getting late. You should go back and get some rest,” Linley said.

“Yes, Uncle.” Cena withdrew respectfully.

After Cena left, Linley turned his head to stare at the nearby chair. In the seat that Cena had just vacated, there was now a middle-aged man seated there. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, and had a lazy smile on his face. It was the Deity-level expert, the King of Killers... Cesar.

“Lord Cesar, your group is heading off to the Necropolis of the Gods tomorrow. Why have you come here tonight?” Linley couldn’t help but laugh as he asked this question.

Hearing Linley say this, Cesar couldn’t help but be startled, but then he pursed his lips helplessly. “Right. Tomorrow, we’re heading to the Necropolis of the Gods. Actually, I didn’t want to go to the Necropolis of the Gods this time, but those other guys are forcing me to go. Sheesh!”

“A person can be forced to go to the Necropolis of the Gods? Isn’t it only for those who are willing to go?” Linley frowned, confused.

“Enough of that. I’m pissed just thinking about it.”

Cesar stood up, walking forward to stand before Linley’s table, staring directly at Linley. “Linley, I’ve come today to entrust you with a task.”

New Variables

Entrust him with a task?

Linley looked at Cesar in confusion. “Lord Cesar, pray tell!”

Cesar was, after all, a major, founding figure of the ‘Saber’ organization, one of the four major assassin’s guilds of the Yulan continent. Most mortal affairs, he could simply have Saber handle. For Cesar to ask Linley for assistance definitely meant that this affair was not a simple one.

“Linley, not too long ago, O’Brien and Catherine, those two greedy fellows, said that they wanted to take over the entire world, right?” Cesar said.

“That was the case, yes.” Linley nodded.

Cesar nodded as well. “Whether or not the world is divided up between you three is none of my concern. But you should know that Rosarie and myself have a... special... relationship.” Cesar chuckled. “I understand Rosarie’s temper quite well. She’s remained at the Frost Goddess Shrine this entire time because she truly cares about the Frost Goddess Shrine.”

Linley nodded.

Rosarie had been training for thousands of years, but she still remained at the Shrine. From this, one could tell how much she valued the Frost Goddess Shrine.

How many of the experts of the Radiant Church or the Cult of Shadows who had been in training for thousands of years had remained in their respective churches? After all, the goal of these experts who had trained for thousands of years was to become a Deity! If they themselves were on the path to becoming a Deity, why would they feel the need to worship a god?

Gods required people to have faith in them.

Rosarie, however, hadn’t stayed at the Frost Goddess Shrine this entire day

due to her faith in the Frost Goddess. It was because she was emotionally attached to the Frost Goddess Shrine.

“That day, O’Brien said that he wanted to have the Eighteen Northern Duchies belong to the O’Brien Empire.” Cesar shook his head helplessly. “Actually, it doesn’t really matter if he takes them over. Only, you should understand that the O’Brien Empire has an internal regulation that only the worship of the War God, O’Brien, is permitted. All other religions are forbidden.”

Linley nodded.

Even the Radiant Church and Cult of Shadows had only been able to set up intelligence networks within the O’Brien Empire. They didn’t dare to openly proselytize on a large scale.

“Once the Eighteen Northern Duchies are subdued, given the iron rule of the War God O’Brien, he definitely won’t permit the Frost Goddess Shrine to continue to exist.” Cesar furrowed his forehead. “I’m worried that Rosarie will act in a hot-headed way and fight against the O’Brien Empire.”

Linley now understood why Cesar was concerned.

“Lord Cesar, why are you so concerned about something like this? As long as you are alive, I think the War God won’t go too far in his actions.” Linley laughed.

Cesar nodded. “Right. As long as I am alive, that is the case. But what if... what if on this trip to the Necropolis of the Gods, I die? Would the War God still treat the Frost Goddess Shrine with such courtesy?” A hint of frustration could be seen on Cesar’s frowning face.

“This...”

Linley was silent for a moment. “Lord Cesar, why do you have so little confidence in yourself?”

“That’s not it.” Cesar shook his head. “Linley, you don’t understand. Although all four of us are Demigods, there are still vast differences between Demigods. For example, Saints. Can an early stage Saint possibly compare to you in power?”

An early stage Saint?

Even a million Abyssal Blade Demons had not been able to stand against Linley, who had killed them as he pleased. The difference between them was as great as that of the heavens and the earth.

“Although we are all Demigods, my strength is the lowest of the four. For example, Dylin. He’s already a peak-stage Demigod, and supposedly, he’s right at the cusp of breaking through to become a full God,” Cesar shook his head as he spoke.

Cesar was only an early stage Demigod, after all.

The others? The War God had become a Deity five thousand years ago, and the High Priest had become a Deity over ten thousand years ago. As for Dylin? He, too, had become a Deity tens of thousands of years ago.

“The person with the greatest chance of dying in the Necropolis of the Gods is actually myself,” Cesar said.

“Then, Lord Cesar, why are you going to the Necropolis of the Gods?” Linley asked.

“The first reason is, I am forced to go. The second is...” Cesar’s eyes lit up. “A long, lazy, life eventually grows boring as well. I want to once more experience the excitement of life-and-death struggles. In the past, when I was with Armand, we walked on the edge of life and death. Also, my career as an assassin. That truly was an exciting life. I miss it very much.”

Cesar still had the heart of a warrior.

Linley understood.

Warriors such as Cesar wouldn’t be able to forever slumber in a quiet lifestyle. What they needed was battle, was heart-pounding activities, was new breakthroughs, was rising to higher and higher levels!

“Linley, are you willing to help out in Rosarie’s affairs?” Cesar asked directly.

“Of course I am willing. Lord Cesar, how could I dare to not be willing?” Linley said with a smirk.

“You little punk.” Cesar grinned as well.

Within ten years or so, Linley would become a Deity. Even more importantly... Linley had a special relationship with Bebe and Beirut. This was the reason why Cesar had come to ask for Linley's assistance. As long as Linley was willing to get involved, even if the War God came back from the Necropolis of the Gods, he wouldn't act against Rosarie.

"Linley, O'Brien, Catherine!"

An ancient voice suddenly rang out in Linley's mind. Not just Linley's; the War God at War God Mountain and the High Priest in the Yulan Empire both heard this same voice.

Linley's face changed.

Lord Beirut!

"I know that you are planning to start a war in the continent. I don't care what happens to the rest of the Yulan continent, but there are two things you need to remember. The first is that you are not to disturb the peace of the Forest of Darkness. The second is that your armies are not permitted to enter the Eighteen Northern Duchies, nor are you permitted to engage in slaughter in the Eighteen Northern Duchies. Understood?"

"Yes, Lord Beirut."

The War God, the High Priest, and Linley all simultaneously responded back mentally.

Who would dare violate the orders of Lord Beirut?

Lord Beirut retracted his divine presence from their minds.

"Truly terrifying. His divine sense was able to instantly cover the entire Yulan continent." Linley sighed with endless praise. "Lord Beirut's power is simply too great, far above the likes of the War God."

"What happened, Linley?" Cesar, seeing that Linley had become lost in thought, couldn't help but grow confused.

Linley looked at Cesar, then understood. Just then, Lord Beirut had only spoken with his divine sense to give orders to Linley, the War God, and the High Priest. The other experts didn't know about it.

“Lord Cesar, weren’t you worrying about Rosarie just now?” Linley laughed.

Cesar nodded, looking at Linley questioningly.

“No need to worry any longer,” Linley said.

Cesar was somewhat baffled. “What’s going on?”

“Just now, Lord Beirut mentally spoke to myself, the War God, and the High Priest. The Eighteen Northern Duchies are off limits. No armies are permitted to invade, nor are we permitted to engage in battle and slaughter there.” Linley laughed towards Cesar. “Lord Cesar, now you should be at ease.”

Cesar let out a long sigh, then smiled.

“But I don’t understand. Why is Lord Beirut doing this? Could it be that he is doing it for my sake? I think... I’m not important enough for him to do it just for me.” Cesar didn’t understand.

“If you can’t figure it out, then stop worrying about it. It’s a good thing, right?” Linley laughed.

Cesar laughed as well. “Haha, right. It’s a good thing. Right, Linley. I won’t bother you any further.” After speaking, Cesar disappeared into thin air. Even at Linley’s level of power, he could just barely see Cesar’s figure transform into a blur, then disappear.

“This Shadowshape Technique is at the level of allowing the shadow he transforms into to become completely invisible. How terrifying.” Linley sighed in praise to himself.

This night was definitely not going to be an ordinary night.

Shortly after Cesar had left, yet another person appeared in Linley’s study. But when this person arrived, Linley didn’t notice his presence in the slightest, and he continued to read his book. Only after he flipped through several pages did he notice out of the corner of his eyes that someone was in the room with him.

Linley was instantly so frightened that his heart clenched.

“Lord Beirut.” Linley immediately stood up.

The man was still dressed in that long black robe, with black hair, a black

beard, and a hint of a smile on his face. It was the King of the Yulan Continent... Beirut. Beirut said with a faint smile, "Linley, wait a moment. When Bebe comes, we'll talk."

"Bebe?" Linley was confused.

"Swish!" A few seconds later, a black shadow suddenly scurried over, and Bebe jumped directly in front of Beirut. "Grandpa Beirut, why have you come?"

Beirut looked at Bebe, beaming so widely that his eyes turned into merry little slits. Beirut had lived an incalculably long time, but out of all of his descendants, only Bebe was a 'Godeater Rat' as well. It could be said... that Bebe, to Beirut, was as important as life itself.

"The reason I have come today is to bring Bebe back to the Forest of Darkness," Beirut spoke, while looking benevolently towards Bebe.

"Back to the Forest of Darkness? Why do I have to go there? I like being here." Bebe was rather unwilling.

But Linley suddenly had a thought.

Lord Beirut definitely wouldn't do this for no reason at all. He definitely had some sort of special purpose to this.

"Lord Beirut, might I ask why you are doing this?" Linley looked at Beirut.

Beirut patted Bebe dotingly. "Bebe, as a divine beast, 'Godeater Rat', has reached the late stage of his growth period. He'll soon reach adulthood. Upon reaching adulthood, Bebe will naturally reach the Deity level. This period of time is an extremely important period of time for him."

"I'm about to become a Deity?" Bebe said with surprise and delight.

"Most likely, you'll need another ten years. These ten years, Bebe, will be the most important ten years of your life," Beirut said seriously.

Linley understood. Beirut himself was a 'Godeater Rat', and in the countless planes of the universe, Lord Beirut was naturally the person who knew the most about Godeater Rats. Linley cared about Bebe as well, and wanted Bebe to develop in a good way and become more powerful in the future. "Bebe, go to the Forest of Darkness. After all, during this period of time, I need to enter

closed door training as well, most likely for around ten years.”

Bebe was silent for a moment, and then exchanged a glance with Linley before nodding. “Fine, then. But Boss, if you are free, you have to chat with me spiritually.”

“Fine.” Linley laughed.

Beirut had a smile on his face as well. He was very satisfied with Linley’s actions.

“Linley, there’s something I must let you know about,” Beirut said.

Linley’s heart tightened, and he immediately said respectfully, “Lord Beirut, pray tell.” Beirut nodded, then continued. “I know that you are all preparing to attack the other empires and to unify the Yulan continent. A few decades ago or a few centuries ago, this would have been an easy task, but now...”

Beirut shook his head.

Linley couldn’t help but feel surprised. Beirut’s words definitely wouldn’t miss the mark. But based on the plans that the War God and the others had drawn up, there shouldn’t be any problems. After having exterminated the opponents’ Saints and then sending out their armies while using their own Saints to threaten the enemies, or even use forbidden-level magic to frighten them as necessary...

This should be a sure thing.

“Lord Beirut, what do you mean?” Linley looked at Beirut.

Beirut smiled as he glanced at Linley. “This war won’t be as simple as you imagine it to be. I recommend that you not be too ambitious. Enough, I’ve said all I care to say. Time to leave.”

“Boss.” Bebe waved farewell to Linley as well.

Holding Bebe in his arms, Beirut disappeared from the study. He was so fast that Linley couldn’t even tell how Beirut had moved, or what powerful technique he might have used. His technique was clearly on a far higher level than Cesar’s.

“Why did Lord Beirut suddenly give me this warning?” Seated in his study,

Linley frowned pensively. “This war won’t be as simple as I imagine it to be? Could it be that something unexpected is going to occur? And he also told me not to be too ambitious?” Linley suddenly had a thought.

“Lord Beirut had also ordered us not to attack the Eighteen Northern Duchies.”

The combination of these various issues made Linley suddenly feel a sense of pressure.

“We have to be careful in waging this war. We need to take it slow.” Linley made up his mind. The very next morning, he would go find Cena and give him some instructions.

As for tonight...



*

Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. Deep within the Foggy Valley.

This place had once been the lair of the Armored Razorback Wurm. In the past, Linley had luckily been able to swallow the blood and the draconic crystal of the Armored Razorback Wurm, activating the Dragonblood lineage in his body and allowing him to transform into a Dragonblood Warrior. And here, too...

Dylin, after Linley drew out Bloodviolet, and his three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion sons had been released.

In the same location...

“Riiiiiiiiip.” The space here was rippling like water, with the ripples growing greater and greater, before finally, a huge gaping hole in space was torn.

“Swish!” “Swish!” “Swish!”

Eight figures charged out at high speed, all of whom appeared to be humanoid. Some of them had horns, while others were covered with tattered robes. The eight figures that fled out from the hole were all in sorry shape, but they were all wildly overjoyed.

“Ahhh... this elemental aura... how wonderful it is,” a powerful looking figure with a pair of ox-horns on his head said, so excited his entire body was shaking.

“Back! Finally, I’m back!” Another knelt on the ground, crying in excitement. “I’ve finally managed to escape that damnable place alive. The smell of the earth is so intoxicating.”

The eight figures were all extremely excited.

“Everyone, we’ve all managed to escape from the Gebados Planar Prison. Now... let us part ways,” a handsome man with pointed ears and long, jade green hair said with a loud laugh.

“Haha, after living in terror for thousands of years, it’s time to enjoy ourselves.” The eight figures suddenly left the ground, each flying in a different direction.

Meditative Training Begins

The light of the morning sun peeked above the horizon, like a goddess of nature casting her illuminating gaze upon the earth.

Within the training fields of Dragonblood Castle, tens of people were gathered. They had come here to bid farewell to Tulily and Desri's groups.

"Linley, now that this affair is concluded, you should begin closed door training as well. I imagine the next time we meet, you would have reached the Deity level." Desri laughed while sighing.

Linley laughed as well. "Desri, Tulily, don't forget that Lord Beirut had said that if you were fast, you would become Deities within a single day. Perhaps the two of you will reach the Deity level long before I do."

Tulily and Desri both began to laugh.

"Enough, let's head off." Linley watched as Desri and Tulily's group flew into the sky, then transformed into a series of black dots which disappeared into the horizon.

"Flying... it would be so great if I could fly." Taylor, standing behind Linley, had a hint of jealousy in his eyes.

Linley couldn't help but turn to glance at Taylor.

The nearby Cena laughed. "Taylor, why the rush? Train for a few more years. You've already reached the eighth rank. When you become a warrior of the ninth rank, you'll be at the Saint level when you Dragonform, right? By then, you'll be able to fly."

"Taylor, it's your own fault for not having chosen the Gold Dragon that year," Behind Linley, a beautiful, golden-haired woman said.

Sasha, who had only been a young girl all those years ago, had now become an extremely mesmerizing beauty. Given that she also had an extremely high

status, there were countless young nobles who were trying to woo her, here in Baruch City. Unfortunately, Sasha's requirements were too high, and she didn't give any consideration to the local nobles at all.

"Enough. Let's go back to the main hall first," Linley said to Taylor and Sasha.

"Yes, Father," Taylor and Sasha immediately said.

Although Linley wasn't too strict with Taylor and Sasha, the two of them hadn't seen him at all during those ten years Linley had spent within the Necropolis of the Gods. During their growing, formative years, they hadn't seen Linley, which caused them to feel a bit of dread and respect towards this 'Father' of theirs, who was already a figure of legend in their Baruch Empire.

Within the main hall.

There was a ten-meter-long table placed in the center. The experts of the empire, including Zassler and the Barker brothers, were all seated on each side of it.

"This gathering that our family is holding today will perhaps be the only gathering we will have in the next few years with so many people in attendance." Linley had already made up his mind that once the affairs of the clan had been arranged, he would begin to train and meditate.

Only...

Last night's visit by Lord Beirut, as well as that sudden, strange warning, had caused Linley to feel rather restless.

He kept on having this strange feeling as though some sort of hidden danger was lying in wait in the Yulan continent... and now, the hidden danger was about to reveal itself. But no matter what, training had to be the top priority. After all, waiting around like an idiot was pointless. The sooner he reached the Deity level, the better it would be for his family and friends.

After all, Delia and Barker both had divine sparks already, but even if they became Deities, they probably wouldn't be too familiar with how to use the Laws to do battle at first.

Their true source of combat strength was still Linley, as well as Bebe once he

became an adult.

“Linley, you are going to engage in closed door meditation?” Zassler could instantly understand what Linley meant.

Linley nodded slightly. “But before I do so, there’s some things I have to discuss. Cena.”

“Uncle,” Cena immediately said respectfully as he listened carefully.

Linley looked at Cena, saying in a solemn voice, “Last night, although I told you some information about this upcoming world war, at that time, I had taken this war to be a very simple affair. But now, I have to remind you of a few things. You must remember them!”

“Uncle, please speak,” Cena said respectfully.

The surrounding people, including Delia, the Barker brothers, Wharton, and Zassler, all felt confused.

“The first point is this. Right now, the Baruch Empire, the Yulan Empire, and the O’Brien Empire are planning to do battle simultaneously to conquer and divide up the world. The original target of our Baruch Empire was to subdue the Rohault Empire and the great plains of the far east. But right now, I want you to slow down the rate of attack. Do not be impatient, and do not be greedy. Even if we are only able to take over half, a third, or even less of their territory, that is acceptable.”

Cena was instantly confused.

Last night, he had heard and understood that at the Saint level, the alliance of their three empires had an absolute superiority. There shouldn’t be any other variables in this war at all.

“Uncle...” Cena couldn’t help but interject.

“Listen to me.” Linley frowned, and Cena instantly no longer dared to make a sound.

Linley said solemnly, his brows furrowed, “The second point is... in this continent-wide war, the aim of our Baruch Empire is not conquest. It is self-protection.”

Cena was even more puzzled now.

“The final point. I want you, Cena, to be cautious, cautious, cautious.” Linley himself understood the importance of this. “All your actions should be taken with the goal of being able to protect ourselves.”

What sort of a person was Lord Beirut?

He was someone who could order about the likes of the High Priest, the War God, and Linley himself. Lord Beirut had personally emphasized this matter to him, so this would definitely be a matter of grave importance. After all, events that even Lord Beirut considered to be noteworthy would definitely be very, very few in number.

“Have you heard my words clearly?” Linley barked.

“I have.” Cena frowned, then asked in confusion, “Uncle, I want to ask... although we haven’t started this war yet, the start and the finish to it should already be set in stone. So why, Uncle...”

The nearby Zassler, Barker, his brothers, and the others all understood what Linley was saying... but they were also puzzled.

They had already destroyed the Radiant Church, while the destruction of the Cult of Shadows had been arranged by the forces under the command of the War God and the High Priest. If war really was to begin, they should definitely be able to win.

Linley shook his head. “All I can tell you is that the hidden dangers in this war are far greater than you can imagine. Not even Deities can underestimate these dangers.”

All of the experts in the hall felt shock in their hearts.

Deities?

At present, Dragonblood Castle didn’t yet have a single person who had truly reached the Deity level. Delia was only halfway through fusing with her divine spark, while Barker had only just begun.

“Uncle, don’t worry. I definitely won’t let you down,” Cena, now knowing how serious the situation was, immediately spoke out.

Linley nodded.

He was still quite confident in Cena. Actually, even before entering the Necropolis of the Gods, Wharton had discussed the matter of the next Emperor with him. At that time, Wharton was preparing to have Linley's son, Taylor, be the next Emperor. But Linley had a good understanding of the temperaments of Taylor and Cena.

Cena was the type of person who treated others with kindness, but when the time came to act, he would do so with the speed and power of a lightning storm. This was the type of temperament that was required of an Emperor.

"After discussing this affair, there's just one thing left." Linley began to laugh. Seeing the looks in everyone's eyes, Linley understood what they were thinking. "Right. I am preparing to go into closed door training for a long session. But of course, Delia will go into training with me. Barker needs to train as well. As for the location, the location will be the underground training room."

Cena, Taylor, and Sasha looked towards Linley, their eyes filled with worship.

Their father (uncle) hadn't even trained for a century yet, but relying only on his own abilities, was about to become a Deity!

A Deity, to them, was someone who definitely had to be venerated and looked up to.

"Lord Linley," Barker said.

"Hrm?" Linley looked at Barker.

Barker said with sincerity, "Lord Linley, the process of fusing with the divine spark only requires one to study the mysteries of the Laws it contains. It doesn't require one to attune with nature."

Linley nodded.

To become a Deity the natural way required one to constantly train, attune with nature, and gain new insights. It meant that everything one discovered on one's path had to come from within.

Fusing with a divine spark, by contrast, basically meant the mysteries of an aspect of the Laws were placed in front of you, and all you had to do was to

study them. While fusing with the divine sparks, one naturally didn't have to attune with nature.

"That's why I think that there is perhaps no need for me to enter the underground training room. I'll stay in Dragonblood Castle and do my training here," Barker said. Actually, the main thing was that Barker wanted to spend some more time with his wife. After all, he could pause his fusing whenever he wanted.

This was like reading a book. You didn't have to read the entire thing all at once.

But of course, the second reason was that Barker didn't want to disturb Linley and Delia. The two of them were husband and wife, after all! With a husband and wife training together, if he were to be there as well, sometimes things might get a little awkward.

"Perhaps that's for the best." Linley nodded and laughed.

But then, Linley turned to look at everyone solemnly. He said, "Tonight, Delia and I will begin our closed door training. While we are training, unless something extremely important occurs, no one is permitted to come disturb us in the underground room."

Everyone nodded.

Linley suddenly thought about Beirut's warning again.

He hurriedly added, "But of course, if you really do encounter some difficulties or major crises, you need to immediately inform me. Everyone, make sure you know your own limits. In particular... if you encounter something extremely bizarre or dangerous, it's best to inform me early on. Don't act rashly."

Without giving them some additional advice, Linley simply couldn't put himself at ease.

"Big bro, don't worry about it. We get it." Wharton laughed as he spoke.

"Zassler." Linley turned to look at the nearby Zassler. "You are the most experienced person in our group. If anything major happens, you can't allow

these people to get in over their heads and cause trouble.” Linley understood the temperaments of Wharton and the Barker brothers very well.

Although they weren’t exactly rash, when they were truly angered, any of them could lose their head in the heat of their anger.

“Yes, Lord Linley,” Zassler said.

Linley nodded slightly.

He had already said everything he had to say. Although he didn’t know what exactly was hiding within the Yulan continent and why Lord Beirut had warned him, Linley had at least made some preparations.



*

Darkness descended. Deep in Dragonblood Castle, within the pocket dimension.

The pocket dimension was surrounded on all four sides by boundless chaotic space.

The multicolored, chaotic space... it was indeed filled with secrets and alluring mysteries. But Linley and the others knew full well how dangerous chaotic space was. Even Deities wouldn’t dare to trespass into it.

Holding Delia in his arms, Linley gave her a gentle kiss, then looked at her and instructed, “Delia, you sit there on the stone bed while you train. I’ll sit on the floor.”

Linley, when training in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’, occasionally needed to actually test out certain moves. Naturally, he needed a bit more space than Delia, who didn’t even need to move while fusing with the divine spark.

“Alright. Understood.” Delia nodded obediently, and then looked towards Linley with anticipation. “Linley, focus on your training. Don’t worry about me.”

Linley and Delia both sat down in the meditative position in separate areas. One on the stone bed, the other on the ground.

Almost instantly, Linley found himself utterly submerged and attuned to the

wind. This time, Linley was whole-heartedly focusing on analyzing the Elemental Laws of the Wind. After all, Linley had almost reached the Deity level through his understandings of the Profound Truths of Velocity. As for the Profound Truths of the Earth, he was still a ways off.

What Linley had to do right now was to reach the Deity level through the Profound Truths of Velocity as quickly as possible.

“Ever since I reached the Grand Magus Saint level and had my soul transform, even my speed of training and theorizing has increased significantly.” Linley felt more and more confident in himself. And then, Linley’s spiritual energy stretched out to attune with the vibrations of the surrounding wind elemental essences.

Within his consciousness, the ‘Fast’ aspect and the ‘Slow’ aspect, these two different aspects, began to merge together, and two illusionary swords struck out time and time again in Linley’s mind. Linley was constantly testing how to have these two different aspects support and complement with each other, which would allow him to gain further insights in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’. In his mind, he also envisioned a third sword, which was demonstrating the applications of the Profound Truths of Velocity...

Whenever the mental visualizations were unable to resolve Linley’s doubts, Linley would rise to his feet and try out his theories in real life.

Attuning, hypothesizing, merging, verifying, gaining insights, testing...

Linley was totally immersed in all of these things. He forgot the passage of time. In his mental world, there was nothing except those three swords; the ‘Fast’ sword, the ‘Slow’ sword, and the combined ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ sword. These three illusionary swords were constantly changing.

In particular, the power of the illusionary sword of the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ was increasing nonstop.

A Visit From Yale

Yulan calendar, year 10034. June. The flames of war erupted once more in the Yulan continent.

The Yulan Empire, O'Brien Empire, and Baruch Empire formed an alliance and began to launch a large-scale war, the likes of which hadn't been seen for millennia, against the weaker Rohault Empire, Rhine Empire, Holy Union, Dark Alliance, and great plains of the far east.

The spiritual leader of the great plains of the far east, the War Saint Tulily, having already received the warnings of the War God and the High Priest, knew that he was not to go against these plans.

In addition, Tulily owed a debt to Linley. In addition, Tulily himself didn't wish for the warriors of the great plains of the far east to throw their lives away for no purpose, under the destructive forbidden-level spells of Grand Magus Saints. Thus, Tulily had already sent out his own Saint-level disciples to discuss the situation with all three kingdoms of the great plains.

Although the three kingdoms hadn't immediately agreed to surrender to the Baruch Empire, they didn't refuse flat out either, for now.

As for the Holy Union and the Dark Alliance, their higher echelons had been wiped out, and they had virtually no Saints left. The two major alliances were like a pile of loose, formless sand.

A unit of the O'Brien Empire's army passed through the northern corridor of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts and entered the Holy Union. The kingdoms and duchies of the Holy Union that had access to good intelligence reports, upon learning of the destruction of the Sacred Isle and the elimination of the upper echelons of the Radiant Church, had begun to secretly meet with the representatives of the O'Brien Empire.

Actually, it was the O'Brien Empire itself that had intentionally spread the

word of the destruction of the upper echelons of the Radiant Church.

And it was true. The few lucky survivors of the Radiant Church weren't able to cover it up, even if they wanted to. Clearly... the Holy Union had already become nothing more than a relic of history. The O'Brien Empire's conquest of it was nothing more than a matter of time.

At least for now, it appeared to be only a matter of time.

As for the Dark Alliance, their situation wasn't much better than that of the Holy Union's.

But of course, the Radiant Church and the Cult of Shadows had many members who were scattered throughout the lands. Although their headquarters had been destroyed and only a very few Saints were left, they still had many of their mid-level managers, most of whom were ordinary mortals.

A rule of thousands of years had resulted in these two churches possessing great influence.

The remnants of the Radiant Church and the Cult of Shadows, especially the Zealots of the Radiant Church, weren't willing to give up.

The power of religious faith truly was very strong.

By relying on various methods, be it gentle or bloody, the two major churches that survived for ten thousand years were able to somewhat stabilize their internal situations. They wanted to prepare to do battle against the Yulan Empire and the O'Brien Empire. Until the last moment came, they didn't want to give up.



*

At the base of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, on a desolate road in the Southeast Administrative Province of the O'Brien Empire.

A strange person covered in a green cloak was standing amidst the desolate road, staring at his surroundings. The only thing that could be seen from within those two long sleeves was a pair of chicken claw like fingers, which

demonstrated that this person should be an extremely old man.

Only...

His eyes were an oily green color, like the eyes of a wolf in the night.

Behind him, there were a total of nine figures covered in silver cloaks. These voluminous silver cloak covered figures were all standing behind the old man respectfully like servants.

“Yulan continent. So this is the Yulan continent...” The ancient, low voice rang out from the old man dressed in the green cloak.

“Cough, cough...” The sound of coughing could be heard. This green-robed old man seemed to be rather frail.

Suddenly, two youths riding handsome horses appeared, galloping across the desolate road. For some reason, when the two youths saw the green-robed man and those nine mysterious silver-cloaked men, they felt a cold shiver in their hearts.

These two youths consciously decided to pull their horses aside, planning to leave from the other side of the road at high speed.

They didn't want to get too close to these seemingly mysterious people.

“Humans...” Seeing the two youths, the green-robed old man's oily green eyes flashed. He was so skinny that nothing more than a layer of skin was left on his bones, and when his bony, claw-like hand stretched out, a strange, invisible force suddenly bound those two youths.

“Aaaah!” “Aaaah”!

The two youths felt that they could no longer move, and then, they began to fly up in the air, their bodies no longer under their own control. They shot out like arrows towards that green-robed old man, causing them to scream in terror.

“Crunch!” “Crunch!”

His two hands gripped the skulls of the two youths, who instantly began to quiver and shake, their bodies spasming as though they were having a seizure.

“Oh, War God, High Priest? And that legendary Dragonblood Warrior?” the old man murmured to himself, and then turned his oily green eyes to peer into the eyes of the two spasming youths. “Poor children. I will give you your eternal release.”

And then, the two youths fell to the ground, but their bodies no longer had any aura at all. They were dead.

“What a pity. These two souls were too weak. Absorbing them was of little benefit to me.” The ancient man took a long, comfortable breath.

Absorbing souls?

If anyone else was near and had heard this, they would have been utterly terrified.

But the nine silver-cloaked men behind him maintained their silence, waiting respectfully.

“The Yulan continent is about to begin an era of major, large-scale warfare. This is an excellent opportunity for all of you. Go, children. Don’t disappoint me.” The ancient voice of the green-robed old man rang out, and the nine silver-cloaked figures all fell to one knee. “Yes, Grand Warlock!”

And then...

‘Swoosh’ ‘Swoosh’.

The nine silver-cloaked figures transformed into nine silver dots, disappearing into the horizon. They were so fast that if Linley and Desri had seen them, they would have felt astonished.

“Yulan continent. Ten thousand years... it has changed so much.” The green-robed old man let out a quiet sigh. “First, recover my strength. When I have the chance, then I’ll go pay a visit to Lord Beirut.” And then, with a movement, the green-robed old man transformed into a blur and disappeared.



*

Baruch Empire. Dragonblood Castle. The main hall.

“Big brother Yale, you came at an unfortunate time. A few months ago, my big brother started to engage in closed door training,” Wharton said helplessly towards Yale, who had come to visit.

“Third Bro is in meditative training again?” Yale frowned.

“What’s wrong? Is there some problem? Why don’t you talk to me about it. I might be able to help,” Wharton said with a laugh. He knew exactly how close Yale and Linley were, so with regards to Yale’s affairs, he naturally would get involved.

Yale hesitated for a moment, then said, “Wharton, can’t Third Bro come out and have a quick meeting with me?”

Wharton said apologetically, “Big brother Yale, I am sorry, truly. This closed-door training session is different from the previous ones. This one is rather important. Before beginning his training, my big brother had already issued an order that unless something extremely, extremely important came up, we were definitely not to permit anyone to disturb him. Actually, even if I agreed to let you see my big brother, we would still need to get the permissions of Mr. Zassler and the others as well.”

Dragonblood Castle viewed Linley’s training as an issue of paramount importance. No matter how close one’s relationship with Linley was, they definitely wouldn’t be permitted to go meet with Linley unless there was absolutely no other recourse at all.

“If that’s the case...” Yale paused for a moment.

“Then Wharton, I won’t disturb Third Bro. Anyhow. I have some other affairs to attend to. I’ll leave for now,” Yale said.

As far as Dragonblood Castle was concerned, Yale’s visit was just a small affair. No one paid much attention to it.

The next day.

The imperial capital of the Baruch Empire. The imperial palace.

Cena strode into the flower garden, smiling towards Yale who was waiting for him there. “Chairman Yale, I am truly sorry to have made you wait for so long.

Chairman Yale, please, sit.” Cena, upon hearing that Yale had come to visit, had immediately put down everything he was working on to come meet Yale.

After all, Cena knew how close Yale and Linley were as well.

“Emperor Cena, I was in no rush. Your matters are of more importance, your Imperial Majesty,” Yale said with great modesty.

Although when Cena was young, Yale had met him and played with him while meeting Linley, Cena was now the Emperor of an Empire. Within the imperial palace, Yale’s attitude still had to be very respectful and modest.

“Chairman Yale, don’t stand on so much ceremony. Why are you standing on so much ceremony with me?” Cena chortled. “Speak, what is it? If I can help, I definitely will.”

Yale said, “Then, Emperor Cena, I’ll speak plainly. My visit this time is to request your help, Emperor Cena. Emperor Cena, you are currently beginning large-scale warfare against the Rohault Empire, are you not? And you are winning a series of battles.”

“Right.” Cena nodded slightly.

He was wondering why Yale mentioned this.

“I have a request that is perhaps a bit excessive,” Yale said.

“Oh?” Cena looked at him.

Yale chuckled, then said, “This is the situation. I know that the alliance of your three major empires has the goal of completely conquering your opponents. These battles will definitely be very fierce, and I also trust that your Baruch Empire will have captured many of the enemy’s soldiers.”

“That is correct. What of it?” Cena looked at him.

It was normal to capture the enemy’s soldiers in warfare.

In addition, the goal of this war was to conquer the entire Rohault Empire. How could the imperial clan of the Rohault Empire submit to them? Naturally, they would fight back.

“Emperor Cena, the vast majority of those enemy soldiers that you’ve

kidnapped will be used as slaves. I would like, Emperor Cena, to ask if you would be willing to sell all of the soldiers you've kidnapped to my Dawson Conglomerate?" Yale finally got around to making his request.

Cena instantly began to frown.

Sell all of the captured enemy soldiers to the Dawson Conglomerate?

Generally speaking, captured enemy soldiers would be used as cannon fodder in future battles, or put to work in building roads, mining, clearing forests, and so on and so forth. All types of hard, manual labor. Perhaps a small portion of the slaves would be sold off.

But... to sell all the captured soldiers to a single Conglomerate?

This was indeed rarely seen.

The reason for this was because in this sort of large scale, 'total war' type of warfare between major empires, each empire would probably have roughly two or three million active duty soldiers, with perhaps millions more in reserve. This sort of war of utter annihilation would generally result in many captured soldiers. For example, if a large army was destroyed, it was possible that a hundred thousand people would be captured.

Over the course of conquering the Rohault Empire, the number of captured soldiers would definitely be in the hundreds of thousands, or perhaps even more.

Several hundred thousand soldiers, even enslaved, were still a capable military force. To give such an enormous military force to a trading union?

"This..." Cena hesitated.

Although this was Yale, Linley's big brother, Yale really was asking for quite a bit. He wanted the Baruch Empire to sell all of their captured soldiers to the Dawson Conglomerate?

"Emperor Cena, what are you worried about? Our Dawson Conglomerate neither has a large amount of territory, nor do we have Saint-level experts such as Third Bro. They are just some captured slaves," Yale persuaded. "Emperor Cena, I hope you can help me out."

Yale's words were said with great sincerity.

"Chairman Yale, in the past, your Dawson Conglomerate never got involved in the slave trade. Why are you buying so many captured soldiers now?" Cena asked.

Yale laughed. "That's an internal secret of the Conglomerate. We're currently working out a special developmental plan."

Cena was silent for a few more moments, then looked at Yale.

Actually, the captured soldiers were of limited use to the Baruch Empire. After all, their goal was the destruction of the Rohault Empire. Thus, there was no question of ransoming the soldiers back to the Rohault Empire after the battle was concluded. In addition... as Cena viewed it, so what if he sold the slaves to the Dawson Conglomerate?

Could it be that the Dawson Conglomerate also wanted to rule the world?

What a joke!

After all, the true foundation of any empire was its most powerful experts!

"Alright. I agree," Cena said.

"Emperor Cena, thank you, truly." Yale instantly smiled. "You really are helping me out tremendously. Thank you so much, truly."

Cena and Yale chatted for a while longer, then shared a lunch together before Yale left.

After Yale left, Cena was still puzzled as he pondered this matter carefully. "Why is the Dawson Conglomerate suddenly entering the slave trade for no apparent reason? In addition, based on what I know, Yale and Uncle are on extremely close terms, but Yale himself is an extremely valiant figure who almost never asks difficult favors from others. But this time..."

A Sudden Change

The winter of year 10034 of the Yulan calendar was an extremely bad one for Emperor Gaffney of the Rohault Empire.

“Your Imperial Majesty.” Gaffney’s most beloved consort, an eighteen-year-old who was also a water-style magus, was lying atop of him, intentionally using the two firm points on her chest to massage Gaffney’s body. Emperor Gaffney was a warrior of the seventh rank, and his body was quite tough.

In the past, he probably would have already flipped this beautiful woman over and pressed her beneath his thighs.

But today, he wasn’t in the mood.

“Scram. Fuck off.” Emperor Gaffney irritably pushed the beautiful consort away from him.

The brown-haired beauty couldn’t help but take two stumbling steps back, and then, forcing out a smile, she bowed and stepped back.

Beautiful women?

He was about to lose his empire. How could he be in the mood to frolic and cavort with beautiful women?

“All of you, fuck off! All of you!” Gaffney waved his arm, sending the books and documents on the table in front of him, as well as some ornaments, flying away, smashing against the marble floor. The palace maids and attendants were instantly frightened, and all of them immediately left respectfully.

“This Baruch Empire is too audacious, too audacious!” Gaffney’s eyes were blazing, but his forehead was covered with sweat.

He was livid!

But at the same time, he felt powerless.

“Why? Why does it have to be like this?” Gaffney was filled with resignation and panic. “Why is it that all of the Saints of the Rohault Empire are no longer paying attention to Us? Why have they all vanished? Are they that afraid of Linley? That Linley has only been famous for a few decades. What’s there to be afraid of?”

Gaffney cursed angrily... but in his heart, Gaffney knew that all he could do was curse.

Faced with the multiple layers of incursions from the Baruch Empire, there was nothing he could do at all. All of the Saints of his empire seemed to have vanished. He couldn’t find a single one. That one and only Saint who was loyal to the imperial clan had been smashed into meat paste by a single tail swipe on the field of battle from a Saint-level Tyrant Wyrms.

He had no Saints at his disposal!

“What to do? What to do? Is my Rohault Empire going to be destroyed, just like this?” Gaffney truly had no idea what he should do.

Ever since the news had spread that the Yulan Empire, the O’Brien Empire, and the Baruch Empire had formed an alliance, many of the Saints of the Rohault Empire had vanished. After all, these Saints all understood that the alliance of these three empires represented...

An alliance between the War God, the High Priest, and Linley!

Not long ago, Linley had destroyed the Radiant Church’s Sacred Isle. Perhaps ordinary people weren’t aware of this, but virtually all of the Saints had been made aware of this. Even the Radiant Church, whose roots were ancient and deep, had been destroyed. The Saints of the Rohault Empire knew that resistance meant nothing more than death.

Naturally, none of them were willing to meet with Emperor Gaffney, nor obey his commands.

With the Rohault Empire no longer having any Saints, the outcome of the battle had naturally swayed strongly in Linley’s favor.

“The empire has been in existence for thousands of years. Can it be that it is going to collapse during the reign of myself, Gaffney?” Gaffney was in agony.

This afternoon, he had just received the news that yet another city had been conquered by the Baruch Empire. Although the armies had done their best to defend...

The enemy had three Saint-level dragons!

Although the Saint-level dragons hadn't actually attacked much, with but a lazy flyby, they had killed three of the Rohault Empire's leaders. Naturally, the morale of the Rohault Empire had tumbled, and many soldiers, seeing the Saint-level dragons, had been so frightened that their legs had gone soft.

How were they supposed to fight a battle like this?

"You are Gaffney, right?" a hoarse voice rang out in the study.

Gaffney, who had been in the middle of venting his anger, was instantly frightened so badly that his heart clenched. This was his personal study, and the door to it was shut and surrounded by guards. The door wasn't open, and it hadn't budged at all.

But someone was inside the study.

Gaffney suppressed his terror and turned to look at the source of the voice.

There were two skinny men dressed in short-sleeved clothes. Being dressed in short sleeves despite it being winter was of no surprise; after all, as a warrior of the seventh rank, he could do that as well. But what shocked Gaffney was that these two men's eyes seemed to be filled with a fierce, devouring gaze.

Although the two men hadn't acted, in but an instant, they saturated the room with a cold, cruel, vicious aura.

"How... how did you get in here?" Gaffney said in terror.

"How did we get in here?" a skinny, bald man said with a sneer. "Easy. We killed the guards outside, then opened the door, came in, then closed the door. As easy as that."

"Opened the door, closed the door?" Gaffney couldn't believe it.

He was in the study, but he hadn't noticed the door being opened or shut.

Gaffney's heart was filled with terror. The cruel, killing aura these two men

emanated made him wonder, “Could it be that they are here to kill me? They are here at Linley’s command?” As Gaffney saw it, perhaps only the legendary Linley was capable of ordering experts both powerful enough and willing to come here and kill him.

“Gaffney, listen closely,” the skinny bald man said with a cold laugh. “The arrival of us two brothers is your good fortune.”

“Good fortune my ass. This is terrible,” Gaffney secretly cursed, but he didn’t reveal a hint of displeasure on his face. He was afraid that if he angered these two, they really would kill him.

The other skinny man had a head of short golden hair that looked as hard as nails. The golden-haired man glanced at Gaffney, then said coldly, “We two brothers have very simple conditions. First, confer upon us the rank of Dukes. And then, you can casually assign us a few thousand palace maids and servants for us to use as we please. Naturally, we two brothers will then dispose of those three irritating Saint-level dragons for you.”

Gaffney rubbed his eyes, staring at the two men in front of him in shock.

He was rather stunned.

“Didn’t you hear me?” the skinny bald man barked angrily.

The two brothers had lived for thousands of years in the Gebados Planar Prison, a life that was worse than that of a dog’s.

In the Gebados Planar Prison, peak Saints were the weakest creatures there. They had lived a life of battle and fear. For each day they survived, they would fear that the next day would bring death. This was because the Gebados Planar Prison had no natural elemental essence at all. The energy that they used up couldn’t be replenished at all; the only method of recovering energy was to kill other experts, then absorb the energy within the bodies of those experts.

Saints engaged in constant slaughter against each other.

As for Deities, if they encountered one, they could only obey the orders of the Deities while being terrified. Deities could devastate them, not giving them the slightest chance to fight back. In addition, the natural environment of the Gebados Planar Prison was itself extremely dangerous. If one wasn’t careful,

one would easily die.

A life worse than a dog's!

Countless battles!

Their mind always stretched to the point of snapping!

Not just them; even the Deity-level expert, Dylin, had felt miserable there. To Saints, it was absolute torture.

But now, within the enormous Gebados Planar Prison, they had been lucky enough to discover a barely noticeable dimensional thinness and managed to force their way out. They had returned. Returned to the mortal realms. Five thousand years of life worse than a dog's had come to an end. It had only driven them insane.

What they now wanted was to lord over others, to force others to do their will, to live the life which men were meant to live.

"Milords, are you saying... that if I give you Dukedoms and a few thousand palace maids and attendants, you'll dispose of that Saint-level dragon?" Gaffney could scarcely believe it. He felt as though the heavens had dropped a miracle right into his lap.

"Right. What, are you unwilling?" The bald, thin man frowned.

"Willing. How could I be unwilling?" Gaffney said hurriedly. "Milords, please don't worry. Just a few thousand palace maids and attendants? No problem. Even if you want ten thousand, it still wouldn't be a problem. A Dukedom? Even if you want a Princedom, that would be fine."

Good heavens!

His Rohault Empire had been devoured day by day, and was on the road to destruction. Now two experts had come to serve him. Was there anything Gaffney wouldn't be willing to give up to employ them?

How much would it cost for him to give up ten thousand palace maids and attendants, even if he had to go to a slave market to buy them?

"Excellent." Both men revealed smiles on their faces.

“But milords, those three Saint-level dragons are extremely powerful, and behind them, there is an extremely powerful Saint known as Linley.” Gaffney looked carefully at the two men in front of him. He was afraid that these two men wouldn’t be able to defeat Linley’s side.

After all, Linley’s actions had been simply too amazing, especially his destruction of the Sacred Isle.

“Linley? What’s a Linley?” the short, golden-haired man said disdainfully.

“He’s a Saint?” the bald, skinny man asked coldly.

“Yes, of course. The only human Deities are the War God and the High Priest.” Gaffney wasn’t aware that Cesar had become a Deity.

“Hmph. Don’t worry. As long as he is a Saint, we can dispose of him,” the other man, the one with short golden hair, said confidently.

The Gebados Planar Prison was a place of constant war and slaughter. Being able to survive there for five thousand years testified to their strength. In that sort of place, the weak died early on. They were Prime Saints who had constantly gained new insights in the middle of battle.

Gaffney’s eyes instantly lit up.

“Then, milords, tonight you can stay in the imperial palace. I will definitely make all the arrangements for you two.” Gaffney’s attitude in front of these two experts was extremely humble.

“Right.” The two men nodded slightly with satisfaction.

They very much enjoyed being respected by others. They liked the feeling of being above others. The five thousand years of terrible life they had endured had a tremendous, tremendous impact on them!



*

The Baruch Empire’s army was divided into two parts, and had already charged into the inner cities of the Rohault Empire.

“Roaaaaaar.”

A coiled, serpentine, massive Thunder Wyrms that was over a hundred meters long was floating in the air. His draconic roar shook the world, causing the city below him to echo with the sound. The Thunder Lizard could tell that the enemy garrison was so terrified that they were trembling.

Beneath the walls of the city, the soldiers of the Baruch Empire all revealed looks of excitement on their smiling faces.

With the assistance of a Saint-level dragon, attacking and conquering cities became so much easier.

“Saint-level Thunder Wyrms?” a disdainful, cold voice rang out. A thin, bald man wearing an immaculate golden robe suddenly flew out from the city below. The vicious aura he naturally emanated surrounded him as he stared at the nearby, hovering Saint-level Thunder Lizard.

“A Saint-level expert appeared?” The Saint-level Thunder Lizard was actually quite surprised. It had been a long time since he had encountered a Saint-level expert, and his wheel-sized eyes stared at the Saint in front of him.

Upon taking a close look at this expert, the Saint-level Thunder Lizard grew cautious.

The vicious aura naturally emanated from the man caused the Saint-level Thunder Lizard to feel slightly uneasy.

Five thousand years of being constantly prepared to do battle and to kill at a moment’s notice. After five thousand years, they naturally would emit this sort of vicious aura.

“Go back and tell Linley that he needs to know his own limits and to be a good boy and call off his armies. Otherwise...” The bald, skinny man’s voice rang out like thunder. Clearly, he didn’t view Linley as worth of respect at all. “Every single Saint you send, I will kill.”

“Shut your mouth,” the Saint-level Thunder Lizard roared angrily.

The soldiers of the Baruch Empire were furious as well. In their hearts, Linley was invincible.

“Hrmph.” The bald, skinny man let out a cold laugh, and then transformed

into a streak of lightning, charging at the Thunder Lizard.

The Saint-level Thunder Lizard, bellowing, also transformed into a streak of blue lightning and charged towards the man. In mid-air, the man and the magical beast, those two Saints, struck against each other. The Saint-level Thunder Lizard's strongest point was its speed; it was on par with Bebe.

"Laughable!" A disdainful call.

The bald, skinny man struck out with his right leg in a massive blow, slamming his leg down viciously like a giant knife against the draconic tail of the Saint-level Thunder Lizard. The sound of bones breaking could be heard. The bones of the Saint-level Thunder Lizard's tail actually shattered, while the enormous body of the Thunder Lizard was kicked down, smashing into the ground like a meteor.

"Bang!" The earth shook. The Saint-level Thunder Lizard created a massive crater and cracks in the ground as it smashed into the earth.

"Die." The bald skinny man charged down from mid-air.

"Swoosh!" The Saint-level Thunder Lizard's body flashed, instantly rising into the air and then fleeing towards the north, blood dripping down from its tail.

The bald, skinny man landed in the crater, watching as the Saint-level Thunder Lizard fled.

"Its speed isn't bad. A pity that it is so weak. It couldn't even take a single blow from me," the bald man said disdainfully. How many Saints had he slaughtered in the Gebados Planar Prison? He didn't pay any attention to the little bit of power the Thunder Lizard had.

Five Years

The war between the Baruch Empire and the Rohault Empire entered a paused state.

“Father, everyone, what do you think we should do?” Within the main hall of Dragonblood Castle, a group of people were gathered, including Cena, Wharton, Gates, Hillman, and Nina. They were discussing how to handle the two new Saints that had just appeared out of nowhere in the Rohault Empire.

Wharton, Zassler, Gates, and the others had just finished listening to Cena’s explanation.

They were all extremely shocked.

“This Rohault Empire... when did it have two such powerful Saints come out of nowhere?” Hillman frowned.

Now that he was able to train in top tier battle-qi methods, he had reached the eighth rank as a warrior. Although his power was far inferior to that of Wharton, Gates, and the others, his status in Dragonblood Castle was still very high.

“Father, Uncles, do you have confidence in being able to deal with them?” Cena looked towards Wharton and Gates.

Wharton muttered, “Although we don’t have a very high level of understanding with regards to the Laws, we have divine artifacts and are Supreme Warriors. If we really were to have a fight with those two Saints, we should still be able to achieve victory.”

Gates, Ankh, and the others all nodded.

Zassler let out a soft chuckle. “Wharton, are you planning to go have a tussle with those fellows?”

“What of it?” Wharton looked at Zassler.

“Zassler, you think that isn’t an option?” Gates and Ankh all looked at Zassler.

Zassler let out a chuckle, but the sound of it was so cold and insidious. “First of all, I want to ask you. If I were to ask one of you to fight against the Gold Dragon and the Tyrant Wyrms at the same time, would you be able to easily defeat those two Saint-level magical beasts?”

“This...” Wharton, Gates, and the others all hesitated.

Against one Saint-level magical beast, it would be fairly simple.

But against two... they would be able to at most fight them to a standstill.

“Hrmph, you aren’t able to do so, but you still want to go?” Zassler laughed condescendingly. “Can it be that you have forgotten what Lord Linley said before entering his closed-door training?”

Wharton and the others suddenly started.

They now remembered.

At the time, Linley had strongly and repeatedly instructed them that if they encountered a strange situation, Wharton and the others were strictly forbidden from getting in over their head. In addition, Linley had also said that this war had major dangers hidden within it. This was the reason why Linley had been uneasy.

“At the time, Lord Linley had said that there are terrifying dangers hidden within this war, dangers which not even Deities could underestimate.” Zassler looked towards Wharton and the others. “You said that you didn’t understand how this seemingly simple war with a fixed outcome could have dangers hidden in it, right? Well, now you know.”

At the start of the war, not even Linley had known what the dangers were, exactly.

Only, because of Lord Beirut’s warning, Linley felt uneasy, so he warned Wharton and the others as well.

Wharton and the others hadn’t understood. They had felt that there shouldn’t be any unexpected occurrences to this war.

“Mr. Zassler, what do you intend, then?” Cena frowned.

Wharton, Gates, and the others were all somewhat secretly shocked.

“You need to use your brains. There’s only a few Saints in the Yulan continent. The likes of Lord Linley and Lord Desri should know about even those who are training in seclusion, right? But both of them said that the Rohault Empire has no top-class Saints. So where did those two Saints come from?” Zassler said.

“They suddenly appeared, and caused the war to grind to a halt.”

Zassler laughed coldly. “Clearly, the hidden dangers within this war are already beginning to reveal themselves.”

“Then right now, we...” Wharton looked towards Zassler. He remembered what Linley had told him; if they encountered any major event, they were to discuss it with the highly experienced Zassler.

Zassler said calmly, “It is simple. Don’t be in a hurry to go deal with those two Saints. Lord Linley also said that in this war, our goal isn’t necessarily to totally dominate the other empires. It is fine if we take over a bit less land. The most important thing is, we have to protect ourselves.”

Everyone nodded slightly.

Wharton said in a low voice, “Fine. For now, let’s watch and see what is hidden within this war.”

“If we encounter any major, critical circumstances, let’s not get in over our heads. At that time, it’s best if we go ask Lord Linley for help,” Zassler said. “But of course, right now, Lord Linley has only been training for half a year, and the situation isn’t too severe yet. There’s no need for us to go disturb Lord Linley.”



*

Time flowed like water. In the blink of an eye, Linley had been in training for five years.

During these five years, the Yulan continent was secretly in a state of utter chaos. The Baruch Empire, the Yulan Empire, and the O’Brien Empire’s wars had all ground to a halt, and even the Holy Union and Dark Alliance had mysterious

experts appear within them.

These mysterious experts were exceedingly powerful.

The wars had ground to a halt.



*

Yulan calendar, year 10039. Winter. The dark winter night was exceedingly cold. Three middle-aged men dressed in thick cloaks were riding on handsome stallions, hurrying at high speed through the desolate, unpopulated road towards a nearby city.

“Haha, Bluelion City is up ahead. When we reach Bluelion City, we three brothers need to have a good cup of wine or two to help warm us up.” The leader of the three, a big, burly man, laughed loudly. This business trip they had made had been very profitable, and they were now in an excellent mood.

The city walls of Bluelion City rose up ahead of them.

They travelled on horseback through it.

“Huh, weird. Why is it so quiet?” The three brothers rode past the gates of Bluelion City, but found that the gates were open and unmanned. Not a person could be seen.

“Although Bluelion City isn’t a large one, it’s still a fairly bustling one. It has a hundred thousand people. Why is it that early in the morning, not a single person can be seen?” The three brothers dismounted, walking the stallions into the city with curiosity.

The wide streets didn’t have a single person in them.

Utter stillness!

It was roughly seven or eight in the morning now. Logically speaking, the streets should be extremely noisy and bustling right now.

“The hell is this?” The three experienced travelers couldn’t help but feel their hearts quiver.

This bizarre scene caused them to feel rather uneasy.

“Look up ahead. What’s that?!” One of the men pointed up ahead in shock. Nearby, there were two people lying on the street. The three middle-aged men immediately ran over to take a close look.

But as soon as they drew near...

“They are dead!” The three middle-aged men’s faces changed. The two people lying on the ground were bleeding from all orifices, and their blood stained the ground, creating a large, dark violet pool around them.

The cold winter wind blew through, causing the three middle-aged men to suddenly shudder.

“Ahhhhh!” A terrified scream from far away.

The three middle-aged men immediately turned their head. They saw that in the distance, there was a woman with unbound hair running in terror.

“Why are you running? What’s going on?” the leader of the middle-aged men immediately shouted. They, too, were travelers who roamed the lands. They often saw death, and dead people weren’t enough to frighten them. What made them uneasy was... this utterly still environment.

“Dead. All dead. They are all dead.” The woman looked at the three-middle-aged men, her eyes round and trembling.

“What do you mean, they are all dead?” A hint of fear awoke in the hearts of the three men.

“All the people in the city are dead. Every single person is dead. Every single one of them!” the woman said in a somewhat deranged manner.

The three middle-aged men were instantly stupefied with terror.

Everyone in the city was dead?

“All dead, all dead!” The deranged woman ran around wildly.

In a single night, the City of Bluelion, with a population of a hundred thousand, now had only a few dozen lucky survivors. The rest had all died. Those few dozen lucky survivors, at daybreak, ran to the city gates in terror,

fleeing from this terrifying city.

A city of death!

The news regarding this event quickly spread to the imperial capital, and to Emperor Cena.

The furious Cena immediately sent people to investigate why and how Bluelion City had turned into a city of the dead in but a single night. At the same time, he sent people to find and ask those few dozen lucky survivors what exactly had happened.

Upon the completion of the investigation, Cena, feeling things were taking a turn for the worse, immediately hurried to Dragonblood Castle.

Within Dragonblood Castle.

There were many people gathered within the castle. Not just Wharton and Gates; even Nina, Rebecca, Leena, and the others had come as well. Everyone felt that this was a thorny problem, and all of them had come together to discuss how this problem should be resolved.

“The situation is extremely strange. The nearly hundred thousand people of that city all died with blood flowing from every orifice, and there wasn’t a hint of a wound on their bodies. From the youngest of infants to the warriors of the seventh rank... it was all the same,” Cena said.

In a short night, an entire city’s worth of people had died in such a bizarre manner.

Even experts like Wharton and the others had a hint of a cold feeling in their hearts.

“From what I know, this isn’t even the first time that an entire city’s worth of people died like this,” Cena said solemnly.

“Oh?” Wharton looked at Cena.

Cena continued, “Based on what I know, roughly a month ago, at the borders of the O’Brien Empire, something like this happened to them as well. In a single night, virtually all the people in a city died. However, because it wasn’t within our empire’s borders, I didn’t pay too much attention to it.”

Housekeeper Hiri frowned. “This event is very strange. For example, what happened to those hundred thousand people in Bluelion City, and why were there a few dozen survivors?”

“Right. Why were there a few dozen survivors?” Zassler also felt that this was very suspicious.

If an extremely powerful expert had used some sort of unknown forbidden-level spell to kill them, everyone within the range of the spell should have died. Even if there were a few lucky survivors, the survivors should all be extremely powerful experts themselves. But the lucky survivors were all ordinary commoners.

“In addition, there was no damage done to the buildings at all,” Cena continued.

Everyone in the hall was confused.

“I sent people to investigate, but we couldn’t find any clues at all.” Cena was also frustrated. “Oh, right. There was one commonality to the tens of lucky survivors.”

Everyone in the hall immediately turned to look at Cena.

“Those lucky survivors were all in fairly hard-to-reach areas. For example, half of the lucky survivors were being held in the deepest prison cells of Bluelion City. The others were all either in underground rooms or in other hard-to-reach areas,” Cena explained.

“Hard to reach areas... so they didn’t die?” Zassler nodded. “Perhaps this wasn’t a magic spell after all. After all, a magic spell capable of covering an entire city wouldn’t possibly care about whether an area was ‘hard to reach’ or not.”

“I recommend that we ask Lord Linley for help.” Zassler sighed.

“Lord Linley?” The eyes of Wharton and the others all lit up.

If Linley were to come out, they would feel much more confident with their leader present and wouldn’t be in such a state of disarray when events occurred.

“Right. In the past five years, there have been simply too many strange events that have occurred. For example, the war entering a state of stalemate, or those mysterious new religions appearing within our empire, or this dead city...” Zassler said in one breath.

“I agree that we should go speak with my big brother.” Wharton nodded.

Leena’s face revealed a smile on it. “If big brother Ley were to come out, this affair would definitely be resolved easily. Big brother Ley has been in training for five years. I wonder what level big brother Ley has reached now.”

Everyone’s faces had smiles on them when discussing Linley.

Afterwards, Wharton, Gates, and Zassler served as the representatives of the group and headed to the entrance to the training room.

“Wait a moment.” Wharton’s body was covered with a layer of battle-qi, and then he went straight through to the pocket dimension.

Moments later.

“Crackle, crackle.” A few moments later, passing through those clashing attacking energy streams, Wharton and Linley, dressed in a sky-blue robe and with his hair unbound, stepped out. Zassler and Gates, upon seeing Linley, suddenly felt much more at ease.

“Gates, Zassler, what has happened for all of you to come looking for me in such haste?” Linley said with a smile.

Mysterious Religions

In truth, as he looked at Wharton, Gates, and Zassler, Linley felt some worry in his heart.

After all, before entering his closed door training, he had said that unless something extremely major occurred, he was not to be disturbed. And yet, despite that, Wharton and the others had still come to ask for his assistance. Clearly, the situation was very grave.

“Can it be that the continental war’s hidden dangers have revealed themselves?” Linley was rather nervous. He still remembered Lord Beirut’s warning.

Wharton, Gates, and Zassler looked at each other. After a moment of silence, Zassler looked at Linley, then spoke out. “Lord Linley, you have been in closed door training for five years. In the past five years, there have been many events that have occurred ever since the war began. We can’t explain it all in just one breath. Let’s go back, and then we’ll slowly discuss it all.”

Linley nodded slightly.

While walking out of the underground area, Wharton suddenly asked, “Big bro, have you reached the Deity level yet?”

Gates and Zassler both immediately turned to look at Linley as well.

After all, Linley had originally expected that he would take around ten years to become a Deity. It had been nearly six years.

“I’m still a little way off.” Linley shook his head with a faint laugh. “If you hadn’t interrupted my training, in perhaps half a year, I would have reached it.” Linley had a very strong desire towards becoming a Deity. At his current level of training with regards to the Profound Truths of Velocity, Linley could clearly feel... that the Deity level was so close he could feel it.

He only needed a tiny bit more to break through. The Profound Truths of Velocity was composed of the two aspects, 'Fast' and 'Slow'. If a person reached the limit in any one of those two aspects, then one would become a Demigod. But upon true mastery of the Profound Truths of Velocity, Linley would become a full God.

In training the Profound Truths of Velocity, the bottleneck would only appear once one reached the God-level.

But there was no bottleneck at all at the Demigod-level.

For example, the likes of Fain, Desri, Rosarie, and Tulily had all been bottlenecked at the last step, because the mysteries of the Elemental Laws that they were training in were fairly low-level mysteries. In the endless cosmos and countless planes, the vast majority of Saints were all training in fairly low-level profound truths.

Linley was only able to train in the Profound Truths of Velocity in part because of a bit of good fortune, after all.

Although in half a year, he would become a Deity, Linley naturally had to leave his training when Wharton asked him to come out. After all, when being forced to choose between family and training, in the end, family was still more important. If his family and friends ran into any difficulties, how could Linley pay them no mind at all and continue to train to become a Deity?

Within the main hall of Dragonblood Castle.

Many people were gathered here. Linley quietly sat in the primary seat, listening carefully to Wharton's explanation of the events that had occurred in the past five plus years.

"Many top-tier Saints have appeared?" As Linley listened to Wharton describe the course of battle and how these terrifying experts had come out of nowhere, he couldn't help but begin to worry. "According to what Wharton and the others are saying, most of these are above the power of Supreme Warrior Saints, and are even comparable to the likes of Desri and Tulily."

Linley could immediately judge the situation accurately.

It must be understood that normally speaking, Supreme Warrior Saints should

be considered amongst the most powerful Saints in the land, second only to the likes of Prime Saints. Supreme Warrior Saints were roughly on par with the likes of the deceased Heidens, Osenno, and the others.

“Speed comparable to the Saint-level Thunder lizard, but able to defeat it in one blow.” Even Linley was amazed at the power of those two Saints who had appeared in the Rohault Empire.

“Many experts on the level of Desri and Rutherford have appeared. This...” Linley was somewhat puzzled.

In the past five years, so many mysterious new Saints had appeared, and all of them were very strong.

It seemed as though almost all of them had the power of a Prime Saint.

“This can’t be right.” Linley frowned. “These experts definitely weren’t present in the past. If they existed, they definitely wouldn’t have escaped the notice of the likes of the War God.” Linley was very certain about this point. But since they couldn’t have been present in the past, then...

Clearly, these experts should have arrived in the Yulan continent in the past five or so years.

“Experts from foreign planes?” Linley was shocked at his own hypothesis.

“Wait, that shouldn’t be right either.” Linley instantly refuted his own theory. “So what if they come from other planes? Could it be that all of the experts in other planes are at the Prime Saint level?”

To the other planes of the universe, the Yulan continent was also a ‘foreign plane’.

It wasn’t strange for these experts from foreign planes to be strong, but still... they shouldn’t all be so powerful!

“Big bro, also, in this period of time, there has been a mysterious new religion that has sprung up in the Baruch Empire. They follow a god who is known as ‘Muba’,” Wharton said with a frown. “Big bro, long ago, you said that no religions were to be permitted within the borders of our empire. We worked hard to stamp out these churches, but we aren’t able to.” Wharton shook his

head.

Hearing this, Linley's face instantly changed.

A mysterious religion?

Who needed the power of faith? The answer, without question, was...

A Deity!

"Continue." Linley immediately looked at Wharton. "Why are you unable to stamp out this religion?"

Wharton nodded and continued. "First of all, this church has hidden experts. In addition... this religion really does have some ability. They are able to produce miracles! Because of the appearance of these miracles, within the borders of our Baruch Empire, there are many people who truly have begun to believe in and worship this god, 'Muba'."

"Miracles?"

Linley's face instantly turned white.

"What is it, big bro?" Wharton, Gates, Ankh, and the others all looked at Linley in confusion.

Linley, because he was almost at the point of becoming a Deity, often discussed Deity-level experts with Desri and the others. Thus, he knew very well... that the power of faith was extremely useful to Deities. That was why the likes of the War God, in the O'Brien Empire's territory, only permitted his citizens to worship himself, the War God.

Other religions were strictly banned.

As for miracles...

Many of them could only be produced based on the profound mysteries of the Laws which only a Deity could understand.

"A nameless religion that is capable of producing miracles. Then..." Linley's heart trembled. "Behind this religious branch in the Baruch Empire, there is definitely a Deity-level expert!"

"Wharton, Cena." Linley immediately ordered, "Listen closely. It's fine if you

continue to act to suppress the spread of this religion, but you must remember, you are not to increase the strength and vigor with which you suppress them. No matter what, do not force that religion to fight head on against our empire. At least... for now, don't do so."

The people in the hall didn't understand it.

After all, aside from Linley, how long had the likes of Gates and Wharton been at the Saint level? Even Zassler, despite being experienced, only had worldly experience as well as experience with regards to Necromantic Magic. His understanding of Deities was far inferior to Linley.

"All of you, remember what I just said!" Linley said seriously.

"Yes," Wharton, Cena, and the others still immediately responded in the affirmative. They definitely would not violate Linley's orders.

Only now did Linley let out a secret sigh of relief. The opponent was a Deity-level expert. There was no doubt about it at all!

After all, until one reached the Deity level, the power of faith was utterly useless.

Since the opponent was a Deity, Linley naturally didn't want to offend him.

Even after Linley himself became a Deity, he wouldn't want to casually become enemies with the opponent. After all, Linley would only be a new Demigod. How long ago had the opponent reached godhood? There was no way for Linley to know.

"Big bro. Recently, there has been an astonishing news circulating in our Baruch Empire. In the City of Bluelion..." Wharton began to discuss the 'city of the dead' event, while at the same time explaining some of the stranger aspects regarding the deaths of the people in the city.

Hearing this story, Linley was puzzled as well, while at the same time, he grew cautious.

An entire city's worth of people had died in a single night.

This was even more nerve-wracking than slaughter on the battlefield. After all, it was just too bizarre.

In the entire main hall, everyone else felt helpless. After all, they had no clues at all. In addition, there were currently too many mysterious experts in the Yulan continent. There was nothing they could do at present, and right now, even Linley felt lost and uncertain as to how he should go discover the culprit.

“You said just now that the same problem occurred in the O’Brien Empire?” Linley suddenly asked.

“Right, just a month or so ago,” Wharton replied.

Linley nodded slightly. “Then how about this. You wait in the castle. I’ll go pay a visit to War God Mountain in the O’Brien Empire.” After all, this event had just occurred in his own empire, but had occurred in the O’Brien Empire more than a month ago.

In addition, War God Mountain still had more powerful Saints than his side did.

After a full month, perhaps the War God’s College would have discovered some clues.

“Big bro, aren’t you going to eat with us?” Wharton was somewhat surprised. Linley had just come out of training, but even before having eaten a meal with his family, he was going to go to War God Mountain. This was just a bit too hasty, wasn’t it?

“No need.” Linley had already made up his mind.

After resolving this affair, he would go back to his closed-door training. After all, Linley really was extremely close to breaking through to the Deity level.

At this point in time, it was dusk. A faint, indistinct blur slashed through the air above Dragonblood Castle, disappearing into the endless western horizons.

“Lord Beirut really did speak truly. The Yulan continent really does contain many dangers.” Linley felt a hint of nervousness. That mysterious cult represented a Deity-level expert. How could Linley not be nervous at the fact that a new Deity had appeared on this plane?

It represented that the main instigator behind these strange events was perhaps a Deity.

If he didn't reach the Deity level himself, he probably wouldn't even be able to fight back.

"After resolving this matter, I need to immediately seize every moment and reach the Deity level as soon as possible." As soon as Linley thought about the 'city of the dead' event, he felt even more worried. He had the feeling... that the strange 'city of the dead' event definitely had a terrifying secret behind it.

The wind howled past him as he flew.

"It seems that the Yulan continent is about to enter an unprecedented state of storms and tempests." Linley moved through the skies like a ray of light.



*

War God Mountain.

Linley's arrival naturally caused Fain, who was temporarily in charge of War God Mountain, to personally welcome him. The two went to a private room on War God Mountain to chat. Fain had been training painstakingly for the past five years, but had yet to make a breakthrough.

"Linley, have you come this time because of the 'city of the dead' event?" Fain actually raised the topic first.

"Yes. Fain, do you have any clues yet?" Linley immediately asked.

Fain couldn't help but show a hint of a bitter smile on his face. During the past month, he had naturally been worrying over the 'city of the dead' event in the O'Brien Empire. After the same event occurred in the Baruch Empire, he naturally quickly got word of it, as he had been paying special attention to this problem.

"I do have one clue," Fain said with resignation. "This mysterious expert, moving at high speed, killed all the people in the city in one night, one after the other."

"Oh?" Linley was startled. "One after the other?"

Saints could indeed kill a hundred thousand people very quickly. If they raised

to the limit, most likely all the people in the area they passed through would instantly die. To a Saint, travelling hundreds of meters in a second and killing dozens of people in that second was easily done.

To kill a hundred thousand people, just an hour or two would be enough.

If it was a Saint on Linley's level who was doing it, he would probably be even faster.

"Why did he do this?" Linley didn't understand.

Saints did have this sort of power, true. But to a Saint-level expert, what would be the point of killing so many commoners? In addition, not only was it pointless, once it was discovered... it would result in distaste and revulsion from other Saints, who might even jointly act against the culprit!

"I don't understand either." Fain shook his head. "Actually, we only have this clue because of a stroke of good fortune. When my eighth martial brother was flying about, he encountered a mysterious, silver-robed person murdering people in a city. Enraged, he immediately attacked... but unfortunately, that silver-robed expert didn't fight back. He immediately fled. The silver-robed expert was very fast, and even my eighth martial brother wasn't a match for him in speed. But by then, the silver-robed man had already killed several thousand people, and those several thousand victims' manners of death were identical to those in the 'city of the dead'."

Linley nodded slightly.

The eighth personal disciple. For him to be ranked so high, he clearly was an expert who had trained in the War God's College for thousands of years.

"Hrm?"

Linley and Fain simultaneously turned to stare towards the northeast. A terrifying wave of energy was currently spreading out from far away in the northeast. Although the powerful energy wave, after having travelled ten thousand kilometers, was almost undetectable by now, how could it escape the attention of the likes of Linley and Fain?

They could sense the battles of Saints from thousands of kilometers away.

How could they possibly miss noticing this utterly, terrifyingly powerful energy wave? To the likes of them, that sort of terrifying energy wave was as noticeable as the sun appearing in the middle of the night.

“What just happened?!” Fain said in shock.

But just as he spoke, the expressions on his and Linley’s faces froze.

“All Saints and Deities who engage in wanton slaughter in the Eighteen Northern Duchies, or disturb the peace of the Forest of Darkness, shall all... be killed without hesitation!” a hoarse voice instantly rang out in the minds of every single Saint and Deity in the Yulan continent.

All the experts instantly became speechless with shock.

Guidance

Within a cold, dark underground room.

A freezing, sea-green glow was faintly flickering within this room. A blurry, indistinct figure garbed totally in darkness was seated in the meditative position. In front of him, there was an enormous crystal the size of a person's head, which was flashing a gloomy green light.

Within the crystal ball, there was a large amount of fog-like energy swirling about it, and within the center of the fog, there were a few silvery droplets.

The hazy glow the water crystal was giving off was just enough to illuminate the ancient face of the mysterious person in the room. His face was so old that it looked like a layer of wrinkled skin had been pasted onto a skull. He was so thin, he was skeletal. But his two cold, insidious eyes flashed with green light, making him look so sinister.

He looked like a knife that was covered with poison, a soul-freezing sight to behold.

"Hrm?" The green light in the ancient man's eyes suddenly glowed more brightly.

A long time later...

"What is going on? Since when did Lord Beirut declare the Eighteen Northern Duchies a forbidden area as well?" the skeletal old man muttered to himself, "It seems Lord Beirut wants to make a show of force. It's best not to irritate him. Whoever does end up irritating him will most likely turn into the 'chicken' in the phrase, 'killing a chicken to frighten the monkeys'."

"Only, what a waste of a silver-robed guardian of mine."

"However, if this refining process is a success, it'd be worth it even if I lose all nine." The skeletal old man stared at the crystal ball, like a greedy viper who

had just discovered his prey.

All of the experts of the Yulan continent, be it the early stage Saints, the Saints who had escaped from the Gebados Planar Prison, or even Deities... upon hearing the sound of that 'warning' voice, they all felt their hearts tremble and turn cold.

Beirut!

The King of the Yulan continent. The Apocalypse Wars of ten thousand years ago had solidified his position.



*

The O'Brien Empire. War God Mountain.

"That should have been Lord Beirut's voice." Fain frowned. "The day before Master went to the Necropolis of the Gods, he told me that Lord Beirut had spoken mentally to him, forbidding him from going and causing trouble in the Forest of Darkness and the Eighteen Northern Duchies."

Linley nodded slightly.

Five years ago, Lord Beirut had only transmitted the message to Linley, the War God, and the High Priest. As the War God left, he of course had to give the instructions to Fain as well.

"That powerful energy wave just now..." Linley hypothesized. "Most likely it was generated from the shockwaves of Lord Beirut killing an expert who had dared engage in slaughter in the Eighteen Northern Duchies." Linley was shocked at Lord Beirut's decisiveness as well.

Clearly, Lord Beirut would show no mercy at all.

"Right, Linley." Fain's eyes suddenly lit up. "Engage in slaughter in the Eighteen Northern Duchies? How could ordinary Saints so casually engage in slaughter? Tell me, do you think it might be...?"

Linley had the same thought upon hearing this. "Are you referring to the culprit behind the 'city of the dead', that silver-robed expert?"

Fain nodded. "If this is the case, then that means the culprit has already been destroyed, right?"

Linley was silent for a period of time. "Fain, your guess might be correct, but it also might be wrong. Although Lord Beirut created an extremely powerful energy wave, the person he killed might not have been the silver-robed expert. Even if it was, it's hard to say whether that silver-robed expert was acting alone."

"Linley, are you saying..." Fain couldn't help but feel surprised.

Fain had been certain in his heart that the culprit was nothing more than a Saint with some sort of special goal. He had never considered the possibility that there was a group of silver-robed experts.

But Linley had a different idea.

He knew about the 'mysterious church' that had been set up in the Baruch Empire, and thus was able to hypothesize that there was a Deity involved. Linley was beginning to expect... that the experts who had appeared in the Yulan continent weren't just Saints. There should be Deities as well.

For someone to dare to so openly carry out these 'cities of death' actions... most likely it was done at the behest of a Deity-level expert, and most likely that Deity had more than one subordinate.

"Fain." As soon as Linley thought of the possibility that it was a Deity-level expert behind the scenes, he couldn't help but feel unconfident. He immediately said to Fain, "We won't be able to find the culprit just by thinking about things. How about this. Let's both head to the Forest of Darkness and ask some questions."

"Go to the Forest of Darkness?"

Fain felt some nervousness in his heart with regards to the Forest of Darkness. Lord Beirut was someone whom even the War God held in reverence. He, Fain, was but a Saint. Of course he would feel some dread towards Beirut.

"It's fine. Come with me." Linley still felt rather confident.

Aside from the relationship he had with Bebe, Linley was on fairly good terms

with Beirut's three children, Harry, Hart, and Harvey. Linley just wanted to go ask a few questions. He was confident... that he would be successful.

"Fine. I'll make a trip with you." Fain nodded.

Fain immediately gave some instructions to the other people at the War God's College, then flew alongside Linley away from War God Mountain, disappearing into the boundless night horizons. Fain was extremely fast to begin with, while Linley, due to his training in the 'Profound Truths of Velocity', had already reached a ludicrous level of speed.

The two soon arrived at the Forest of Darkness.

Deep in the heart of the Forest of Darkness, that living, metallic castle sat there. Linley stared down in mid-air at that metallic castle, once again feeling a cold sensation in his heart. This enormous metallic life form... Linley expected that it was far more powerful than even Queen Mother Lachapalle.

Linley and Fain landed outside the metallic castle.

In the dark night, the metallic castle simply sat there. One couldn't hear any sound from inside of it.

Fain and Linley exchanged glances.

"What should we do? Should we shout at him from outside?" Fain laughed bitterly. "Or should we go in? I've heard that unless you have the power of a Deity, as soon as you step into the metallic castle, you will be attacked by it."

"Don't be impatient." Linley laughed.

Soon afterwards...

"Swish!" A black ray of light flashed out from within the metallic castle, landing on Linley.

"Boss, I've missed you so bad. You only came today!" Bebe raised his little head, staring at Linley with his beady little black eyes, which were filled with surprise and joy. Clearly, Bebe had missed Linley very much over their six years of separation.

Linley laughed as he hugged Bebe. Together with Bebe, Linley felt so happy and relaxed.

It was much like how Grandpa Doehring used to be by his side. He would never be at a loss.

“Bebe, I missed you too. Right. Where is Lord Beirut?” Linley asked.

“Grandpa Beirut?” Bebe shook his little head. “I don’t know either. Grandpa Beirut hasn’t been in the castle recently. He said he needs to go out for a few days. It seems as though he is off paying a visit to another plane. He’ll be back in a few days.”

“Not here? Off visiting other planes?” Linley and Fain exchanged glances.

If ‘Grandpa Beirut’ wasn’t within the metallic castle and was off visiting another plane, who had carried out the actions in the Eighteen Northern Duchies? Whose voice had it been just then?

At the same time, they both sighed in their hearts.

“Visited other planes... will be back in a few days... what does Lord Beirut think planar travel is? A type of tourism?” Linley secretly sighed. He had heard from the Planar Overseer, Hodan, how astronomical the price would be to return to a plane after leaving it.

Just look at his own ancestors. Not a single Dragonblood Warrior had returned after leaving this plane.

From this, one could tell how difficult returning was.

But Lord Beirut? He treated interplanar travel as nothing but child’s play.

“Linley, you are looking for my father?” a voice rang out, and a violet-gold flash of light scurried over, hovering in front of Linley and Fain. It was one of the three Violet-Gold Rat Kings.

Linley, seeing the Violet-Gold Rat King, could only let out an awkward laugh.

There was nothing for it. The three Violet-Gold Rat Kings looked identical, as far as Linley was concerned. Even their auras were similar. Linley simply couldn’t tell which of the three Violet-Gold Rat Kings this one was.

“I’m Harry.” This Violet-Gold Rat King clearly understood the problem, so he directly named himself. “Linley, I know why you have come.”

“Oh?” Linley was surprised. He hadn’t even said anything yet.

Harry chortled, “O’Brien Empire, Baruch Empire. The people in the cities of both your empires have been slaughtered. The reason both of you came is most likely for this affair, yes? Right. This occurred in the Eighteen Northern Duchies as well. Only, as soon as it began, we killed that fellow right away.”

“We?” Linley had a sudden thought.

What did the word ‘we’ from Harry represent?

Fain hurriedly asked, “Harry, might I ask, are there more than one of those silver-robed experts? Why did they do such a thing?”

“Oh, you know that it was a silver-robed man?” Harry was a bit surprised, but then he nodded his little head. “Right. Those murderous silver-robed men... there’s nine of them in total. As for why they are doing such a thing, in actuality, they are doing this at the behest of a Deity-level expert.”

Harry clearly knew many things.

Linley was secretly shocked.

So this really was the case! This matter involved a Deity-level expert. Linley and Fain both felt vexed. Deities and Saints were two completely different types of creatures. One was like the heavens while the others were like the earth. Although Linley could easily kill a large number of Saints, in front of a Deity, he couldn’t do anything.

“This... what should we do?” Fain was caught completely off-guard as well.

The War God was still in the Necropolis of the Gods. He, Fain, was a Saint. How could he fight head on against a Deity?

“Oh, don’t worry about that. One of those nine silver-robed men have been killed, while the other eight are all scattered in different areas. Oh, two of them are together. They are currently within the borders of the Baruch Empire,” Harry said.

“What?!” Linley instantly had a bad feeling.

Two of them were within the borders of his Baruch Empire? What were they planning?

“Hehe, right. I expect very soon, they will massacre another city.” Harry chortled. Harry didn’t care about cities being massacred. He was a magical beast, after all. To him... humans were an entirely different species. The destruction of a human city had nothing to do with him at all.

Linley instantly grew nervous. “Harry, which city are they at?”

“Linley, are you going to go deal with them?” Fain began to feel worried. “That can’t be done. Didn’t you hear what Harry said? They have a Deity behind them.”

Bebe began to chortle at this time. “Don’t worry. I know about this matter. The Deity behind those nine silver-robed men was badly injured a long time ago, and he won’t easily be provoked to act. More importantly, that Deity is currently busy taking care of an important affair. He won’t have the time to come deal with you.”

Harry nodded his little head as well. “Right. Go kill those two silver-robed men. What is there to be afraid of? Even if you do kill them, that Deity won’t know that it was you who did it.”

Linley and Fain immediately both laughed.

Right. If they went to go kill the silver-robed men, as long as they kept a low profile and didn’t allow the Deity to immediately know it was them, how would he possibly find out afterwards who the killers were?

“Alright, Harry. Where are those two silver-robed men?” Linley asked.

“Heh heh, now we’re going to have some entertainment to watch,” Harry chortled, revealing two neat rows of sharp white fangs. “Don’t worry. Just follow me, the two of you. I’ll lead the way,” Harry said, then transformed into a ray of violet-gold light, flashing towards the south.

“Hurry up and follow,” Harry’s voice rang out in the forest.

Linley and Fain immediately began to fly as well, with Bebe excitedly standing atop of Linley’s shoulders.

“How does Harry know the details of this so clearly?” Linley was beginning to feel very puzzled. “Also, Bebe and him said that Lord Beirut has already left the

Yulan continent, so whose voice rang out just a while ago? And Harry even clearly knows the details and specific situations of Deities and those silver-robed men.”

He also thought back to how, on the day of his wedding, Delia and himself had received, as their wedding gift, a Demigod divine spark.

In addition, Lord Beirut was the controller of the Necropolis of the Gods.

“This Lord Beirut... the Beirut clan... more and more mysterious as I think about it.” Linley looked at Harry, flying excitedly ahead of him. He calmed his mind, then laughed to himself. “Why worry about so many things? So what if Lord Beirut is mysterious? At least he’s our friend, not our enemy!”

Controlled

Linley, Fain, and the Violet-Gold Rat King 'Harry' all flew in a straight line. The three experts flew at a very fast pace. Soon, they departed the Forest of Darkness and arrived within the borders of the Baruch Empire.

Linley was clearly rather nervous. He urged, "Harry, fly a bit faster. I'm worried that those two silver-robed men will begin the massacre before we arrive." Linley was still quite nervous.

An entire city's worth of people had been slaughtered.

The deaths weren't even the worst part of it; the worst part was the turmoil and terror it was causing in the hearts of the commoners.

The citizens of an empire wouldn't be too terrified by a million people dying in battle, but a hundred thousand people dying in a city for no reason at all was simply too astonishing.

"No rush. It's fine." Harry was in no rush at all.

"Harry, just fly a bit faster. I know exactly how fast you are," Bebe spoke up for Linley.

Harry glanced at Bebe with resignation, "Fine, then." And then, the Violet-Gold Rat King, Harry, immediately increased his speed dramatically, and Linley and Fain immediately hurried to catch up. The three experts streaked through the night sky like rays of light, flying past one city and town after another.

"Linley, don't worry. Those two silver-robed men will probably wait until late night before making their move," Harry said with complete confidence, "Right now, it's only nine or so at night. There are still many people outside drinking and eating."

Linley was simply too worried about this problem. He hadn't even had a chance to think it through.

But now, hearing Harry's words, he thought back to the description of the previous 'city of the dead' which Wharton had discussed with him. Virtually all of the dead people in Bluelion City had died in their homes. The number of people who were killed on the streets could be counted on one hand. At what time would a city have almost nobody outside on the streets?

After all, only after midnight would most of the restaurants close.

Linley instantly calmed down.

Fain was puzzled. "Harry, you say they will only make their move late at night? Then previously, didn't you say that the silver-robed men were the ones to attack the Eighteen Northern Duchies? Why did they attack so early in the Eighteen Northern Duchies?"

"Stupid!" Harry laughed loudly in delight. "The Eighteen Northern Duchies are amongst the coldest places in the Yulan continent. It is currently winter, and so there's a major difference between day and night. The night is deathly cold. In the Eighteen Northern Duchies, at night, if you were to spit out a mouthful of saliva, it would freeze into an ice cube before hitting the ground!"

Linley secretly nodded. He, too, had heard how cold the Eighteen Northern Duchies were.

"In that sort of weather, most of the people of the Eighteen Northern Duchies will stay at home at night, staying next to their furnaces. In particular, those smaller cities will have almost no one out at night to brave the cold. There's nobody to be seen in the streets." Harry sighed. "Tell me, is there a need for those silver-robed men to wait until midnight to act in a situation like this?"

Fain now understood.

"Oh, we're almost there. Just a hundred kilometers away," Harry said excitedly.

Linley and Fain instantly felt a hint of a murderous intent begin to rise in their hearts.

The 'dead city' events in the O'Brien Empire and the Baruch Empire had truly caused both Fain and Linley to be completely enraged. For someone to act so wildly was a sign that they held both empires in contempt, and also didn't have

any respect for the Saints who stood behind those two empires.

“Everyone, come to a halt,” Harry said.

Linley and Fain immediately came to a halt. Right now, a few kilometers away, there was a small city in front of them. In mid-air, they could clearly see that the city was filled with lit lamps, and there were many human figures leisurely strolling about the streets. This city was very peaceful.

“Harry, where are those two silver-robed men?” Linley immediately asked.

He didn’t dare to search with his spiritual energy. After all, if he were to use his spiritual energy to search for them, once they noticed it, they would probably flee.

“You can’t tell?” Harry laughed so hard, even his whiskers curved up. “South of you, roughly six kilometers away in that wilderness, those two silver-robed men are currently seated in the meditative posture. Most likely, they will wait until late at night before making their move.”

Linley and Fain immediately turned to look towards the south.

That was a desolate area, filled with wild grass.

Linley and Fain exchanged a glance. From each other’s gazes, they could tell what their decision was. Without hesitating at all...

“Swoosh!”

Those two Prime Saints transformed into blurs, stealthily drawing near that desolate area. As for Bebe, he hopped off of Linley’s shoulders and followed by Harry’s side. He didn’t want to disturb Linley’s attack on those silver-robed men. In addition, Bebe was completely confident in Linley’s abilities.

Linley had even managed to defeat a million Abyssal Blade Demons. How could he possibly fear these silver-robed men?

“Whooooosh.”

The wind blew against the grass causing it to sway continuously. Within the wild grass, the two silver-robed men were seated in the meditative posture, not moving at all. Even if someone drew near them, unless they paid particular attention to their surroundings, they might think that these two were nothing

more than two white rocks.

Suddenly, the two silver-robed men simultaneously opened their eyes and turned to stare at a nearby space with their cold, knife-like gazes.

Knowing that they had been discovered, Linley and Fain, who had been quietly moving closer and closer, didn't hesitate any longer.

"Kill!" Linley and Fain raised their speed to their utmost levels. From this, one could tell the difference between Fain and Linley. When Fain raised his speed to the maximum level, he transformed into a bolt of lightning that slashed through the air. As for Linley, when he raised his speed to the limit...

He simply transformed into the invisible, formless wind. In the dark night, Linley's form was no longer visible.

But as soon as the two silver-robed men knew that enemies had come, they had immediately used their spiritual energy to cover the surrounding area, and thus were completely able to sense their opponent's movements.

"So fast." The two silver-robed men were both astonished by Linley's speed. Fain's speed was already quite terrifying, but Linley's speed was nearly three times that of Fain's. In virtually an instant, Linley arrived in front of one of the silver-robed men.

Retreat!

Not hesitating at all, the silver-robed man immediately transformed into a streak of silver light, retreating backwards at a speed comparable to Fain's.

"Die!" Linley stared at the silver-robed man with an icy gaze. Like a god looking down upon a commoner, he struck out with a simple blow from his blade, and a visible, faint-blue Dimensional Decapitator appeared. Where the Dimensional Decapitator attack passed, space itself immediately began to crack and split apart.

He left no openings at all.

The Dimensional Decapitator directly chopped the silver-robed man into two halves.

"Hrmph!" With a sweep of his hand, Linley caused countless, extremely sharp

wind knives to appear, chopping the silver-robed man's head into a muddy pile of flesh and destroying his soul.

In an instant, he had slain his foe!

"Bang!" From not too far away, a terrifying collision sound could be heard. Fain and the second silver-robed man flew away from each other, and a terrifying wave of energy blasted in every direction. Much of the surrounding grass was chopped through as though cut by sharp knives, flying away in a neat circle.

Linley frowned. "Swoosh!" Moving like the wind, he quickly arrived near the silver-robed man.

The silver-robed man wanted to flee, but his speed was simply far too slow compared to Linley's. Linley's right leg, moving like a gust of wind, carrying enormous power, smashed viciously against his back, instantly sending the silver-robed man flying away.

Flying towards Fain's direction.

Naturally, Fain would seize this opportunity!

Moving at his highest speed, he arrived next to the silver-robed man. The badly injured silver-robed man, with an angry roar, sent a fist smashing towards Fain's chest, but Fain completely ignored the attack, using his own palm to smash directly down towards the skull of the silver-robed man.

"Bang!" A tremendous crunching sound.

The silver-robed man's punch caved in Fain's chest, but despite that, the silver-robed man's body still fell down from the air, powerless. As for Fain, due to his possession of a Pearl of Life, his caved in chest almost instantly repaired itself to normal.

Linley and Fain drew near each other.

"Linley, you are growing more and more powerful." Fain sighed in amazement. "If it wasn't for you, I would probably have had to use up my spiritual energy and utilize my ultimate attack."

Linley laughed. "Fain, let's go take a look and see who they are. They are

covering up their entire bodies with these silver robes.”

“Right.” Fain wanted to see what the silver-robed men really were as well.

The silver-robed man who Linley had killed had his head utterly shattered, and his body had been chopped in half as well. Linley and Fain landed near one of the chopped halves, then pulled aside the long silver robe which covered that half body. When they did so, both their faces changed.

That half a body was covered with dense white scales, like a fish.

“Not human.” The two were utterly certain of this.

Not hesitating at all, Linley and Fain walked over to the silver-robed man who Fain had killed, pulling aside the silver robe which covered his body. This silver-robed man’s skin was a metallic color, but just judging from his features, he seemed very similar to a human.

“Also not a human.” Linley and Fain were both all the more certain now of their hypothesis.

Whether it was the hidden Deity or the servants of that Deity, all of these people were from other planes.

“Haha, Linley, your power has improved quite a bit.” Harry and Bebe, who had been hidden far away, flew over now. Harry was chortling. “However, I have to tell you two things. One is good news. The other is bad news.”

Linley and Fain both felt their hearts tremble.

Bad news?

“Tell me, which one should I say first?” Harry looked as evil as a little devil.

“The bad news first,” Linley and Fain both said.

“You two are quite well coordinated.” Harry nodded his little head. “Then I’ll tell you. In the past, when I told you that the Deity wouldn’t know that you were the ones to kill the silver-robed men, that was a lie! That Deity definitely knows that you were the killers.”

Linley and Fain’s faces instantly turned ugly to behold.

Both Fain and Linley, although being powerful amongst Saints, would be easily

trampled upon by any Deities.

“Harry, you...” Linley truly had no idea what he should say.

“How does that feel? Are you pissed off? Haha, if I didn’t say what I said, would you two have dared to kill the two silver-robed men?” Harry clearly seemed very delighted with himself.

“Harry.” Bebe was now unhappy as well.

Harry hurriedly said, “But there’s still the good news, right?”

Linley and Fain immediately looked at Harry.

“Earlier, when I said that the Deity had been badly wounded and was also busy with an important task, and that he wouldn’t seek the two of you for revenge... that was true. Tell me, isn’t that good news?” Harry carefully watched the expressions on Linley and Fain’s faces.

Linley and Fain truly didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry.

“Harry, you said that the Deity is currently busy with an important task. Then... after he is finished with the task, wouldn’t he have enough time to seek us out for revenge? How long do you think he will be busy for?” Linley asked.

Harry paused for a moment. “That’s hard to say. I expect he’ll need three or four years.”

“I hope it’s four years later.” The reason Fain was saying this was because nearly six years had passed since the War God and the others had gone to the Necropolis of the Gods for their ten-year trip. In a little over four years, the War God, the High Priest, and the others would return.

Linley secretly let out a sigh of relief as well.

At least... in three or four years, he should definitely have become a Deity himself.

“But of course, that’s just my guess,” Harry added. Seeing the hopeful look on the faces of Linley and Fain, he immediately began to grin so widely that his little eyes turned into merry little slits.

Within that dark, gloomy underground room.

The skeletal figure remained seated in the meditative posture, and that crystal globe still hovered in front of him, with the fog-like energy swirling within it. Only... it seemed as though there were a few more silver drops that had coalesced within the fog, compared to before.

“Two more died?”

The skeletal old man’s eyes flickered with that devouring green light. “The two of them?” In the mind of the skeletal figure, the images of Linley and Fain appeared.

As a Grand Warlock, he was spiritually controlling those nine silver-robed men. In the moments before their deaths, those two silver-robed men had already seen Linley and Fain’s appearances, and had immediately transmitted that knowledge to the Grand Warlock’s mind. Although the Grand Warlock had never personally seen Linley and Fain...

Others had!

“Yale, have you seen these two before?” The skeletal old man directly transferred the images of those two to Yale’s mind.

Yale, who had been in the middle of a nap, suddenly opened his eyes.

“Grand Warlock, the one with long brown hair is Linley. He is a good friend of mine. The other one, the one with short blue hair, I once met at Third Bro’s place. He is the eldest disciple of the War God’s College, Fain,” Yale’s voice also directly entered the Grand Warlock’s consciousness.

Discarding a Piece

The skeletal figure's already-wrinkled face furrowed still further.

"Fain of the War God's College, and Linley?" The green light flickered in the eyes of the skeletal old man. Clearly, he was thinking about something.

He had brought all nine of those silver-robed men from the Gebados Planar Prison. They all possessed the power of Prime Saints. If it hadn't been for Linley's assistance, Fain would have had to spend quite a bit of effort to kill even just one of them.

The more powerful an expert's soul was, the harder it was to dominate them.

Lord Beirut had destroyed a silver-robed expert, fine. He didn't dare to be the slightest bit upset with Lord Beirut. But Linley and Fain had also killed two of his important subordinates. He was upset now.

"Hrmph. If it wasn't for the fact that I am busy with something important, I'd definitely head out and mentally dominate you two punks and have you two be controlled by me for a thousand or ten thousand years!" The low, hoarse voice of the skeletal old man rang out as a cold light flashed through his eyes. "Given the situation..."

"Yale. Come to my place quickly," the skeletal old man's voice once more rang out in Yale's mind.

"Yes, Grand Warlock." Yale didn't dare to disobey at all.

Yale was currently staying at one of the side branches of the Dawson Conglomerate, located in a large valley in the southwest part of the Baruch Empire. This location was very close to all three major empires; the Yulan Empire, the O'Brien Empire, and the Baruch Empire. Thus, the slaves that were being sent over by all three empires were able to be quickly delivered to this valley.

As for the Grand Warlock...

He was living in a secret underground area in the innermost core of the valley.

Soon afterwards, Yale arrived at this gloomy underground room.

“Grand Warlock.” Yale respectfully dropped to one knee. In front of the Grand Warlock, Yale was unimpeachably faithful.

The Grand Warlock nodded calmly. With a flip of his hand, he produced a translucent flask the size of a thumb that was filled with a small amount of liquid. It flew directly towards Yale, who respectfully accepted it.

“Yale, mix the liquid in this vial into a flask of wine, and then take the flask of wine to meet Linley. Have Linley drink it. Remember... no matter what the cost, you must have him drink it,” the Grand Warlock calmly ordered.

“Yes, Grand Warlock,” Yale’s voice had no hesitation at all.

Shrouded in darkness, the Grand Warlock nodded calmly. “Enough. You can go now.”

Watching Yale leave, the Grand Warlock secretly sighed. “After drinking this ‘Soulsilk Poison’, Linley will definitely die. A pity. Linley’s friends and family members definitely won’t spare Yale, the ‘culprit’. Yale will die. It seems I’ll have to find another person within the Dawson Conglomerate to control.”

The night was dark. Yale, riding on the back of a Bluewind Hawk, flew at high speed in the direction of Dragonblood Castle. Behind him were two guards mounted on flying magical beasts. These two guards were both quite puzzled.

“Why is the Chairman in such a rush? It’s still late at night.”

“Who knows? In the past few years, the Chairman hasn’t seemed like himself. He no longer likes to joke, and he’s become so solemn.”

The two guards spoke softly to each other behind him, while Yale himself stared towards the northeast with a cold, expressionless face.

The next afternoon.

Yale’s party finally arrived at Dragonblood Castle, and the flying beasts landed.

“We’re here.” Yale swept Dragonblood Castle with his gaze, an utterly unfeeling look flashing through his eyes.

Within Dragonblood Castle.

Today, in Dragonblood Castle, Gates, Wharton, Zassler, and the others all felt uneasy and irritable. When Linley had returned, he had already made a detailed report to everyone about the ‘city of death’ affair and how the culprits behind the affair were those silver-robed men.

But behind those silver-robed men was a Deity who was controlling them!

A Deity-level expert!

Those four simple words were like a mountain, crushing down against the hearts of Gates, Zassler, and the others. They all felt that tremendous pressure.

After eating lunch, Linley, Wharton, Gates, Zassler, and the others all sat down in the rear flower gardens to discuss the situation.

“Don’t worry too much. Harry has already said, after all, that the Deity won’t have time to get himself involved in other matters,” Linley saw that the others seemed to be rather worried, and so he couldn’t help but laugh and try to encourage them. “By the time that Deity is done, I should have broken through to the Deity level myself.”

“Big bro,” Wharton said nervously. “First of all, is it possible that the Deity will pause his activities to come act against you? Even aside from this, more importantly... even if you reach the Deity level, big bro, will you definitely be able to deal with that Deity?”

Wharton was extremely worried.

Linley, even after becoming a Deity, would only be a Demigod.

The enemy?

Who knew if the enemy was a Demigod or a full God? If the opponent was a God, then Linley wouldn’t have any chance to change the situation. Even if the opponent was a Demigod... there were major differences between Demigods as well. Could an early stage Demigod and a peak stage Demigod be viewed as the same?

After all, at Linley's level, even other peak Saints would be easily killed by him.

It wasn't impossible that a peak Demigod would be able to kill early stage Demigods in just one or two attacks.

"Have some faith in me." Linley, seeing the worry etched on Wharton's face, still felt very moved. He understood what his little brother, Wharton, was thinking about.

Zassler encouraged as well, "Wharton, don't worry too much. In four more years, the War God and the others will all have returned as well. By that time, the situation will be different yet again. In addition, since when has your big brother ever let you down? You need to have faith in Lord Linley."

Wharton nodded.

He looked at his big brother. Linley had killed the king of Fenlai Kingdom, become famous in the O'Brien Empire, had fought Haydson to a standstill, and now... just by relying on his own ability, was about to become a Deity.

"Big bro, I believe in you." Wharton anticipated seeing Linley being able to overcome their enemy.

Linley actually felt much more confident than Wharton was.

First of all, if that mysterious Deity was to wait four years before coming, by then... Dylin and the others would have returned as well. He had originally gifted Dylin with that divine spark. Dylin owed him a huge favor in return. Linley believed that Dylin wouldn't just stand by and watch with arms folded.

But of course, that was just relying on external strength.

Linley's greatest support was... Bloodviolet and the Coiling Dragon ring!

Divine artifacts had differences in power as well.

For example, when they had first gone to the sixth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, they had encountered the Flame Tyrant and that divine artifact greataxe it had wielded. Even Saints could make full use of the special abilities of that divine artifact. Thus... without question, that divine artifact was a low level one.

The harder a divine artifact was to use, the more stringent its requirements

were, the more powerful it actually was.

As for his Bloodviolet sword, up till now, Linley still was only able to rely on the hardness and sharpness of Bloodviolet to kill opponent's. Linley was still completely unable to use some of the special abilities of the sword. For example... Linley was completely unable to make Bloodviolet change its size as he pleased.

Divine artifacts could all expand or contract in size. This was a basic ability.

But Linley wasn't even capable of accomplishing this. Clearly, Bloodviolet was no ordinary divine artifact. Actually, when Linley's spiritual energy had interacted with that terrifying baleful aura and seen that chilling sight within Bloodviolet, he had known that it was a portent of how extraordinary this Bloodviolet sword was.

Bloodviolet was one powerful support. He also had the Coiling Dragon ring!

Up till now, Linley was still utterly baffled with regards to the Coiling Dragon ring. But Linley was certain that for him to not be able to sense anything about it at his current level of strength meant that the power of the Coiling Dragon ring was most likely no weaker than that of Bloodviolet, and perhaps even more powerful.

"Once I become a Deity, I'll naturally be able to control and use my divine artifacts." Linley was very eager.

He wanted to know the true power of Bloodviolet and of the Coiling Dragon ring!

"Lord, Chairman Yale of the Dawson Conglomerate has arrived," a guard of Dragonblood Castle ran into the rear flower gardens and said to Linley respectfully. Even the quick glance he snuck at Linley was filled with a hint of worship.

"Yale?" Linley's eyes instantly lit up.

"Quick, quick, invite him over." Linley immediately felt very happy. To Linley, these three friends he had made during his youthful days had the exact same status in his heart as his real brother, Wharton.

“Yale?” Wharton frowned, then said to Linley, “Big bro, I forgot to tell you. Five years ago, after the great war began, Yale came to us and asked for us to give him the rights to purchase all of the battle captives we took. At that time, although Cena was rather unwilling, in the end, he had still agreed.”

“Oh?” Although Linley didn’t understand much about managing a country, he understood what purchasing all of the battle captives meant. This wasn’t something a person could do just because they had money.

“That’s not a major affair. No need to worry about it too much. I’ll just say a few things to Boss Yale about it.” Linley didn’t think too much about it and just spoke casually.

Hearing Linley’s words, Wharton didn’t say anything further. At this time, they heard the sound of footsteps. Linley immediately went to the gate of the rear flower garden to greet the person, and indeed... Yale, his face all smiles, walked in. As soon as he saw Linley, his eyes lit up. “Third Bro, it really is quite hard to meet you these days.”

“I’ve been busy with something important. Come, let’s have a seat while we chat,” Linley immediately said warmly.

Linley said to the nearby Wharton and Zassler, “Wharton, you guys can go rest for now. Boss Yale and I haven’t met for a long time. We’re going to have a nice long chat. Oh, right. Make the arrangements for a banquet feast tonight. Yale’s having dinner here tonight.”

Linley’s original plan had been to go back into closed door training after tonight’s meal.

“Yes, big bro.” Wharton nodded, then immediately left along with Gates and the others. Zassler frowned as he glanced twice at Yale, but he didn’t say anything as he left.

The maids of the castle quickly brought fine wine and winecups to the two.

“Boss Yale, why did you want to buy all of our battle captives?” Linley asked curiously. Linley wasn’t planning to interrogate him; he was just a bit puzzled.

Yale intentionally put on a mysterious air. “That’s a business secret.”

“Jeeze, you... you’re going to talk about keeping ‘business secrets’ from me?” Linley immediately began to laugh, and he no longer raised the topic.

“Your arrival is quite the coincidence. If you were a day late, I probably wouldn’t have free time to spend with you.” Linley felt quite moved. After all, he had just come out yesterday, and had been planning to continue his closed-door training after dinner today. There had only been a very small window of time, but Yale had just so happened to catch it.

It had to be said that it was quite the coincidence.

“I had some business that required me to pass nearby. When I saw Dragonblood Castle, I decided to come looking for you. I was just trying my luck. I didn’t expect you’d actually be available.” Yale laughed as well.

“Hey, what wine is this, anyhow?” Yale suddenly frowned as he looked at his wine cup.

Linley glanced at the wine bottle, shaking his head and laughing. “How should I know? My knowledge of wine isn’t as deep as yours. But I imagine the wine that the servants at my Dragonblood Castle prepared shouldn’t be too bad.”

Yale immediately began to laugh as well. “I know. You, you genius, spend all your time training. You don’t waste any time on wine. However, although this wine isn’t bad, it can’t be considered exquisite either. Right, in my interspatial ring, I have a bottle of fine wine. Third Bro, come, let’s taste it together.”

As he spoke, with a flip of his hand, Yale withdrew a small bottle of wine from within his interspatial ring.

“Such a small bottle?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

“This is something that a winery which our Dawson Conglomerate owns just finished refining. A single drop of this wine is a thousand times more valuable than its weight in gold. Come, have a taste.” Yale immediately poured Linley a cup, and then poured himself a cup as well.

Yale raised the cup, then frowned, intentionally saying ‘unhappily’, “Third Bro, what are you waiting for? Are you not going to give me face?”

“Haha, Yale, how would I, the Third Bro, dare to not give the Boss face?”

Laughing, Linley raised the cup of wine. "Come, cheers." As he spoke, without hesitating at all, Linley drank it all in one swig. But only after Linley drank did he realize that Yale hadn't drank yet.

"Boss Yale, why didn't you drink?" Linley laughed while berating. "You are going too far."

Yale didn't reply. He just put the wine cup back on the table. His smile had disappeared, and he just looked coldly and calmly at Linley.

Soulsilk

“Boss Yale, you...?”

Yale’s face was calm, and his cold gaze stabbed at Linley’s heart like daggers. It had been so many years. The four bros of dormitory 1987 had all been on exceedingly close terms with each other. Although they had some squabbles when they were young, there had been none that harmed their friendship.

Linley had never imagined that Yale would look at him in such a way.

It was as though he were looking at a stranger. As though he were looking at... a dead person!

“Huh?” Linley’s face suddenly changed dramatically.

He finally discovered the changes that were going on inside his body. After that cup of wine had entered his stomach, he suddenly realized that the cup of wine actually contained strange, faint gray strands of thin threads. The many silken threads quickly rushed towards Linley’s brain, and they soon entered his consciousness.

The many faint gray threads surrounded his entire sea of consciousness, and then... began to seep through!

“Uhhhh...”

Linley felt his head grow dizzy. He couldn’t help but sway, falling backwards over the seat behind him. After striking the chair, he collapsed to the floor, but right now, he didn’t notice it at all. His concentration was completely focused on his sea of consciousness.

“Lord Linley,” a nearby serving woman immediately cried out in alarm.

Linley, to the serving women and guards of Dragonblood Castle, was a godlike presence. This serving woman had never imagined that the invincible Linley would suddenly faint, as though he were an ordinary person. But the panicked

cry of the serving woman quickly drew the attention of the people outside.

The first person whose attention was drawn was Zassler.

Zassler charged into the rear flower garden. Seeing the scene in front of him, his face changed dramatically. "Lord Linley." Zassler immediately rushed towards Linley, but right now, no one at all could help Linley. Zassler immediately turned his head to stare at Yale.

"It was you!" Zassler's eyes radiated a freezing light.

Yale maintained his silence, not saying a word.

"Big bro, big bro." Wharton and a group of others ran over as well. Seeing Linley lying there collapsed on the floor, they were all terrified.

They wouldn't even be afraid if Linley had been stabbed or slashed, but for Linley to collapse to the ground for no reason at all... how could they not be afraid and worried?

Within Linley's consciousness.

The many faint gray strings had, in the end, penetrated straight through that faint azure layer of light surrounding his consciousness. The many faint gray strings pierced into the sea of consciousness, and instantly began to constrict around that sword-shaped soul of Linley's.

The sword-shaped soul was currently hovering in the deepest parts of his sea of consciousness.

"Not good." Linley definitely wouldn't permit those strange threads to attack his soul. He immediately tried to control his spiritual energy to block it.

The sea of consciousness in his brain instantly began to roil, and large amounts of spiritual energy began to whittle away at those dim gray threads. After having become a Grand Magus Saint, Linley's spiritual energy had been further refined and become easier to control. Those faint gray threads, however, forcefully pushed through his condensed spiritual energy, drawing closer to his sword-shaped soul at high speed.

But in the process of doing so, the threads had also been reduced in power.

Having lost a third of their power, the remaining faint gray threads still

wrapped around Linley's soul. With those many gray threads wrapped around his sword-shaped soul, Linley's soul was like a turtle trapped in a jar. Those gray threads tried to penetrate even deeper.

The soul was extremely important. Once it was pierced through, one would most likely die. Linley understood this very well.

"Rumble..." The sword-shaped soul suddenly flashed with blue light, suddenly gleaming as brightly as the sun. Those faint gray threads dissolved in an instant, like flecks of snow. Within his sea of consciousness, not a single faint gray thread was remaining.

Only now did Linley secretly let out a sigh of relief.

He opened his eyes.

"What are you doing?!" As soon as Linley opened his eyes, he couldn't help but roar in fury.

Yale was curled up to one side. Yale's body was covered with blood, but Yale was still moving. He hadn't died yet. Wharton, Gates, and the others, especially his son Taylor, were currently kicking Yale.

"Bam." Yale suddenly vomited out yet another mouthful of blood.

"Big bro (Lord Linley)!" Wharton, Zassler, and the others, upon hearing Linley's furious roar, turned to look with surprised delight.

"Father!" Taylor turned as well. His tear-covered face was now filled with shock and joy.

Everyone from Housekeeper Hiri to Taylor's children were all present. Dozens of people from Dragonblood Castle were clustered here. All of them stared at Yale with eyes filled with hatred. Now that Linley had woken up, however, they all grew joyful and calmed down.

"Father, are you alright?" Taylor instantly rushed over to Linley.

"Everyone, take a step aside for now." Linley was staring at Yale.

Linley was certain... that just then, he had suffered an extremely powerful, insidious attack. If it hadn't been that the protective Dragonblood Warrior energy surrounding his soul had suddenly increased dramatically, it would be

hard to say if he would've been able to make it past that dangerous moment.

All of this had been caused by that so-called flask of 'fine wine' of Yale's.

"Cough, cough!" Yale covered his mouth, but fresh blood continued to dribble out past his fingers. Clearly, just then, Taylor and the others had been absolutely furious. After all, Linley was family. Taylor, Wharton, and the others had been so angry that they had physically assaulted Yale.

If it hadn't been for Yale's special relationship with Linley, he would have been beaten to death long ago.

Linley looked at Yale and his current appearance. He stretched his hand out, resting it against Yale's shoulders. He controlled the 'Pearl of Life' in his body, and as he did, a special energy filled with life force streamed out from the Pearl of Life, passing through his right hand into Yale's body.

Yale's wounds visibly healed in front of them.

"Boss Yale, tell me. Why." Linley stared at Yale. His voice was very low.

Yale's body was fine now, and he no longer coughed. He glanced calmly at Linley. "No reason." After saying these words, Yale no longer spoke.

Linley's heart was as cold as ice.

This was his lifelong friend!

When he had broken up with Alice and had spent eleven days and eleven nights outside in the cold, Yale, George, and Reynolds had accompanied him the entire time, because they were worried about him, their friend. When he had gone to get revenge on the King of Fenlai, Yale, after having learned about the matter, had done his utmost to assist him.

Yale hadn't cared at all that these actions would perhaps cause offense to the Radiant Church.

Once, Linley had believed that the brotherly love between the four of them would never change.

But seeing the cold look currently on Yale's face, Linley's heart felt such pain.

"Boss Yale. I'll call you Boss Yale one more time. Tell me, why did you do this!"

Linley suppressed the pain in his heart as he stared at Yale. Was this still the same Boss Yale who had always been so full of laughter, the man who would be willing to throwing himself in any danger for the sake of his friends?

Yale glanced at Linley. "Why so many questions? It was to kill you." Yale's words were very calm, as though what he said was very reasonable."

Linley's heart clenched, as though it had just been struck. A terrible pain slowly began to spread out from his heart, so great that Linley began to shudder slightly. Linley had always been a man who deeply valued love, be it towards his wife, his children, or his friends.

Linley had always believed that the relationship he had were his most priceless assets.

He also believed that his brothers would never abandon him, and that their love was firm and unshakable.

"How... how could this have happened?" Linley's body was shaking slightly. His eyes were filled with incomprehension and pain!

Why had his dear friend betrayed him?

But as he stared at that cold, calm look in Yale's eyes, Linley truly didn't know what he should say.

"Big bro, this Yale wanted to kill you. Why are you hesitating? This sort of person deserves to just be killed!" Wharton was currently still filled with fury, especially after having heard Yale calmly say the words, 'it was to kill you'. On behalf of his big brother, he felt wronged!

Linley took a deep breath, letting his heart calm down slightly.

"Boss Yale. This will be the last time I call you Boss Yale." Linley looked at Yale, his heart filled with stabbing pains. In his mind, he couldn't help but see one scene after another of how the four bros had laughed happily together.

"You can go." Linley turned around, no longer looking at Yale.

Yale glanced at Linley, then turned and left without a word.

"Big bro."

“Father.”

“Lord Linley!”

Wharton, Taylor, Gates, Boone, and the others were frantic. Yale had wanted to kill Linley, but Linley was going to release him without punishing him at all?

“Remember. Do not make trouble for Yale. After all... he, he was once my brother.” Linley, when saying the word ‘once’, felt the pain in his heart increase. “Enough. You can all leave. I want to be alone for a while.”

All of them looked at each other, then looked at Linley’s back, which was turned towards them. And then, they all left, one after the other.

In the entire rear flower garden, aside from Linley, only one person was left – Zassler.

“Zassler.” Linley didn’t turn around. “You can leave as well.”

“Lord Linley, I wonder if you would be willing to tell me what happened to your body just now. Perhaps... I can understand a few things.” Zassler stared straight at Linley, his gaze firm.

“No need,” Linley said calmly. “I don’t wish to discuss this matter further.”

Linley was currently in a terrible mood.

“Lord Linley, if you tell me what happened to you within your body, perhaps... I will be able to tell you why Yale did this. There is a possibility that Yale is not to blame for his actions,” Zassler paused for a moment, then spoke.

Linley suddenly turned around, staring at Zassler. “What did you say?”

“I said, perhaps Yale is not to blame for his actions. There might be other reasons,” Zassler said.

When Linley heard these words, his heart instantly became filled with hope. He truly hoped that Yale had his own difficulties, which is why he had asked Yale earlier why he had done this. But from Yale’s eyes, he had seen no pain or embarrassment, only cold indifference.

This caused Linley’s heart to turn so cold.

“Alright. I’ll tell you.” Linley immediately began to describe in detail what had

happened in his body to Zassler. Of course, Linley didn't explain too much about how that special protective azure light unique Dragonblood Warriors possessed had increased dramatically. After all, to Zassler, what really mattered was what had been used to attack Linley.

"Soulsilk?" Zassler's eyes instantly lit up as he heard this. "So my suspicions were correct."

"What is 'Soulsilk'?" Linley looked at Zassler.

Zassler explained in detail, "Lord Linley, I've had many suspicions this entire time, but now, I'm absolutely certain. I'll tell you right now that this 'Soulsilk' is based off of Necromantic Magic. It is a type of poison that is especially meant to attack the souls of others. Only, the process of refining it is extremely difficult, and the requirements are very high. Even I have never refined this poison."

"Are you saying that this wine had Soulsilk inside it?" Linley asked.

Zassler nodded. "Right. After Soulsilk has been refined, it needs to be stored in a special type of liquid. That way, the Soulsilk will be able to last for a long period of time."

"So the culprit behind Yale is someone who trains in Necromancy?" Linley's eyes lit up.

Zassler nodded. "Lord Linley, actually... when you informed us that yesterday, after killing those two silver-robed men, that Violet-Gold Rat King, Harry, told you that the Deity behind those two knew that it was the two of you who had killed the two silver-robed men... I began to grow suspicious."

"Because even Deities can't always be casting their Deific presence everywhere at all times. You suddenly killed those two silver-robed men. How could the Deity behind them possibly know? But Harry was so certain that the Deity knew. Thus... in my mind, there's only one possibility!"

"That was a Soulseed!"

Zassler said seriously, "Necromancers can use their own soul energy to condense into a Soulseed, and then place that Soulseed into someone else's soul. That person will then be under the complete control of the Soulseed's creator. At the same time, between servant and master, there will be a spiritual

link and ability to communicate. Thus, before dying, those two silver-robed men were able to inform the appearances of you and Fain to that Deity.”

Linley felt utterly shocked.

“Lord Linley, you said that there are nine silver-robed men, and that most likely every single one of them is at Prime Saint levels of power. I imagine... the only type of person capable of controlling nine Prime Saints would be an expert practitioner of Necromancy who has reached the Deity level,” Zassler said with certainty. “This is because Grand Magus Necromancers definitely don’t have the ability to control so many Prime Saints. After all, the more powerful the person being controlled, the higher the requirements the Soulseed will have.”

“In addition, Lord, you and Yale have an extremely deep relationship with each other, but when he tried to kill you, he was so remorseless and uncaring. He was even able to bring out a poison such as Soulsilk... there’s only one explanation. He, too, has been controlled by a Soulseed from that Deity.”

Zassler looked at Linley. “Lord Linley, you should forgive Yale. Once a person is controlled by a Soulseed, deep in their mind, they will come to treat the wishes of their master as paramount. Even if one was ordered to commit suicide or commit patricide or matricide, it would be done without hesitation. He’s nothing more than a dominated puppet right now.”

Linley felt both joy and fear in his heart.

Fear for Yale!

“Yale’s been controlled... then... is there any method to allow him to return him to normal?” Linley was filled with worry for Yale.

“There is.” Zassler nodded. “The method is... kill the Deity. At that time, the Soulseed will naturally dissipate.”

Linley Becomes A Deity

Only after killing the Deity would Yale be rescued?

Hearing Zassler's words, Linley felt a hint of pressure.

"Yale currently... " When Linley thought about how Yale was currently being dominated by the Soulseeds and would completely obey the orders of that mysterious Deity, he felt both rage and injustice in his heart. "No matter who that Deity is, I will definitely kill him!"

For the sake of letting Yale become the old Yale once again.

To let Yale regain his sense of self. He had to do this!

"Lord Linley? I want to ask." Zassler paused a moment, then asked, "Lord Linley, after you and Lord Fain killed those two silver-robed men together, did you acquire anything from the corpses of those silver-robed men? For example, interspatial rings..."

"There were interspatial rings." Linley nodded as he looked at Zassler. "But I gave them to Wharton already. Wharton can give them to whoever he wants. What of it?"

Perhaps to a King of a Kingdom, interspatial rings were very precious.

But to an ordinary Saint, they were relatively commonplace items. To an expert like Linley, it would be very easy for him to acquire an interspatial ring. Thus, he didn't care too much about the interspatial ring that he had found on the silver-robed men's corpses. They had acquired two interspatial rings from the two silver-robed men. Fain took one, and Linley had taken one.

"Lord Linley, it's best if you first investigate what exactly is within that interspatial ring," Zassler said solemnly.

"Fine."

Linley listened to Zassler's advice and immediately sent someone to invite Wharton to come over.

Wharton quickly arrived at the rear gardens. On the way over, he was feeling rather worried. "Big bro highly values the love he shared with his bros. But that Yale, he... big bro must feel terrible right now." Wharton was worrying for Linley, but when he saw Linley, he discovered...

Right now, Linley didn't seem heartbroken at all. Instead, he was frowning slightly, a steely look in his gaze, as though he was worrying about something.

"Big bro, why'd you summon me?" Wharton immediately asked.

"I gave you an interspatial ring, right? Have you given it to someone else yet?" Linley asked hastily.

Wharton laughed and said, "Not yet. I was planning to give it to Nina in a few days. Nina and I have been married for so long, but I've never gifted her with anything particularly precious."

"Have Nina come over quickly and have her bind it with blood. Let's see what's inside this interspatial ring," Linley said hurriedly.

Wharton was very surprised. Why was his big brother in such a rush over this?

Soon, Nina arrived. After knowing what Linley wanted, Nina very straightforwardly immediately bound the interspatial ring by blood, and then retrieved all of the contents stored within the ring at once.

There were some clothes, some ore... and in particular, a crystal ball stood out.

"That's it." Zassler's eyes lit up when he saw the crystal ball.

Linley, Wharton, and Nina were all somewhat puzzled. As far as they were concerned, the crystal ball had a bit of a strange aura, yes, but Linley and the other two had no idea what effect the crystal ball had. But Zassler knew what it was, as soon as he saw it.

Zassler reached out and lifted up the crystal ball. The materials on the inside of the crystal ball seemed to be different compared to the materials on the outside of it. When the sunlight shone into the crystal ball, it would distort and

then solidify within the heart of the crystal ball.

Zassler controlled his spiritual energy, delivering it into the crystal ball, carefully inspecting the situation within.

“This crystal ball has already been refined,” Zassler said after a pause, trying to find a way to simplify what he wanted to say. “Its current purpose is now to absorb any surrounding unprotected souls within an area of ten square meters or so.”

“Collect souls?” Linley’s heart shuddered.

He understood now.

The ‘dead city’ events were clearly caused by the silver-robed men, who would slaughter people with one hand while holding the crystal ball in the other. Each time a person was killed, their soul would naturally be absorbed into the crystal ball. After wiping out the entire Bluelion City, nearly a hundred thousand souls would have been absorbed.

“What is the purpose of collecting souls?” Wharton said in astonishment. Wharton and Nina both felt a sense of great shock.

Zassler explained, “The collecting of many souls... first of all, because Necromancy comes from the Overgod of Death, generally speaking, those who train in Necromancy are able to become Deities. They mostly train in the Edicts of Death, and the Edicts of Death contain much regarding the usage of souls.”

“By amassing a large amount of souls, one can execute some special attacks,” Zassler explained.

“The... the Edicts of Death, it really is...” Even Linley felt rather uncomfortable.

He knew of the seven Elemental Laws of earth, fire, water, wind, lightning, light, and darkness. He also knew that Death, Destruction, Life, and Fate were four types of Edicts. Edicts and Laws were two different concepts. The Edicts were the rules that governed the functioning of the entire universe.

As for the Edicts of Death, training in them focused on ‘Death’.

“The biggest purpose of amassing so many souls is to refine them and absorb them to increase one’s own soul in power.” Zassler’s words never ceased to

amaze.

“Strengthen the power of one’s own soul?” Linley was truly stunned.

In the past, Dylin had told Linley that there were two options to becoming a Deity. The second option was to form a clone Deity body around the divine spark, which would represent that one’s soul was being split in half. The soul was the most basic element to any living creature! Upon becoming a Deity, a Deity’s body, once destroyed, could instantly be reformed from energy.

But if the soul was destroyed, then one would definitely die.

While one trained and grew stronger, one’s soul would slowly grow stronger as well.

“Refine a large amount of souls, then absorb them to strengthen one’s own soul?” Linley felt this was simply inconceivable.

“Right. Only, refining souls is simply too hard.” Zassler sighed. “It requires a thorough understanding of souls. Even I am not capable of doing such a thing. I imagine that a Deity who trains in the Way of Death will be capable of doing this. But most likely even other Deities who train in different Laws will find it very hard to do this.”

Linley nodded to himself.

Refining the souls of others to strengthen one’s own soul. This ability was simply too monstrous.

If any ordinary Demigod was capable of it, that would be too ridiculous. From the sound of it, even Deities capable of doing this were extremely rare.

“I think that I already have a good idea as to where that Deity is currently located,” Zassler said.

Linley’s eyes instantly lit up.

Zassler said calmly, “Putting all the pieces together, such as Yale asking to buy so many battle captives, or those silver-robed men destroying cities and collecting souls... clearly, this Deity is in desperate need of souls. As for this Deity’s location, I imagine that he is located in the place where those battle captives are being delivered to.”

Linley agreed with this point as well.

“We also know that the excuse the Dawson Conglomerate gave us for the reason why they are buying so many slaves is because they are excavating an enormous secret mine, with the location being within a mountain range near the southern edge of our Baruch Empire. Within that mountain range, there is a large valley, where one of the branches of the Dawson Conglomerate are located. I think... that Deity is probably there,” Zassler guessed.

Zassler’s lips revealed a hint of an evil smile. “Not just that. For Yale to be able to arrive so quickly... Lord Linley, you killed that silver-robed man just last night, but Yale arrived right away today. I expect that last night, Yale received the order from that Deity to come deal with you.”

Linley nodded slightly.

“Yale isn’t a Saint. He has to ride a flying magical beast. First, he needs to go to the Deity to retrieve the Soulsilk Poison, and then make haste to Dragonblood Castle. He only spent ten or so hours... and how fast can a flying magical beast be? Thus, that Deity is definitely within a few thousand kilometers of us. Otherwise, there is no way Yale would be able to make haste to Dragonblood Castle so quickly.”

“The only large branch of the Dawson Conglomerate within a few thousand kilometers of us is that valley.”

Zassler was very certain.

“Right.” Linley nodded slightly. “Wharton, Zassler, Nina... all of you can go rest. I’m going to immediately begin training.”

“Big bro, are you in that much of a hurry?” Wharton was somewhat surprised. After all, Linley had said that they would have dinner together, and he would only go back into training after dinner.

“What sort of a mood do you think I am in? Enough. All of you, go handle your own affairs.” Linley turned his gaze towards the southwest. “Collecting souls? Slaughtering living beings? Dominating Yale...” Linley was filled with a killing urge towards this unseen, mysterious Deity.

Linley immediately left the rear flower garden, entering the hidden secret

training room deep within Dragonblood Castle.

As soon as Linley stepped into the pocket dimension, Delia, who was seated in the meditative position on the stone bed, opened her eyes.

“Linley, what happened?” Delia was somewhat puzzled.

Seeing Delia, Linley made a decision. He didn’t want Delia to worry. Forcing out a smile, he said, “Nothing. Let’s continue training.” Linley immediately sat on the floor in the meditative position. Outside the pocket dimension, the multicolored chaotic space continued to flow about.

“Upon reaching the Deity level, the very first Deity I will kill will be that bastard.” Linley’s heart was filled with a murderous urge.

Linley took three deep breaths before he was able to calm down, and then he fully began to absorb himself in attuning with the Elemental Laws of the Wind, constantly experimenting and perfecting the Profound Truths of Velocity...

As he attuned with the boundless Elemental Laws, those three illusionary mental swords that represented the ‘Fast’ aspect, ‘Slow’ aspect, and ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ all began to display their attacks in his mind. Those three swords transformed countless times, and in a single instant, Linley was capable of hypothesizing ten million different methods of usage.

Hypothesize, and then verify using the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ swords. Only then could he slowly gain new insights.

Only one experiment after another would he be able to understand what the right path was.

The more insight he gained, the more Linley could clearly sense that the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects truly weren’t opposites at all. They both contained commonalities. Fortunately, Linley had only gained some low-level insights into the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects, allowing his ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ to also improve.

If he had previously reached an extremely high level in the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects, it would be extremely hard for him to fuse them later.

Time flowed like water, never stopping.

The Grand Warlock also knew that the Soulsilk Poison that Yale had used had failed to kill Linley. This was actually a cause of considerable surprise to the Grand Warlock. This Soulsilk Poison was extremely toxic, and not a single Saint had yet been able to escape its effects alive.

Linley was the very first to survive this technique of the Grand Warlock's.

"I suppose I'll let that little punk of a Saint live for a while longer." The Grand Warlock didn't care about a Saint. If the opponent was a Deity, he might have been a bit concerned.

But a Saint?

The only reason he wanted to kill Linley was because Linley had killed his silver-robed guardians, making him a bit angry.

"So he actually didn't kill Yale. He really is 'soft-hearted'. Someone like him would have been betrayed and murdered in the Gebados Planar Prison long ago. Oh well, it's all for the best. For him to do this saves me the trouble of spending more soul energy to go control another member of the Dawson Conglomerate."

This affair quickly disappeared from the Grand Warlock's mind. Right now, the Grand Warlock focused on refining the large amount of souls in front of him.



*

In the blink of an eye, more than half a year had passed.

Deep within Dragonblood Castle. The pocket dimension. Within the mind of Linley, who was in the meditative position, immersed in his training. Those three illusionary swords continued to display themselves again and again, representing yet another mystery of the 'Profound Truths of Velocity'.

"Here it comes."

Linley's mind and soul began to naturally, clearly sense... that he had just crossed beyond a certain boundary. The boundary between Saints and Deities.

Linley opened his eyes and raised his head!

“Rumble...”

A thunderous, soul-shaking energy suddenly descended, completely enveloping Linley within it. The area around Linley all distorted, seemingly separating Linley from the nearby space. Linley’s entire body was raised into the air.

His body was not under his control at all as he levitated upwards.

“How terrifying...” Linley could sense that enormous, boundless, ancient, unique energy. To be more specific, it was the presence of something like a Law or an Edict. In front of this presence, Linley felt as though he were nothing more than an ant.

“This... should be the natural Edict that determines whether one is to become a Deity or not.” Linley’s heart was utterly shaken.

The Elemental Sea

The terrifying natural Laws descended, and even Delia, who was training on the stone bed, was awakened and shocked. She stared in amazement at Linley, who was hovering in mid-air. That unique aura emanated from him, and in an instant, Delia realized what was happening.

“Linley is about to become a Deity?” Although Delia had never seen anyone else become a Deity, she could sense the presence of that enormous, boundless natural Law. Naturally, she could guess what was going on.

At this moment, Linley didn't need to do anything at all.

A unique energy swept directly into Linley's mind, surrounding Linley's soul. In this moment... all of the secrets of Linley's soul were laid bare. Naturally, the Profound Truths of Velocity that Linley trained in were also completely laid bare before this unique energy.

“Crackle...”

In the air above Linley's head, an energy aura that contained the 'Laws' began to form, while at the same time, wind elemental essence also rapidly began to coalesce there. Large amounts of natural elemental essence began to charge into the pocket dimension from the chaotic space outside, focusing on that point.

“What is this?” Linley was somewhat puzzled.

But shortly...

The natural elemental essence dispersed, and a black gemstone, which was emanating light-green light, was now hovering directly above Linley's head. It was a wind-style Demigod spark. In that instant when this divine spark was formed, it automatically became connected to Linley's soul.

Because this divine spark was formed from Linley's spiritual aura, it was

completely matched with Linley.

In fusing someone else's divine spark, even if the fusion was complete, it couldn't match one's own divine spark, which was naturally formed in accordance with one's own soul by the natural Laws.

"Divine spark."

Raising his head, he stared up at that divine spark hovering above his head and glowing with light green light. Linley's heart was filled with excitement. When he was young, under his father's tutelage, Linley's goal had only been to recover his ancestral heirloom. He had never imagined that he would become a Deity!

A Deity, like the War God or the High Priest!

In addition, he became a Deity through relying on his own power, and not through fusing with a divine spark.

"Finally... I've become a Deity." Linley had a hint of a smile on his face. At this moment, Linley's soul was naturally filled with some certain knowledge. "The natural Laws are currently waiting for me to choose to keep the divine spark outside of my body, or take it into my body."

If he hadn't been informed by Dylin of this choice in advance, Linley wouldn't have known what the difference was between these two choices. Perhaps he would have found it hard to decide.

But now...

Without hesitating in the slightest, Linley controlled the divine spark to hover next to him.

"Aaaaah!" Linley suddenly let out an uncontrollable scream of agony. An enormous, ripping pain filled Linley, causing all of his muscles to spasm and distort. Deep within Linley's mind, that sword-shaped soul within that sea of consciousness was suddenly surrounded by the natural Laws. With a 'crunch', it snapped into two pieces.

His soul had been broken in half. This sort of pain was countless times worse than mere physical pain.

In this moment, Linley lost all rational thought. He only had the ability to let out agonized howls.

“Linley!” The nearby Delia, seeing Linley like this, couldn’t help but grow worried. But Delia also knew... that in this critical moment of him becoming a Deity, no matter what happened, she, Delia, couldn’t interfere.

Delia was so nervous that her entire body began to shudder uncontrollably.

She clutched her arms over her chest and prayed mentally, “Linley, you’ll definitely be fine.” Delia and Linley had been married for many years now, but she had never seen Linley in such agony.

Slowly...

Linley’s agonized howls grew softer.

Within Linley’s sea of consciousness, those two shattered halves of the first sword-shaped soul had already formed into new ‘sword-shapes’. Specifically speaking, Linley’s sword-shaped soul had now transformed into two sword-shaped souls that were each a size smaller. One of them remained within Linley’s sea of consciousness, while the other flew directly outside of Linley’s body.

“What’s that?” Delia looked at the sword-shaped soul in shock.

Delia, of course, had never seen Linley’s soul, and so she had no idea what it looked like.

The sword-shaped soul, glowing with the colors of the rainbow, flew directly towards the divine spark, and then it easily merged directly into it. The divine spark and the soul became one, a sign that the fusion was a success.

“Was that Linley’s soul?” Delia only now understood.

She had been training for over ten years now, but her soul still had yet to fuse completely with her divine spark. But Linley’s soul was able to instantly fuse with the divine spark, because this divine spark was formed based on Linley’s soul to begin with.

“Whew.” Only now did Linley regain his normal faculties.

At this moment, he felt much weaker than he had earlier. The splitting of his

soul had caused tremendous damage to it. Perhaps even his ability to mentally envision and hypothesize regarding the Elemental Laws had become only a fraction of what it had previously been. However, for the sake of being able to continue to train in the Profound Truths of the Earth, Linley had to make this choice.

“How strange.”

Whether it was his original body or that divine spark, both contained Linley’s soul. Suddenly...

“Rumble...”

The nearby space began to shake, and the soul within the divine spark miraculously could sense a unique place. This was a place that was located in the heart of the endless universe; a boundless, infinite plane that one could only sense upon reaching the Deity level...

The Elemental Sea!

“Rumble...”

This was a foggy, indistinct area. There was no light at all in the skies, but the light green light that emanated from the Elemental Sea itself just barely made this plane visible.

The boundless waters of the Elemental Sea roiled about, rising up and crashing down in waves. This was the Elemental Sea of Wind.

The Elemental Sea... the surface of it was liquid elemental essence, while below it... was boundless divine power!

The deeper one went into the Elemental Sea, the purer the divine power was. At present, Linley was only barely capable of breaking through the ‘surface’ of the liquid elemental essence and sense to a depth of ten meters beneath the liquid elemental essence. From the divine power right beneath the liquid elemental essence to the divine power ten meters below the liquid essence...

Despite the ‘distance’ only being ten meters, the purity of the divine power was doubled.

What Linley didn’t know was that if he had become a Deity by fusing with a

divine spark, he would have only been able to sense to a depth of one meter beneath the liquid elemental essence surface.

“Rumble...”

Ten meters below the surface of the liquid elemental essence, suddenly, a good amount of divine power disappeared through a unique corridor formed by the natural Laws, descending into Linley’s so-called ‘pocket dimension’, and then fused directly with the sword-shaped wind elemental essence divine spark, quickly forming a divine body.

“Crackle...” Visibly, from the head on downwards, a naked body that was absolutely identical to Linley’s original body was formed. With but a thought, Linley immediately caused the divine power within the clone body to form into a set of light green robes.

At this moment, that unique energy which represented the natural Laws disappeared, and the pocket dimension once more returned to its normal calm.

“It’s over.” Linley revealed a smile on his face, while at the same time, he controlled the clone body to merge with his original body.

The divine clone merged directly into Linley’s body, fusing with it. It was extremely bizarre.

“Linley, this... this...” Delia had already been quite surprised to see two ‘Linleys’ earlier, but now, seeing the two fuse into one body, she became even more shocked.

Linley looked at Delia and laughed, “Delia, wait a moment. I’ll explain to you in a moment. I haven’t figured it all out yet myself.” Having just become a Deity, there were many things that Linley had to understand, but Linley hadn’t imagined that when he asked Delia to ‘wait a moment’... he actually had to ask her to wait a very long time!

“Okay,” Delia nodded obediently.

Linley immediately sat down into the meditative posture, carefully inspecting the changes in his body.

Within his mind, above that sea of consciousness, there wasn’t just a small

sword-shaped soul hovering above the sea. Below that sword-shaped soul, within the sea of consciousness, there was also a human figure floating there, seated in the meditative position. It was the divine clone that was dressed in the light green robe.

“This soul space is truly a strange place.” Linley sighed with praise repeatedly.

Actually, the ‘divine clone’ and the ‘original’... there really wasn’t much difference between the ‘clone’ and the ‘original’. After all, both of them contained a soul, and they were equally important.

“That Elemental Sea...” Through the divine clone, Linley once more sensed that boundless plane which lay at the heart of the cosmos. The boundless elemental sea surged, and Linley could sense to a depth of ten meters beneath the liquid elemental essence surface.

He gave a shot at acquiring some of that wind-style divine power.

“Huh?” Linley found out, to his amazement, that his acquisition speed was simply too slow.

A thread of divine power, through a special channel, entered Linley’s body. Although Linley had been able to withdraw some of the divine power, the speed at which he withdrew could not be compared to when the natural Laws controlled the process. Earlier, he had been able to absorb enough divine power to instantly form a divine body.

“It seems as though in the future, I’ll need to be careful. Once the divine body is destroyed, reforming it will require a large amount of divine power.” Linley sighed.

He could clearly sense how the Elemental Sea contained limitless amounts of divine power, but he could only absorb it in tiny amounts at a time.

“Dylin was right. Once the soul fuses with the divine spark, it becomes impossible to train in other Elemental Laws.” The soul of the divine clone attempted to sense the pulses of the earth elemental essence, but the pulses of the earth were simply too indistinct and blurry. Linley couldn’t clearly sense it at all.

Compared to even when Linley was but a child, the divine clone’s affinity for

the earth elemental essence was thousands of times weaker and blurrier.

“Fortunately, I didn’t place the divine spark inside my body. Otherwise... I would never be able to train in the Laws of the Earth again.” Linley felt an after-taste of fear.

Although the divine clone couldn’t sense the Laws of the Earth, he could sense the Laws of the Wind hundreds of times more clearly than before. Only, ‘sensing them clearly’ was one matter; gaining insights into them was an entirely separate matter.

On the path of training in the Elemental Laws, the further one travelled, the harder the road would grow.

“First, let me strengthen my original body.” Linley could clearly feel how powerful the divine body of his divine clone was. Comparatively speaking, his original body was rather weak.

Linley began to control that hint of divine power he had withdrawn from the Elemental Sea and began to infuse it throughout his original body. Divine power was indeed extraordinarily effective; Linley’s body slowly began to transform. His muscles, his meridians, his internal organs, all began to transform and grow more powerful. However, this transformation lasted for only a short while before concluding.

“Although it only lasted a while, this body is now on a higher level as well.” Linley sighed to himself.

Because he himself was already a Dragonblood Warrior, his physical power was already very great. Even after being further refined by divine power, his original body was only able to rise a bit in power, by about one level.

“Switching between the original body and the divine clone is simple enough.”

With but a thought, Linley changed... instantly, Delia realized that the Linley in front of her, who had been wearing a sky-blue robe, transformed into a Linley who was wearing a light green robe.

“Linley changed clothes?” Delia didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. But she could guess that actually, what Linley had just done was to switch into another body.

Indeed, he had transformed into his divine clone.

Right now, Linley's divine clone was out in the world. Within the deepest reaches of the clone's mind, within that sea of consciousness, there was a rainbow-colored divine spark hovering high above, albeit the light green color being dominant.

Beneath the divine spark, seated in the meditative posture on the surface of that sea of consciousness was the sky-blue-robed Linley.

"The two bodies can be swapped out at leisure. It truly is amazing." Linley sighed nonstop.

Not just that. Even his interspatial ring, Bloodviolet flexible sword, Coiling Dragon ring, and other blood-bound items could be utilized by his divine clone. After all, the soul in his original body and his divine clone was the same. Naturally, the divine artifacts could be utilized by either the original body or the divine clone.

"Using wind-style divine power to execute the 'Profound Truths of Velocity' is so much more powerful..."

Linley sighed in his heart. His body suddenly moved, and in the pocket dimension, dozens of Linleys suddenly appeared, then reformed into one. Just relying on pure speed... perhaps even the War God and the others were not on Linley's level now. After all, Linley became a Deity through the 'Profound Truths of Velocity'.

Each specialty had its own special benefits. Linley's greatest specialty was naturally speed!

"Now that I am a Deity, it is time to take a look at Bloodviolet and the Coiling Dragon ring, and see what secrets the two are holding within them." Linley first withdrew Bloodviolet with a flip of his hand.

Violet Blood, Coiling Dragon

The wind-style divine power in his body seeped into Bloodviolet. Out of nowhere, the edge of Bloodviolet became covered with a thin spatial edge, while at the same time, that faint bloody aura began to circulate on top of Bloodviolet while letting out a nonstop humming sword song.

“Linley, stop, quick, stop!” Delia hurriedly called out.

Linley immediately stopped using his divine power, turning to look at Delia in confusion. “Delia, what is it?”

Delia’s face was ashen. She stared at Bloodviolet in terror, saying in astonishment, “That sword, just now, it...”

“What happened? Quick, tell me,” Linley asked.

Delia’s face slowly returned to her normal color, but she was still filled with the after-taste of fear. “Just then, when Bloodviolet let out that humming sword song, for some reason, I felt my soul begin to shudder, and the energy in my body began to run wild. It was as though my body was somewhat losing control of itself.

“Eh?” Linley’s eyes were filled with surprise and delight.

To Linley, that humming sword song sounded very ordinary. He hadn’t imagined that others would be affected by it in such a way.

“Linley, can you make Bloodviolet not emit that humming sword song? I can’t take it,” Delia said apologetically.

But Linley knew that it was his fault. He hurriedly said, “Delia, don’t worry, I won’t let Bloodviolet make any noise again.” Linley was still quite surprised and delighted at what had just happened. Actually, just looking at the spatial edge that had appeared on the surface of Bloodviolet, he was already delighted.

He hadn’t utilized any Laws, just divine power, but Bloodviolet had already

become so incredibly sharp.

“Divine artifacts truly do require divine power in order to reach a truly high level of power. In the past, I was only relying on Bloodviolet’s material strength to do battle.”

Next, Linley used his spiritual energy to enter Bloodviolet, sensing once more that incredibly powerful baleful aura within it. When his spiritual energy had interacted with that baleful aura, Linley had been able to clearly sense the scene contained within that baleful aura.

The boundless sea of blood.

All sorts of corpses from all sorts of races. Skeletons floating amidst the bloody sea... massive corpses that were dozens of meters high... white skeletal corpses that were emitting a green light... scaled creatures, horned creatures, four-armed creatures...

Countless corpses floating within that bloody sea.

Dimly, Linley began to sense a mental picture form. This mental picture had a devilish violet colored longsword that had fresh blood flowing from it. It also had a devilish man with long, violet hair, a long, violet robe, sword-like eyebrows, and a slightly bloodthirsty look in his eyes.

This was nothing more than what his spiritual energy sensed, but Linley still felt a tremendous pressure, so strong that he felt he could barely breathe.

“That sword is Bloodviolet.” Linley was absolutely certain. “And that violet-haired man... is he the previous master of Bloodviolet?”

One scene after another of the devilish man wielding Bloodviolet and engaging in acts of slaughter flashed through his mind as fast as lightning. Each scene, however, was very indistinct and blurry. Occasionally, it would grow a bit clearer, but then the scene would disappear entirely.

“Funny. Funny.” Wielding Bloodviolet in his hand, Linley began to laugh.

He had been hoping to discover from within Bloodviolet the secrets to utilizing Bloodviolet.

“No matter how powerful a divine artifact is, it’s still just a weapon. It isn’t a

living thing. How could it possibly tell me how its special attacks should be utilized? I still have to rely on myself to find them.” Linley understood that perhaps the previous owner of Bloodviolet knew how to utilize Bloodviolet, but... he couldn’t find that previous owner.

Perhaps the previous owner had already died. After all, if he hadn’t died, how would his blood-bound divine artifact have ended up being used to seal that dimensional gateway?

“However, at least I know two things right now. After filling it with divine power, Bloodviolet will become incomparably sharp. When matched with my ‘Profound Truths of Velocity – Dimensional Decapitator’ attack, the power will become far greater.” Linley felt very confident. “In addition, that humming sword song actually has the power to shake someone’s soul and to affect others in such a way.”

When he did battle, he could let the sword constantly emit noise. The enemy would be impacted, but he would not. This would create a huge advantage.

“However, I still need to slowly analyze how to effectively create the humming sword song.” Linley stored Bloodviolet into his interspatial ring once more, and then he focused his attention on the item he valued most... the Coiling Dragon ring!

He had discovered the Coiling Dragon ring within his ancestral home.

The previous owner of the Coiling Dragon ring was Grandpa Doehring. Because of the Coiling Dragon ring, he had met Grandpa Doehring and was able to step onto the path of becoming an expert.

Linley had been feeling extremely excited, but upon seeing the Coiling Dragon ring, he calmed down. He seemed to see that kindly, white-haired Grandpa Doehring within it. In his time, Grandpa Doehring had dreamed of becoming a Deity, but after being forced to enter the Coiling Dragon ring, he had lost that opportunity. He had thus cultivated and trained Linley, hoping that Linley would be able to reach the highest peaks.

“Grandpa Doehring, today, I have finally reached the Deity level.” Linley sighed softly in his heart.

“If, Grandpa Doebling, you were still alive, how wonderful that would be.” Linley sighed in his heart.

After taking a deep breath, Linley filled the Coiling Dragon ring with his wind-style divine power, but what Linley discovered was... “Useless? Filling the Coiling Dragon ring with divine power is useless?” Linley was somewhat confused. Whenever a divine artifact was filled with divine power, it should have some response at least.

But the Coiling Dragon ring had no response at all.

“Could it be that this is a rather special divine artifact?” Linley retracted his divine power, then filled the Coiling Dragon with his spiritual energy.

When becoming a Deity, the natural Laws had surrounded Linley’s soul. Thus, despite splitting in half, after having interacted with the natural Laws, Linley’s soul had already transformed on a basic level.

All people who became Deities on their own would have this sort of transformation.

Linley’s spiritual transformation had also caused his great reservoir of spiritual energy, based on his soul, to change with it as well. After this pure spiritual energy entered the Coiling Dragon ring, a faint, azure light flashed through the Coiling Dragon ring while at the same time, Linley could sense that within the Coiling Dragon ring, there was an extremely strange energy.

“What’s this?”

Linley was extraordinarily surprised.

Suddenly, an extremely powerful aura touched Linley’s spiritual energy. This aura was so powerful that Linley began shaking from the depths of his heart. It was simply too powerful. The aura contained within the Coiling Dragon ring was far more powerful than the aura that Bloodviolet had contained.

“Lucky young fellow,” a deep, rumbling voice echoed in Linley’s mind. “This was a ring that I liked very much when I was alive. It is a soul-protecting Sovereign artifact. Only, it is damaged now. It wasn’t able to successfully protect me, and so, naturally, it was damaged. To repair it, the only thing you can do is to slowly heal it through your spiritual energy... as for how long it will

take, even I cannot predict it. Actually, I very much want to know who will be the one to inherit this ring of mine. Unfortunately, I won't have the chance. I'll never have the chance..."

That deep, rumbling voice slowly faded away.

Linley was completely stunned.

A soul-protecting Sovereign artifact? A damaged one?

"A Sovereign artifact?" Linley's body was shaking slightly. He had only heard of 'divine artifacts'. No one had ever told him that there was such a thing as a Sovereign artifact.

Above the Saint level, there were Demigods, Gods, Highgods, and Sovereigns.

So weapons were divided into 'divine artifacts' and 'Sovereign artifacts'.

"A soul-protecting Sovereign artifact?" Linley discovered that the Coiling Dragon ring contained a special energy within it. "Since it is a soul-protecting artifact, then..." Linley immediately controlled this unique energy, having it enter his soul. Instantly...

A huge, translucent membrane of energy, shaped like countless scales, suddenly formed around his sea of consciousness, including his divine spark and his original body. This translucent membrane contained within it an aura of spiritual energy. The scaly membrane should have been formed from spiritual energy-type power.

Only...

In the center of this translucent membrane, there was a hole, as though it had been cut apart.

"Damaged. It truly is damaged." Linley sighed to himself.

The most important thing to a Deity was his soul!

A soul-protecting divine artifact was naturally precious. As for a soul-protecting Sovereign artifact, that was something one couldn't even hope to gain. Unfortunately, this one was damaged.

For example, that Soulsilk attack encapsulated one's entire soul. Once a large

amount of Soulsilk gathered there, it would definitely be able to flood through into his consciousness through that gap. Although the other areas of this translucent membrane were durable, with such a gap in it, the value of it would drop dramatically.

“Use spiritual energy to repair it?”

Linley laughed bitterly.

He could guess that the deep, rumbling voice was most likely that of a Sovereign who had then passed away. As for this soul-protecting Sovereign artifact, it was broken through and damaged. That voice was perhaps nothing more than some information that the deceased Sovereign had left behind.

But of course, perhaps it wasn't a Sovereign.

It wasn't necessarily only a Sovereign who could be in possession of a Sovereign artifact.

“Even that expert had no idea how long it would take to repair it. It definitely must take a very long time.” Linley tested fusing his spiritual energy into that scale-like membrane. Instantly, a large amount of his spiritual energy entered the membrane, passing through even the gap.

At the same time, a large amount of spiritual energy began to try and ‘patch’ the gap.

This ‘patch’ formed from Linley’s spiritual energy was able to stop up the gap.

“The defensive strength of the ‘patch’ my spiritual energy made is definitely very low.” However, Linley discovered that as he constantly used his spiritual energy to nourish this translucent membrane, the strength of the ‘patch’ he had over the gap was slowly rising as well, gaining in strength.

Only, the speed of the increase was simply too slow.

“To reach the same level of defensive power as the rest of that scaly membrane will most likely take thousands of years at best.” Linley shook his head, sighing. “Still, right now, all I need to do is focus my spiritual energy on defending that little gap, and I can ignore the rest. This does indeed allow my soul defense to rise dramatically.”

In terms of power, this damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact was actually inferior to an ordinary soul-protecting divine artifact.

“Huh?” As Linley’s spiritual energy once more entered the Coiling Dragon ring, he discovered...

After the translucent membrane’s energy faded away, there were still two other surges of energy auras contained within the Coiling Dragon ring.

One of the energy auras was coming from a gold-colored drop of blood, while the other surge of energy was coming from three azure water drops.

“Gold liquid?” For some reason, when Linley sensed that gold-colored liquid, Linley felt his original body began to tremble. Not hesitating at all, Linley immediately once more transformed into his original body, storing his divine clone back into his soul-realm.

Indeed, the sensation now was much clearer.

The blood within his body was beginning to boil. The strange thing was... at this moment, that golden drop of blood flew out from within the Coiling Dragon ring, then fused directly with Linley’s original body.

“This...?” Linley was shocked.

“Linley?” The nearby Delia had been watching Linley this entire time. When she saw the golden drop of blood fly into Linley’s body, she was deeply surprised. But then... Delia grew frantic, because Linley began to let out low roars of agony.

“Delia... I... I’m fine!” Linley ground out.

Seeing the fierce look on Linley’s face, and how his muscles were spasming, Delia refused to believe that Linley was fine.

Compared to last time, though, when his soul had been cut in half, this time Linley at least maintained consciousness.

“Aaaaaah!” Linley couldn’t help but raise his head and let out an angry roar. “Bang!” The sky-blue robe covering Linley’s body shattered into countless tiny pieces, and instantly, an enormous amount of dark, gleaming draconic scales erupted forth from Linley’s body, and even his draconic tail emerged.

Linley was currently undergoing an uncontrollable Dragonblood Warrior transformation.

“Linley.” Delia looked at Linley, her eyes filled with worry.

Linley’s deep azure draconic scales were slowly transforming. The deep azure scales were changing, first becoming azure, just like the Pure Dragonblood Warriors. And then, Linley’s draconic scales began to emit a faint, golden aura.

The azure-gold draconic scales covered Linley’s entire body.

The horns on Linley’s forehead and along his spine were beginning to transform as well...

“Aaaaah!” Linley was filled with pain, releasing deep, growling sounds. The pain from this transformation was far greater than when Linley had originally drank the blood of the Armored Razorback Wyrms and transformed. Only, Linley’s endurance was now far greater than before, and so he didn’t pass out like he did when he was young.

Although he was in great pain, Linley’s heart was filled with wild joy.

“What on earth was that golden drop of blood? My body... has become... so powerful!” His Dragonblood Warrior form was still slowly transforming, but Linley could already sense that his body contained boundless power. Every single scale flashed with that azure-gold light, and that horn on his forehead was unspeakably sharp.

This was far more powerful than even his divine body!

Must Go

The feeling that his current Dragonblood Warrior transformation gave Linley was... power! Boundless strength!

“Whooooosh!” The swaying of his draconic tail created a howling sound in the air, and the edges of those azure-gold draconic scales that were reflecting that cold, golden light seemed to be as sharp as knives. If one of these draconic scales were removed from his body, they would probably be able to easily chop apart very precious ores.

The gold drop of blood that had entered Linley’s body had transformed every part of him.

He did his best to endure the pain, softly emitting agonized growls.

A long time later...

The transformation was finally over.

“Whew.” Linley let out a long breath, while at the same time, he took a look at his new, transformed appearance. Azure was the primary color, covered by a layer of golden light. The transformed Linley naturally emitted an ancient aura, as though he were an ancient, god-like beast.

“Linley.” The nearby Delia had been nervous the entire time. Now, seeing that Linley was no longer shaking in agony, she felt slightly more at ease.

“Delia.” Looking at Delia, Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face. At the same time, Linley immediately dissolved the Dragonblood Warrior transformation. Only, this Dragonblood Warrior transformation had been simply too explosive. All of the clothes on his body had been completely shattered. He didn’t have a single scrap of clothing on him.

Fortunately, at present, only himself and Delia were here.

“Get dressed, quickly,” Delia laughed while berating him.

Linley immediately withdrew some underwear and outer garments from his interspatial ring. As a Dragonblood Warrior, he always had many sets of clothes prepared in his interspatial ring. Dressing himself, Linley then sat down alongside Delia. Leaning against each other, they began to chat.

“Linley, what does it feel like to have reached the Deity level?” Delia was very curious. After all, she hadn’t truly fused with the divine spark yet.

“Becoming a Deity?”

Linley was slightly startled. Although he had become a Deity, Linley hadn’t felt that he himself had changed much at all. Now that Delia asked him, however, Linley took a good look at his body and sensed it and his surroundings had indeed changed slightly.

“It’s clearer with my divine clone.” Linley swapped to his other body.

Indeed, with his divine clone present, Linley could clearly sense the control he could now wield over the surrounding area. This was a certain type of authority that the Demigod divine spark conveyed upon Linley. Linley had a feeling... that divine sparks were actually a sort of ‘certificate’ representing certain powers as well as a certain understanding of the Laws.

The more powerful the divine spark, the more authority would be granted.

“You swapped bodies yet again?” Delia laughed. “If, in battle, one of your bodies were to be destroyed, you could use the other body to continue doing battle, right?”

“Yes, I can do that. Only, the divine clone is more effective when utilizing the Profound Truths of Velocity.” Linley sighed.

“Huh?” Linley now sensed another change. Countless thin, silken streams of gold had permeated directly into his soul-world. Although each of them were miniscule, when combined, they still added up to an astonishing amount.

“What are these?” Linley was puzzled.

Linley had never seen this sort of strange energy before. But when he interacted with those countless golden threads, within Linley’s mind, he could sense one pious person after another. Every single golden thread represented a

person.

“The energy of faith!” Linley instantly understood.

Linley immediately paid close attention to those golden threads. Those gold threads directly entered Linley’s soul-world. Only, as this soul-world was vast and boundless, the large number of gold threads could only be considered a single drop of water within that great sea. Linley couldn’t sense any changes to himself caused by those golden threads entering his consciousness.

Aside from, that is, being able to sense those pious worshippers.

“I hear that faith energy is extremely beneficial for training, but why is it that I can’t sense it?” Linley was somewhat puzzled.

But soon afterwards, Linley laughed. “I just reached the Deity level and just started collecting faith energy. However, faith energy is nonstop and constant. For example, the War God has accumulated thousands of years of faith energy. As for the likes of Sovereigns, they have followers in all the countless planes. Who knows how much faith energy they have accumulated? Most likely, only after faith energy accumulates to a certain amount will one sense its effect.”

Although he didn’t understand what faith energy was used for, Linley was very certain that faith energy definitely was beneficial to himself.

After all, even the likes of Sovereigns needed faith energy.

“Linley, what are you daydreaming about?” Delia interrupted Linley’s thoughts.

Linley returned to his senses. After Linley carefully explained what he had just sensed, Delia was shocked. “Faith energy? So when your spiritual energy senses faith energy, it appears as golden threads. Faith is an insubstantial, formless thing. Why is it that human faith can create this sort of unique energy?”

“I’m not sure either.” Linley laughed. “Delia, in two days, I’m planning to head out.”

“Right. You’ve already reached the Deity level. There’s no need for you to keep working so hard.” Delia nodded.

“No. The reason I am going out is because I am preparing to start a kill-or-be-

killed battle with a Deity.” Linley looked at Delia solemnly. Although he previously hadn’t told Delia, at this time, Linley no longer wished to hide it from her. After all, this was simply too important.

Linley himself wasn’t fully confident in his ability to defeat another Deity.

After all, the opponent was a Deity as well.

“What?!” Delia was instantly so shocked that her eyes turned round. “Linley, you are going to battle against a Deity? Who? The War God? The High Priest?” Delia instantly grew worried and frightened. Linley had just become a Deity.

It was too dangerous.

“No, not them.”

Linley, facing the look in Delia’s eyes, felt a hint of guilt in his heart. After all, in this battle against the Deity, it would be wonderful if he won, but if he lost... wouldn’t it have been terribly unfair to Delia?

“Then who is it? Why do you have to engage in a battle to the death?” Delia said hurriedly. “Could it be that this is an unavoidable battle?”

Linley let out a long sigh. “Fine, then. I’ll tell you the truth, Delia.” Linley immediately described Yale’s situation in full to her. He started from Yale’s out-of-character desire to have sole rights to buy the battle captives of the empire, all the way to the point where Yale came to use poison to try and kill Linley, as well as Zassler’s hypothesis.

If he didn’t kill that Deity, Yale would forever remain a puppet!

In addition, at this period in time, that Deity was in a badly wounded state, and was also busy. In a few more years, that Deity would have recovered his strength, and he wouldn’t be able to find another good opportunity.

Most importantly...

He could afford to waste time, but Yale couldn’t.

Who knew when that Deity would once more send Yale out to be sacrificed? If Yale truly were to die, Linley would probably blame himself for the rest of his life.

“Linley.” After hearing everything, Delia wanted to say something, but she couldn’t get it out.

She didn’t want Linley to risk himself, but she understood Linley’s personality very well. Linley could, for her sake, throw away everything, including his own life. But for the sake of Wharton, Yale, Reynolds, and the others, Linley could do the same.

“Delia, don’t worry. I still have some reason to be confident,” Linley said.

“What reason?” Delia hurriedly asked.

She hoped that Linley could explain it to her and give her an answer that would put her at her ease.

“A person’s battle strength is based on their personal ability as well as their weapons. Delia, this Bloodviolet sword of mine should be an extremely powerful type of divine artifact,” Linley explained. “In addition to that, Delia, you need to remember that I have two bodies; my original body, and the clone.”

Linley rubbed Delia on her shoulders and said seriously, “Delia, I can guarantee to you that if one of my bodies is destroyed, I will immediately choose to retreat.”

Delia had a hint of bitterness on her face.

She understood what Linley meant. Actually, the loss of either of Linley’s bodies would be a huge blow to him. If his original body was destroyed and his soul dispersed, then... Linley would never be able to train in any other Laws again. He would only have that wind-style divine clone.

But if the divine clone was destroyed and its soul was dispersed, then it would be lost forever, and in the future, he would never again be able to train in the Laws of the Wind. Even if he managed to gain insights, he wouldn’t receive the acknowledgement of the universe again, and he wouldn’t be given another divine spark.

From the look in Linley’s eyes, Delia could tell that he had already made his decision.

“Fine, then.” Delia took a deep breath, staring at Linley. “But Linley, you have to promise me that you will remember what you said to me today. If one of your bodies is destroyed, you have to immediately give up. You can’t let yourself die! You have many other friends and family members aside from just Yale!”

Linley and Delia looked at each other.

“I promise.”



*

Dragonblood Castle. The main hall.

Right now, there were many people gathered here. Linley becoming a Deity was a source of great excitement to everyone, but the vast majority of them didn’t know... that when nightfall came, Linley would secretly head out to the Dawson Conglomerate’s branch and to seek out and engage in a deadly battle with that Deity.

But of course, a few people did know.

Two people. One was Wharton. The other was Zassler.

When nightfall descended, the three of them were hovering in the air above Dragonblood Castle.

“Big bro, you absolutely have to be careful.” Wharton was very much against Linley going to battle that Deity, but he knew Linley’s temperament. All he could do was try to make sure Linley was cautious. “Big bro, don’t forget that there are many people here in Dragonblood Castle who are waiting for you.”

Linley nodded slightly.

Zassler also said seriously, “Lord Linley, this Deity trains in the Ways of Death, and he will be highly skilled at soul-based attacks. You must be careful. His weakness should be in close combat. If you can engage him in close combat, your chances of victory will be very high.”

Both Zassler and Wharton were actually very worried.

“Don’t worry. Nothing will happen to me.” Linley was filled with confidence in himself.

After smiling towards the two of them, Linley immediately began to fly in the southwest direction. In an instant, he vanished into the horizon, his speed so fast that it would astonish anyone.

“Just judging from his speed alone, big bro should be fine.” Wharton now felt slightly more confident.

Linley, who trained in the Profound Truths of Velocity, was most proficient at speed!



*

Within that dark, gloomy underground room.

The skinny, skeletal Grand Warlock, his entire body covered with that black robe, was seated on the ground in the meditative posture. In front of him, that crystal globe constantly emitted that gloomy green light, illuminating the cold, sinister face of the Grand Warlock. But right at this moment... “Creaaaaaak.” The door to the room opened.

Another figure, also full covered by a black robe, suddenly appeared in the secret room, as though by teleportation.

“Are you done refining it?” The hoarse voice came out from the person’s mouth.

“So, so it’s Lord Beaumont.” From the mouth of the Grand Warlock came a hoarse, ear-piercing laugh, the type of laugh that would definitely frighten a baby to the point of bawling.

The mysterious newcomer let out a cold snort. “It has been six full years since we have arrived here from the Gebados Planar Prison. You are already in control of the three major trading unions of the Yulan continent. The slaves that you have killed already number over ten million, and your servants have killed many people as well. I think you should be just about ready to finish successfully refining the Gold Soul-Pearl.”

“Hrmph. Lord Beaumont, do you think refining souls is such a simple task?” the Grand Warlock said with some anger. “Even some full Gods are incapable of refining souls. Souls are extremely fragile and delicate. To purify their essence requires one to be extremely careful and not be the slightest bit overconfident.”

The mysterious newcomer glanced at the Grand Warlock.

After a moment of silence... “You should know what my temper is like. I’ve been protecting you all these years. Otherwise, given how badly injured you are, you probably would have been killed by Muba long ago. I’ll give you three more years. If at that time you still haven’t finished refining a Gold Soul-Pearl, then don’t blame me.”

“Three years. That’s about right.” The Grand Warlock wasn’t worried at all. He said calmly, “In the next three years, I hope you, Lord Beaumont, will continue to help me hold that Muba at bay. Once my soul has fully healed, I won’t have to fear him any longer.”

The mysterious newcomer glanced at the Grand Warlock, and then his body disappeared from within the secret training room.

The Grand Warlock watched as Beaumont disappeared, laughing coldly in his heart. “Gold Soul-Pearl? A lowly, despicable fellow like him also wants to get a Gold Soul-Pearl? If I weren’t heavily injured, would I be afraid of you? Do you know... I actually have already successfully refined one. But unfortunately, I’m not going to give it to you.”

The Coiling Dragon Ring

The night was as cold as water. A gentle wind blew past, and with it, Linley's body travelled dozens of kilometers. Although the Dawson Conglomerate's valley base was thousands of kilometers away from Dragonblood Castle, to the current Linley, that sort of distance was nothing at all.

The wind came to a halt, and Linley's body reformed and became distinct.

Staring down at the chain of mountains, especially that noticeable gorge, he saw that within the center of the gorge was that important branch of the Dawson Conglomerate's. Just by relying on his wind sense, Linley was able to discern that there was a huge amount of people within the gorge.

"Are these the slaves that have been shipped here?" Linley laughed coldly.

By now, he already knew that the reason why the Dawson Conglomerate was buying so many slaves was for the sake of that Deity, who was refining souls.

"Although the Coiling Dragon ring is only a damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact, at least all I have to do now is protect that hole." After a day's worth of cultivation, the 'patch' he had used to cover that gap in the scaly, translucent membrane had already become quite firm.

He looked down below, and with a gust of wind, Linley's entire body merged with the wind and charged downwards.

Within the valley, in an eerie, sinister, punishment chamber.

This punishment chamber's floor was black with dried blood. A bald man with a bared chest was here, a butcher's blade in his hands. Behind him, there was a crystal ball hanging on the wall. This crystal ball was filled with a dense fog.

A blindfolded and bound slave was pushed into the room by a guard.

"Slash." The bald man ruthlessly plunged the butcher's knife into the slave's heart. "Aaaah!" a hoarse cry sounded out for a moment, then faded away.

Quick, accurate, ruthless!

He killed a slave in an instant. The slave, after having letting out that cry and died, was immediately dragged out by the guard.

The dense fog in the crystal ball rumbled for an instant. Yet another soul had been trapped within!

“Next.” The bald man licked the blood on the butcher’s blade, growing rather excited.

The bald man loved this job. Ever since he had been arranged to carry out this job six years ago, he had fallen in love with the feeling of killing others. In the past six years, even he himself was no longer sure exactly how many people he had killed.

“At least a million.” That was what the bald man guessed.

In the past six years of killing, every day, he killed several hundred people. Sometimes, even as much as a thousand. Over six years, the number of people he had killed was more than a million. Within the valley, there were quite a few people in his line of work. Although the bald man wasn’t sure about the exact figures, he himself knew that there were at least six other butchers.

“The fog in this crystal ball should be dense enough by now.” The bald man turned and glanced at it.

He was already quite experienced. After having killed so many people each day, he knew exactly how dense the fog would have grown. But when he turned, he suddenly discovered...

The crystal ball had become incomparably clear, without a hint of fog within.

“Ah!?” The bald man was so frightened that his forehead and back were instantly covered with sweat. “What’s going on? Why is there nothing? Impossible. Impossible. No one is near here.” The bald man, despite being normally fearless, was now so frightened that he was trembling.

The souls in the crystal ball had all disappeared.

Not just in the bald man’s punishment chamber; all of the souls in all of the punishment chambers had suddenly disappeared as well.

Linley had descended into the valley, and was standing near a large tree.

“This... this... what is this?” Linley was shocked. Through the Coiling Dragon ring, he could clearly sense that within the radius of a kilometer, there were twenty places with a large amount of souls that were clustered together. Right; he sensed it through the Coiling Dragon ring.

“Why are there so many souls here?”

Linley frowned. He understood. These definitely were the result of the machinations of that Deity. Constant killing, constant collection of souls.

“Hrmph. He killed so many people in a single day. After several years, how many have died?” Linley felt shocked just thinking about the numbers involved. “This Deity... what has he resorted to, in order to collect so many souls?”

Linley indeed had no idea. The Grand Warlock hadn’t just sent those nine silver-robed guardians to collect souls; he had also controlled all three of the major trading unions of the Yulan continent, who worked together to constantly deliver slaves to him, slaughtering them and harvesting their souls.

After all, there were many slaves in the Yulan continent.

With the three major trading unions joining forces, it wouldn’t be too hard for them to gather tens of millions of slaves over the course of six years.

“Hey?” Linley suddenly sensed as though the Coiling Dragon ring had a strange power that was binding the souls in those twenty-plus crystal balls. He had a feeling as though with but a thought, he could seize all of those souls and pull them into the Coiling Dragon ring.

Linley gave this a test.

In an instant!

The many souls that had been in the crystal ball all disappeared, reappearing within the Coiling Dragon ring.

“So many souls? There’s more than ten thousand.” The combined number of souls in those twenty crystal balls were indeed more than ten thousand. But these souls were all directly devoured by the Coiling Dragon ring. What astonished Linley the most was... after devouring the souls, the Coiling Dragon

ring began to naturally refine them.

The countless souls were being transformed into a dense golden fog of energy.

as soon as this golden fog of energy interacted with Linley's spiritual energy, it immediately began to naturally be absorbed by Linley's soul.

"Rumble..." A large amount of golden energy streamed directly through Linley's spiritual energy into Linley's soul-world.

"Zassler said that once one reaches a certain level of understanding with regards to souls, one can refine souls and then absorb them to strengthen one's own soul." Seeing this, Linley began to understand. "So this Coiling Dragon ring can draw souls and also naturally refine them."

When those golden fogs of energy drew near to the sword-shaped soul, the sword-shaped soul absorbed these golden fogs as though it were drinking water.

"Indeed..." Linley could sense an extremely comfortable feeling. His soul was slowly growing. Soon, those ten thousand refined souls in the shape of a golden fog had been completely absorbed by Linley's sword-shaped soul, but the sword-shaped soul only grew slightly larger.

But even such a small amount of souls already made Linley feel much more comfortable.

"This Coiling Dragon ring..." Linley was utterly astonished.

Refining souls was an extremely complicated process. Only a very few Demigods were capable of doing it, and even the majority of full Gods were not capable of it either. It required a person to have a thorough understanding of the nature of souls. Even the Grand Warlock had to be extremely careful when refining them.

"This ability makes the ring more suited to its reputation as being a Sovereign artifact, albeit damaged." Linley had a hint of a smile on his face.

He took a closer look at the ring. He sensed that this Coiling Dragon ring was only capable of absorbing those souls that were not protected by their bodies. If

a person was alive, his soul would be very hard to capture. But the binding power the crystal balls held over the souls was clearly inferior to the seizing power of the Coiling Dragon ring.

The seizing ability was superior to the binding power, and so the souls in the crystal balls had been seized.

“The radius is just a kilometer or so. Outside of a kilometer, I wouldn’t be able to sense anything.” Linley discovered that only when he flew down into the valley and reached a distance of a kilometer away had he been able to sense those collected souls.

Taking a deep breath, he calmed himself.

“Time to spread my spiritual energy to find that Deity. I have to kill him in as short a time as possible.” With a flip of his hand, Linley retrieved Bloodviolet. Linley knew very well that once his spiritual energy discovered his opponent, his opponent would also realize he was here.

He had to attack in the shortest possible timeframe, not giving the opponent any time to prepare.

“Time to begin.”

Linley’s gaze turned sharp.

Within that gloomy, secret room.

The Grand Warlock, shrouded in his black robe, was staring intently at eight crystal balls he had retrieved from his interspatial ring. Including the one in front of him, there were nine crystal balls in total. These nine crystal balls all held foggy energy within them along with that golden liquid.

The Grand Warlock stretched out his two empty hands, and the nine crystal balls instantly began to float in front of the Grand Warlock.

“Crackle, crackle...”

The golden liquid in eight of the crystal balls immediately flew out, flowing towards that most important, central crystal ball. The golden liquid was emitting that misty, foggy aura, causing the entire room to be filled with a large amount of mist. The mist was all the essence of many souls.

If an ordinary person was here, if he just took a deep breath, he would probably accidentally breathe in two or three soul essences.

The eight streams of golden liquid flew through the air. While making their way to the ninth crystal ball, they most likely released over a hundred soul essences as foggy mist. But the Grand Warlock didn't care about losing this small amount of soul essence, because it was the golden liquid that mattered.

Finally, all the gold liquid coalesced within the ninth crystal ball.

"Haha..." The Grand Warlock let out a hoarse, unpleasant laugh. "Three days. In just three more days, these twenty million soul essences will form into yet another Gold Soul-Pearl." The Grand Warlock was extremely delighted. How could he have encountered such a wonderful environment in the Gebados Planar Prison?

In the Gebados Planar Prison, his level of power could only be considered average.

Two Gold Soul-Pearls represented forty million souls!

In the past six years, through the three major trading unions and the nine silver-robed guardians, the Grand Warlock had gone all out to gather souls. Actually, it was still the three major trading unions that contributed the most. The three major trading unions were deeply rooted in the Yulan continent, and they had people secretly situated in every single city.

After six years, including all the slaves they bought from slave traders, it wasn't an impossible task for them to gather forty million souls.

"Refining is hard, and absorbing them is slow as well. Most likely, it will take several months before I'll be able to finish absorbing this Gold Soul-Pearl." The Grand Warlock let out a sigh, but his words held a hidden meaning within. A single Gold Soul-Pearl would not only allow him to heal his soul completely, it would also allow his soul to grow several times more powerful.

If he had to rely just on training, who knows how many tens of thousands of years it would take to accomplish this.

"Huh? Someone's here!" The Grand Warlock's glowing green eyes suddenly looked upwards. He could clearly sense a surge of spiritual energy suddenly

sweep past him. “A Deity.”

“Not Muba.” From the spiritual energy, the Grand Warlock was immediately able to tell that this wasn’t someone he was familiar with. “Which Deity is it?” The Grand Warlock, while pondering, drew out a black sickle with his right hand while grabbing the crystal with twenty million souls, preparing to store it into his interspatial ring.

However...

“What?!” The Grand Warlock’s face instantly changed, his eyes filled with shock.

Previously, within the crystal, there had been twenty million soul essences in the form of a golden liquid, but in the blink of an eye, the crystal suddenly became empty. The entire crystal ball was now so clear and pure!

“Where are the soul essences? Impossible, impossible!” The Grand Warlock felt this was simply too bizarre.

Although he had already finished refining one Gold Soul-Pearl, the soul essences that had suddenly disappeared had come from over twenty million souls he had spent countless amounts of time gathering and refining for several years. How could it be that in the blink of an eye, they all disappeared?

Before he was able to figure it out, he heard a humming sword song.

The humming sword song was quite pleasant to hear. Upon hearing it, the Grand Warlock felt very comfortable, but almost instantly, the Grand Warlock, so skilled in analyzing souls, instantly understood: “What a powerful soul-type attack.”

The Grand Warlock paid no further attention to the sudden disappearance of those twenty million souls. He had to face the opponent!

With the humming sword song, a devilish violet light suddenly descended. Wherever the violet light flashed by, space itself was ripped open... the violet light carried with it a terrifying aura, causing the Grand Warlock to feel stunned. Without hesitating at all, he immediately chose to retreat. “Who is it? Could it be the War God of the O’Brien Empire?”

Although this was what he was guessing, while retreating, the Grand Warlock began to emanate a wave of gray fog which poured towards Linley.

Battle to the Death

In the dark, gloomy underground room, that hazy gray fog instantly filled the entire room. If Linley chose to dodge, the only option he had would be to move backwards, in which case, the Grand Warlock would seize the opportunity to flee far away. When Deities did battle, everything happened in an instant.

“Hrmph!” Linley’s eyes were fierce and determined. Ignoring the gray fog, he charged straight towards the Grand Warlock.

“Since when have I had enmity with this person?”

The Grand Warlock, seeing that Linley wasn’t dodging and was still charging straight for him, was so frightened that ignoring everything else, he flew straight upwards.

“Bang!” The stone ceiling above them split apart like tofu, and a tunnel was easily dug out.

The gray fog completely ignored the protective wind-style divine power covering Linley as well as his draconic scales, directly entering his body and pouring towards his mind. Linley laughed coldly to himself. “As I thought, a soul attack!”

Linley had already made preparations for this duel against the Grand Warlock.

“Crackle, crackle...” The gray fog attempted to attack Linley’s soul, but unfortunately, as soon as they touched that translucent, scaly membrane, they instantly dissipated. Only the gray fog that struck against the gap which Linley used his own spiritual energy to ‘patch’ over was able to last a bit longer.

But the amount of gray fog at the gap was simply too small, while Linley had focused a large amount of his spiritual energy to block that part off.

“This old bastard really is fast.” Linley raised his speed to the limit, pursuing after the person through the newly formed tunnel.

Actually, upon reaching the Deity level, there was no longer much of a distinction between a 'magus' and a 'warrior'. The ultimate goal of both a 'magus' and a 'warrior' was to become a Deity. After becoming a Deity, both classes would train in the Elemental Laws. Only, because one was a warrior or a magus in the past, when battle began, one might be more skilled in close combat or ranged combat.

But in terms of speed!

A light-style Grand Magus Saint, such as Desri, upon becoming a Deity would most likely be faster than even most warriors who became Deities.

The Grand Warlock was extremely fast, most likely above average amongst Demigods. But Linley's speed... was simply astonishing. The only area in which Linley dared to claim superiority over other Deities was in speed, and from the underground room of the gorge to the surface, there was a distance of just a thousand meters.

A little bit of distance like this was nothing. Linley quickly caught up to the Grand Warlock.

The humming sword song was so clear and distinct. The Grand Warlock forced himself to stay calm, not allowing his soul to be affected. "This Deity is capable of a sound-based soul attack. When did I ever anger someone like this?" the Grand Warlock wondered angrily to himself. Facing this deadly sword attack, the Grand Warlock waved his own black sickle as well.

"Clang!"

The Grand Warlock's attack speed was at an inconceivably fast speed as well, and was able to block Linley's attack.

After reaching the Deity level, the might of a divine-power fueled 'Dimensional Decapitator' was simply too great. Enormous rips in space had appeared nearby, and the terrifying force of the blow struck onto that black sickle. However, the Grand Warlock clearly had many more tricks and much more experience than Linley.

"Bang!"

Relying on the momentum generated by the collision, the Grand Warlock

quickly fled across the skies, with a massive explosion following him. The buildings on the ground of the gorge were blasted apart by the colliding blows, while the Grand Warlock himself charged high into the sky.

However, the even faster Linley caught up to him in the blink of an eye, blocking off the Grand Warlock in mid-air.

It must be understood that this gorge was an important base for the Dawson Conglomerate which was responsible for all sorts of missions of the Dawson Conglomerate here in the Baruch Empire. There were over ten thousand people stationed here long-term. Linley and the Grand Warlock's battle caused the ground of the entire valley to shake, and even the buildings began to crumble. Instantly, lamps started to be lit throughout the valley.

Angry roars could be heard successively, as the managers of the Dawson Conglomerate's base here began to restore order to their people.

"What is going on?" Yale barked furiously as he walked to an empty spot.

Right now, most of the people in the valley were walking out of their residences, arriving in the empty grounds. Just then, the earthquake as well as the sudden explosion of that building had startled many people. They now no longer dared to stay in their own homes.

"Lord Chairman, just then, that building over there exploded for no reason at all. A person was killed by having their head smashed in by flying rocks, while three others were wounded," someone instantly reported to Yale.

"There's people above us!" Suddenly, excited shouts could be heard. "And they are floating in mid-air!"

"Saints!" many people cried out in shock. The people here all raised their heads to stare up into the air above the canyon. Although it was currently night, many people had already lit lamps, and the light of those lamps, as well as the hazy moonlight, allowed them to make out those two blurry figures in mid-air.

Seeing those two figures in mid-air, Yale's face changed.

"The Grand Warlock? And... Dragonblood Warrior?" Because of his spiritual connection, Yale could clearly sense that the Grand Warlock was up above him. But as to who the Dragonblood Warrior was, Yale couldn't be sure, because the

draconic scales of the Dragonblood Warrior up above was glowing with a faint azure-gold light.”

“That’s a Dragonblood Warrior!” someone called out in surprise.

Everyone below all stared upwards excitedly.

Linley stared at the Grand Warlock in front of him. He was secretly shocked. “I didn’t expect that this fellow is so amazing, even in close combat.”

He had launched three sword attacks just now, all of which the Grand Warlock had been able to block with that black sickle.

If he was poor at close quarters combat, the Grand Warlock would have died long ago in the Gebados Planar Prison. To survive in a place like that, one couldn’t have too any obvious, glaring weaknesses. If one had too great a weakness, there would definitely come a time when someone else would seize that weakness and kill you.

“Who are you? It seems the two of us shouldn’t have any enmity against each other?” The Grand Warlock stood in mid-air, staring at Linley as he spoke. “Are you perhaps mistaken about something?” The Grand Warlock didn’t want to start a pointless fight, especially right now, when he was badly wounded.

Staring at the transformed Dragonblood Warrior in front of him, the Grand Warlock’s first thought was of Linley.

But in the next instant, he discarded that notion. “It isn’t Linley. Linley is only a Saint. In addition, Yale told me that after Linley became a Dragonblood Warrior Saint, his draconic scales are deep azure, and not this coloration... the person in front of me is clearly a Deity.”

“Can it be that he is one of the elders of the Dragonblood Warrior clan?” the Grand Warlock muttered in his heart.

After returning to the Yulan continent, he had learned a few things, and knew that five thousand years ago, four Supreme Warrior clans had appeared.

“Can it be that the elders of the Dragonblood Warrior clan have discovered that I sent Yale to kill Linley?” the Grand Warlock couldn’t help but guess.

“No enmity?”

A cold, calm voice rang out from Linley's mouth. "If we didn't have enmity, why would I come..." Halfway through his words, Linley transformed into a gust of wind, striking towards the Grand Warlock. The Grand Warlock's black sickle once again transformed into a blur to block.

"Hrmph." The Grand Warlock was now filled with a killing desire as well. Since the opponent wasn't willing to call it quits, then even if he had to risk being injured yet again, he would still kill this person in front of him.

The black sickle shook, and the green light in the Grand Warlock's eyes shone dramatically brighter. A low, sinister sound erupted from the Grand Warlock's mouth, and instantly, an enormous black sickle appeared out of nowhere, chopping towards Linley. As for Linley, he slanted his body, moving to dodge it while striking out with the Bloodviolet sword in his hands in a stabbing blow towards the Grand Warlock.

Trillions of sword blurs appeared...

Profound Truths of the Wind – Rippling Wind!

At his current level, when executing the 'Rippling Wind' technique, every single sword was able to create tears in space. The trillions of swords instantly enveloped the Grand Warlock's entire body. Although the Grand Warlock wielded his sickle very quickly, no matter how quick he was, he couldn't block these trillions of sword shadows.

The Grand Warlock's heart was filled with fury.

His sickle instantly swung up, transforming into a blur to block the sword shadows stabbing towards his head. At his sword-wielding abilities, this was the best he could do. He simply wasn't capable of blocking all of the sword shadows. The many violet sword shadows chopped the rest of the Grand Warlock's body to mincemeat, which was devoured by the tiny tears in space.

The Grand Warlock's head immediately flew far away, and even that black sickle flew away alongside it.

"I'm badly injured, but, you are about to die." The Grand Warlock knew exactly how powerful that last attack of his had been. Generally speaking, the souls of most Demigods, upon encountering that enormous, spiritual energy

sickle attack he had just used, would be split in half.

The enormous black sickle that had been formed by the Grand Warlock out of nothing but spiritual energy had chopped straight through Linley's skull, chopping against his mind.

"Clang!"

The black sickle, upon smashing against that scaled membrane, instantly shattered, more than half of its energy immediately being dispersed.

A small amount of remaining energy transformed into black energy, but only a good amount of this wildly striking, unfocused black energy struck against that 'hole'. The 'patch' that Linley's spiritual energy had formed only lasted a short while before being broken through, but by then, only a small amount of black energy was remaining as well. Linley quickly used his remaining spiritual energy to break it all down.

"What a terrifying soul attack." Linley was astonished.

It was very difficult to control spiritual power. Generally speaking, an Arch Magus of the ninth rank was only capable of expanding and contracting their spiritual power.

As for Saints, they generally could only move their spiritual energy a little bit. It was very hard to form spiritual energy into an attack. As for this Deity in front of him, he had been able to use it to form a black sickle that was essentially solid. This truly was astonishing.

"He lives up to his reputation as being an expert capable of refining souls. He truly is formidable in the area of souls." Linley felt amazement.

If he hadn't had the protection of that damaged, semi-translucent membrane which had absorbed the vast majority of the attack, Linley probably would have been badly injured at the least by that simple attack.

"Crackle, crackle..."

The Grand Warlock's body quickly healed, while at the same time, he caught and wore the interspatial ring that had fallen down. A Deity's body usually stored a large amount of divine power. The Grand Warlock naturally wouldn't

make the mistake of not doing so. His body quickly completely recovered to its normal state.

“That fellow should be dead by now.” The Grand Warlock looked at Linley carefully.

He discovered... that Linley was looking at him with the barest hint of an upward curve to his lips. Was he smiling?

“What?!” The Grand Warlock was astonished.

Even in the Gebados Planar Prison, he relied on this attack to dominate. This attack had only failed a single time; that was when he encountered the peak Demigod, Muba. Afterwards, he had been forced to badly injure his own soul in order to utilize his ultimate attack, which deeply wounded Muba and forced him to flee.

“I want to see how much divine power you can spend on recovery!” Linley sneered.

Linley knew very well that gathering more divine power was a very slow process. Being able to quickly repair one’s body was the result of using up the divine power that had already been accumulated in the body, but the amount of stored divine power was only enough to be used once or twice. After all, the amount of divine power that the Grand Warlock had to use just now, with nearly his entire body destroyed, had been an astonishing amount.

The devilish violet light flashed again, and that pleasant, humming sword song rang out once more.

Trillions of sword blurs descended.

The Grand Warlock’s face was pale. After having experienced so many life-threatening battles in the Gebados Planar Prison, he was capable of instantly determining the eventual outcome of this battle; if this was to continue, his divine power would be all used up, and then he would no longer be able to block Linley’s attacks, and he would definitely die!

“Aaaargh! This is the second time!!!” The Grand Warlock felt utterly aggrieved.

No longer hesitating, the Grand Warlock made his choice... to use the same technique he had used against Muba.

“The last time I used this technique, my soul was badly injured. I hope this time, after using the technique, my soul won’t directly collapse.” The Grand Warlock had no other options. If he didn’t do this, he would definitely die. The Grand Warlock’s eyes shot out two rays of black light, which pierced directly into his black sickle, which began to shake.

Instantly, nine rays of illusory black sickles appeared out of nowhere in midair. Moving in accordance to a strange rhythm, the nine illusory black sickles actually swirled around then chopped towards Linley, giving him no place to dodge.

Soundless and all but undetectable!

“Not good.” Linley wanted to flee, but those nine illusory black sickles could actually curve, giving him no place to flee.

Linley was unable to block those nine illusory black sickles, which chopped directly towards his mind.

“Bang!”

Most of those nine illusory black sickles slammed against that translucent, scaly membrane and dispersed. But one sickle chopped directly against the gap, and the patch Linley had recreated with his spiritual energy instantly crumbled, and the black sickle chopped directly towards Linley’s soul.

Spiritual energy flooded in like waves through the opening, charging towards that sword-shaped soul.

“Clang!” The black sickle chopped directly against the sword-shaped soul.

“Rumble...” The sword-shaped soul trembled violently.

At this moment, of the three azure water droplets hidden within the Coiling Dragon ring that Linley was wearing, one emitted just a hint of energy, and instantly, the protective azure light on the surface of Linley’s sword-shaped soul increased dramatically, in the end destroying that black sickle.

“Ah!” Linley himself, holding his head, collapsed from the sky with a miserable

scream. His soul hadn't been destroyed, but the trauma from the massive collision had truly been very severe.

Watching Linley fall from the skies, the Grand Warlock revealed a hint of a smile on his face. "He's finally dead."

But just as Linley's original body fell from mid-air...

"Swoosh!" Linley's light-green-robed divine clone came flying out from his original body. Bloodviolet flew into his hands, and gripping Bloodviolet tightly, the divine clone charged directly towards the Grand Warlock, whose soul was already at the point of collapse.

Countless sword blurs flashed and lit up.

The Grand Warlock raised his black sickle in despair. "No----!"

The Grand Warlock's body was chopped into mincemeat by trillions of sword blurs, and some blows from Bloodviolet even smashed violently against his divine spark, causing the Grand Warlock's soul, which had been fused into the divine spark, to shatter. As for the divine spark itself, it fell straight downwards.

The divine clone stretched his hand out and snatched the divine spark, then transformed into a blur, flying directly into the original's body.

A look of confusion flashed through Yale's eyes, but then in the next instant, his gaze grew clear again.

Staring at Linley, who was already back in human form on the ground, Yale's eyes instantly turned red, and he immediately charged over. "Third Bro!"

The Grand Warlock's Treasure

As the Grand Warlock fell from the skies, it wasn't just Yale who regained his sense of self. The chairmen of the other two major trading unions of the Yulan continent, the Snow Island Syndicate and the Gere Group, regained their senses of self as well. They all knew what disastrous things they had been doing in the past six years.

"The Grand Warlock is dead! Haha, he finally died!"

Within a desolate area, two silver-robed figures were laughing wildly.

"How many years has it been? We have finally been freed of that devil's control." The two silver-robed men simultaneously ripped away the silver robes from their body, which shattered into countless pieces of cloth. "I feel disgusted just looking at these silver robes." The two men changed their clothes.

They were so excited that their bodies were trembling slightly.

Of the two silver-robed figures, one was a human, while the other was a panther-man.

"Finally free. Finally free!" Their eyes were filled with tears, and they were filled with inexpressible excitement. Over the countless years, under the control of the Grand Warlock, they had done countless things, all of which they now clearly remembered.

If the Grand Warlock remained alive, they would have never been able to regain their freedom.

"Who killed the Grand Warlock? We really should go thank him." The panther-man was still uncontrollably excited.

"What, Wiggin? You still want to go thank someone else?" the human expert said mockingly.

The panther-man chuckled, then shook his head. "Of course not. I've had

enough of those long years of being controlled by others. The person who killed the Grand Warlock didn't do it for our sake. Laghman, what are your next plans?"

"This is my homeland." The human expert stared at the wilderness, letting out a long sigh. "The Yulan continent. It has been eight thousand years since I was last here. Eight thousand years. Ever since I encountered the Grand Warlock in the Gebados Planar Prison and was controlled by him, my power didn't improve at all. I plan to make a good long tour of the continent, and then find a place to studiously train."

"Wiggin, do you want to go to the Necropolis of the Gods?" The human expert looked at the panther-man.

"The Necropolis of the Gods? The Yulan continent..."

The panther-man laughed at himself mockingly. "In the past, I followed my master to the Yulan continent and wanted to go to the Necropolis of the Gods to find treasures. Only, I didn't expect that the Bloodviolet Fiend was there as well. Back then, many were killed, while others were imprisoned. I no longer dare to have too much hope towards the Yulan continent."

"I've already had enough of being subject to the orders of others, to the life of a mindless puppet. I want to find a place to live quietly for a while." The panther-man said with a self-mocking laugh, "Given the situation in the current Yulan continent, we Prime Saints are better off being a bit low-key."

The human expert nodded as well.

And then, the two experts separated, hiding themselves within the Yulan continent.

Those who had never been controlled by the Soulseeds would find it hard to imagine what that was like. Upon being controlled by a Soulseed, one would be loyal to one's master from the deepest parts of one's soul. The master's orders were the number one priority. Under the master's order, they would kill their parents and kill their family and friends without resisting at all.

They didn't feel anything when they were controlled.

But once they regained their own will, when they remembered what had

happened during those long years, they would often go insane.

“What... what have I done?!” Yale’s heart was filled with agony.

After being controlled by the Grand Warlock, Yale had begun to use cruel, bloodthirsty methods to kill a large number of slaves and collect their souls for the Grand Warlock. During this process, there had been some high level members of the Dawson Conglomerate who had tried to stop Yale. For those who tried to stop him, he suppressed the ones he could suppress, and used bloodthirsty means to kill the ones he could not.

Some of them were his relatives in the Dawson clan!

These vicious, bloodthirsty actions, along with the fact that those silver-robed men assisted Yale, resulted in Yale gaining absolute, unquestioned power within the Dawson Conglomerate. This was a power that was forged through wielding a bloody butcher’s blade.

“Everyone, go back,” Yale said to the surrounding people.

“Lord Chairman, should we arrange some people to take care of this place?” a nearby silver-haired old man said.

“No need, Uncle Alberts,” Yale said sincerely.

Alberts was instantly stunned. Six years ago, Yale had turned cruel and ruthless, and the administrative operations of the Dawson Conglomerate had become harsh and rigid. Ever since then, Yale had never again called him ‘Uncle Alberts’. Hearing these words, Alberts felt somewhat lost, and he began to think of the affairs of the past.

“Uncle Alberts. These past six years. I’m sorry,” Yale said in a low voice.

“Chairman... young master Yale.” Alberts tried to forcibly suppress the excitement from showing on his face. Yale was back. The Yale of six years ago was back!

“Enough. Everyone, go back and get some rest,” Alberts said to the surrounding people in a loud voice. His voice right now was the loudest, most confident he had been in the past six years.

“The people I owe... are far too many.” Yale knew how many mistakes he had

made in the past six years.

“And Third Bro.” Yale looked towards Linley, who was currently kneeling on the ground in agony.

Right now, Linley was in terrible shape. His soul had been concussed massively. It must be understood that generally speaking, when a soul suffered a sufficiently powerful blow, it would collapse. As a Deity, Linley’s soul was naturally very strong, but still, he currently felt miserable. His entire body felt as though he was rather woozy.

Linley forced his eyes to open. He looked at Yale.

Seeing the look of concern in Yale’s eyes, Linley instantly felt relief in his heart.

He had risked his life, and in the end, he had brought the old Boss Yale back.

“Third Bro.” Yale knelt down in front of Linley, supporting him. “Third Bro, are you alright?” Yale’s heart was filled with boundless guilt.

“Yale, I’m fine. Wait a moment.”

Linley forced out these words, then sat down in the meditative position. The liquid gold soul essences within the Coiling Dragon ring were currently sending one surge after another of golden fog into Linley’s soul-world, and as it did, Linley’s soul drank it all in as though it was water.

Previously, when the twenty million liquid gold soul essences the Grand Warlock had refined had disappeared, they had been seized by Linley using the Coiling Dragon ring.

To the Grand Warlock, only after refining the ‘gold liquid’ to a ‘Gold Soul-Pearl’ would the soul essences become relatively easier to absorb.

But Linley, as the owner of the Coiling Dragon ring, could easily absorb large amounts of soul essences. As his sword-shaped soul constantly absorbed them, the glow of that sword-shaped soul continuously grew brighter, as it also slowly increased in size.

“How comfortable.” Linley had a comfortable feeling in his heart.

The pain caused by his soul being shaken had long since disappeared. Right

now, this sensation of his soul growing was very comfortable to Linley. He didn't need to focus at all on his soul absorbing those soul essences. While chatting with others or focusing on his training, he could continue to absorb soul essences.

Only now did Linley open his eyes.

"Third Bro, you... how do you feel?" Yale had been by Linley's side this entire time. His heart was filled with worry.

"I'm fine. But, Boss Yale, you aren't going to give me any more of that terrifying poisoned wine for me to drink, right?" Linley said with a smirking grin.

Hearing Linley's words, Yale felt relief in his heart.

"Third Bro, thank you." Yale's eyes were filled with a hint of tears.

In his heart, Yale understood very well that his attempt to use the Soulsilk Poison to kill Linley was, rationally speaking, not of his own free will. But he still felt guilty. Hearing Linley say those words, he had the feeling... that his bro, Linley, didn't care about that matter at all.

"Thank me for what?" Linley said as he stood up, and Yale stood up as well.

"I'm sorry. I've made a huge mess of your place here." Linley glanced at that nearby, exploded building, then laughed towards Yale. Linley was currently in an excellent mood. On this trip, Linley had come to battle with that Deity to the death, and had come prepared to risk his life.

Fortunately, he had succeeded.

"Linley, don't apologize to me. I can't bear it," Yale said solemnly.

Yale felt that he owed Linley too much.

"You can't be blamed. It was a Deity who was controlling you." Linley sighed with emotion.

"The Grand Warlock was a Deity?" Yale was somewhat shocked. Although he had been controlled by the Grand Warlock, Yale only knew that the Grand Warlock was powerful, and had no way to determine if the Grand Warlock was a Deity or not.

“Right. Otherwise, how could it have been so hard for me to kill him?” Linley felt that he was rather lucky as well.

If it hadn't been for this damaged soul-protecting barrier, and if it hadn't been for...

Linley lowered his head to look at the Coiling Dragon ring. In the past, Linley had never truly controlled the Coiling Dragon ring, and had no way to learn what it contained within. But now, Linley knew exactly what it held. Just then, during that dangerous moment, he had clearly sensed one of those three azure drops of water emit a ray of energy, which allowed the protective azure layer of light around his soul to glow much more brightly.

“So in the past, when the azure layer of light around my soul suddenly shone dramatically brighter, it was the doing of this mysterious azure water droplet.” Linley sighed with emotion.

“Wait, that's not right.”

Linley realized something. “According to the ancestral records of my Baruch clan, that layer of azure light covering the soul is something only possessed by Dragonblood Warriors. Ordinary Saints wouldn't possess it. So why is it that this azure water droplet is capable of causing that layer of azure light to dramatically brighten? In addition, that drop of gold blood... why did it cause my Dragonblood Warrior form to evolve?”

Linley glanced at the Coiling Dragon ring, and at the draconic lines carved onto it. “Can it be that the earliest owner of the Coiling Dragon ring had some sort of relationship with the Dragonblood Warriors?”

Linley was forced to come to this sort of hypothesis.

After all, there were simply too many coincidences.

“Linley, what are you thinking about?” Yale, seeing Linley suddenly pause, couldn't help but ask.

“Nothing.” Linley didn't think about it any further.

“Third Bro, I have to congratulate you.” Yale laughed.

“Congratulate me for what?” Linley laughed.

Yale stared at him. “Third Bro, you killed a Deity-level expert this time. I expect that you have already reached the Deity level, Third Bro... the Deity level! It seems like such a distant, exalted level. Third Bro, when we were young and fooled around together, I truly would never have been able to imagine that my friend would become a Deity.”

Deity!

Going from being a mortal to becoming a Deity was a change in one’s level of existence.

No matter what race, be it magical beast, beastman, human, metallic lifeform, plant creature, or any other unique, bizarre races, upon reaching the Deity level, they would all have divine bodies and divine sparks. They all had a common term of address – Deity!

Linley had become a Deity!

In the Yulan continent, amongst the human society, the highest, most exalted figures were the War God and the High Priest.

But now, there was another one; Linley!

“Haha...” Linley began to laugh as well. “In the past, who could possibly have imagined it? Ah, I almost forgot something important.”

Linley suddenly turned and stared towards a black patch of ground. It was currently late at night, and nothing could be seen clearly on the ground.

“Third Bro, what are you looking for?” Yale was somewhat puzzled.

“The treasures that the Grand Warlock left behind.” Linley had only taken the divine spark just now, but had forgotten to take two other important items; the Grand Warlock’s divine artifact as well as his interspatial ring. Linley wanted to know what the Grand Warlock held within his interspatial ring.

Spreading out his spiritual energy, Linley instantly discovered the location of that black sickle as well as the interspatial ring.

In order to utilize the interspatial ring, one first had to bind it with blood. Linley was in no hurry to open it, and so he just directly stored both the black sickle as well as the interspatial ring.

“Yale, as long as you are fine, I’ll be at ease. I think... during the past six years, you must have done some foolish things. Of course, none of it is your fault, but your father and the other members of the Conglomerate don’t know that, right? You need to have a good think about what to do. I won’t disturb you. To be honest, I have to get back to Dragonblood Castle right away. Delia, my little brother and the others are all very worried about me. They are worried that I won’t be able to come back from this trip.” Linley’s laughter was so free and unburdened now.

Yale felt a surge of gratitude in his heart.

He knew that Linley was a Saint not too long ago, so he was only an early stage Deity now. For the sake of him, Yale, Linley had charged over here without even knowing how powerful the enemy was. This was extremely dangerous, but Linley had done it anyways, even though he, Yale, had tried to use poison to kill him.

Yale believed that never in his life would he forget this.

“Thank you.” Yale had nothing else to say.

Laughing, Linley clapped Yale on his shoulders. “Yale, you will always be the Boss Yale of our dormitory 1987.” Linley’s smile was brilliant. And then, Linley turned and left, because in Dragonblood Castle, there were people worrying about him!

The Disposition of the Divine Sparks

There was a group of people within Dragonblood Castle who were unable to sleep. Linley's departure to do battle with the Grand Warlock was something that Taylor, Gates, and the others hadn't known. Only Wharton and Zassler knew. But after Linley left, Wharton and Zassler informed everyone of this affair.

Zassler's thoughts were very clear.

If Linley didn't come back, he still had to tell Taylor and the others anyways.

If Linley came back successfully, it would be a joyous affair that everyone had to share in.

No matter what, it was best to let everyone know.

The candles in Dragonblood Castle's main hall were all lit. A large group of people were assembled here. After Zassler and Wharton had informed them that Linley had gone to do battle against a Deity, they had been utterly shocked. Right now, all they could do was wait impatiently.

Suddenly, footsteps could be heard.

"Mother, why have you left your training?" Taylor, who had been worrying about Linley's battle with the Deity, turned and saw the person who had just arrived. He couldn't help but call out in surprise.

"So you are all here?" Delia squeezed out a smile.

Originally, Delia was preparing to wait patiently in the pocket dimension, but Delia discovered... that she just couldn't calm down. She kept on worrying, and so she decided to just come out and wait for Linley's return in Dragonblood Castle.

"So you all know?" Delia looked at everyone.

Wharton, Nina, Gates, the Barker brothers and their spouses, Taylor, Sasha, Hillman, and Housekeeper Hiri all nodded.

Delia nodded slightly as well.

All of them were waiting and praying. They raised their heads to stare at the distant night sky, hoping to see that familiar figure appear.

“Everyone, don’t be impatient. There’s a distance of thousands of kilometers from here to the valley. The flying time alone will take a good long while,” Wharton urged everyone.

“It’s father!” a cry of delight and joy rang out. It was Sasha, who had been staring at the sky.

Instantly, everyone turned to look at the night sky.

Indeed, a human figure dressed in a sky-blue robe was flying gracefully through the sky. Taylor, Delia, Sasha, and the others all ran forward excitedly.

Seeing everyone here, Linley felt a comforting, happy feeling in his heart.

“Delia. Taylor. Sasha.” Linley had a hint of a smile on his face. He was the calmest person here.

“Lord Linley, you killed that Deity?” Gates, coming from behind, shouted out excitedly. Wharton and Zassler all looked at Linley as well. Delia was worried as well... she was worried that Linley might have lost one of his bodies and been forced to flee back.

“Of course.” Linley grinned.

Instantly, smiles blossomed on the faces of everyone present.

“Wonderful.” Taylor was incredibly excited. “My father is someone who killed a Deity. Tonight, nobody is going to sleep. I’ll immediately arrange for wine and food to be brought over. Tonight, all of us are going to have a wild party!”

“Right! Wild party!” Gates shouted loudly as well.

Everyone was incomparably excited.

“Wild party!” Linley laughed and nodded as well. Normally so somber and serious, he was very happy right now as well. Before the battle, Linley had felt

nervous as well, but now, not only had he returned without being injured at all, he had freed Yale. Linley naturally was incredibly happy.

Tonight, Dragonblood Castle was more festive than ever before.

They partied until the dawn was beginning to break. Only then did everyone leave, while Delia and Linley asked Zassler to stay behind.

Within a guest room in Dragonblood Castle, Zassler stood there, looking at Linley and Delia, wondering why they asked him to remain behind. However, he had an inkling in his heart, because he had long ago hypothesized that this Deity-level expert was a practitioner of the Edicts of Death.

When Linley killed the Grand Warlock, he had definitely gained some special items, which others wouldn't even be able to use.

"Lord Linley?" Zassler had a visible smile on his face, only, Zassler's face was simply too eerie and astonishing to begin with. Even smiling, he looked terrifying. "Why did you ask me to stay?"

Linley removed an interspatial ring and tossed it to him.

"Zassler, this interspatial ring belonged to that Deity. It should be much better than yours. Go ahead and bind it by blood. Go ahead and withdraw its contents as well." Linley had great faith in Zassler. Actually, if Zassler intentionally left something inside of it, Linley wouldn't know about it.

"Yes." Zassler, trembling slightly, accepted the interspatial ring.

He didn't care much about the interspatial ring, but of course he was greatly desirous of the possessions of Deities. After binding it with blood...

Zassler waved his hand, and withdrew a large pile of things from within the interspatial ring, filling up almost half the main hall. Amongst them were many herbs, jars, and the like, as well as some scattered pieces of ore. Seeing these things, Zassler's eyes instantly lit up.

"A golden pearl of souls?" Linley looked at the Gold Soul-Pearl held within a translucent glass. He could sense the dense concentration of spirits within it.

Through the Coiling Dragon ring, Linley directly drew the Gold Soul-Pearl into his Coiling Dragon ring. Actually, Linley had absorbed perhaps just 1% of those

liquid gold soul essences. To absorb all of them, it would probably take Linley half a year.

But Linley could clearly sense how beneficial it was for his soul to be growing stronger.

“Lord Linley, many of the materials here are extremely valuable, and very beneficial to me. But these two divine artifacts should be used by warriors.” Zassler pointed out two divine artifacts.

Linley couldn’t help but laugh.

So the Grand Warlock didn’t just have that black sickle. He had two other divine artifacts as well.

“Zassler, do you want to become a Deity?” Linley looked at Zassler, a not-quite smile on his face. Behind him, Delia also grinned towards Zassler.

Zassler was stunned.

“Become a Deity?” Zassler was somewhat numbed. Become a Deity? Who wouldn’t?

Someone as intelligent as him immediately understood from Linley’s words what Linley’s intentions were. But Zassler still found it rather hard to believe. Zassler knew exactly how important a divine spark was. Even Dylin had felt incredibly grateful towards Linley for gifting him with a divine spark.

A divine spark represented the creation of a Deity.

“Can it be that you don’t want to?” Linley asked. “If you don’t want to, then forget about it.”

“I want to. Of course I want to,” Zassler said hurriedly.

“Haha...” Seeing the look on Zassler’s face right now, Linley immediately started to laugh. Delia couldn’t help but laugh as well. “Linley, stop teasing Zassler. Where’s that Death-style divine spark? Give it to Zassler.”

“This is the divine spark of a Deity. Go and fuse it.” With a flip of his hand, Linley retrieved the Grand Warlock’s divine spark, then tossed it over to Zassler.

Seeing the divine spark fly towards him, Zassler felt as though his entire body

had turned light and airy, as though he were on a cloud.

This was a divine spark. After fusing with it, he would become a Deity!

Zassler couldn't help but swallow. Trembling, he stretched his hands out and caught the divine spark. Zassler felt as though this divine spark in his hands weighed trillions of pounds, and his hands couldn't help but shake.

"Lord Linley, thank you, thank you." Zassler was extremely grateful.

Before meeting Linley, he had been an Arch Magus necromancer of the ninth rank. Finally, he had become a Saint, but Zassler knew very well the limits of his talent... it had taken him eight hundred years just to reach the Saint level. To reach the Deity level, the amount of time it would take him would be measured in ten-thousand-year units.

Who would have thought that without having experienced any difficulties, a divine spark would just suddenly appear in front of him like this?

"Don't say thank you so many times. But Zassler, you have to work hard. Your understanding of the Laws is deeper than Barker, but Barker has already begun fusing with his divine spark before you. I want to see who amongst you two will become the third Deity of Dragonblood Castle," Linley said with a laugh.

Without question, the second Deity of Dragonblood Castle would be Delia. After all, she was already more than halfway through fusing with her divine spark.

"Lord Linley, don't worry. I will definitely work hard." Zassler's heart was burning with eagerness!

The goal of countless experts, and even countless Saints of the Yulan continent, was to become a Deity.

Next, Linley asked Zassler to leave.

"Linley, in another few dozen years, our Dragonblood Castle will have a total of five Deities," Delia said with a laugh. Linley, Delia, Zassler, Barker, and the fully-grown Bebe. "Five." Delia felt amazed as well.

"But for some reason..."

Linley frowned. "Delia. I still feel a bit uneasy. Right now, the Yulan continent

feels like a chaotic pond. No one has any idea anymore what is inside the pond, nor will any of us be able to predict what sort of experts will suddenly appear from within it.”

“Right.” Delia nodded slightly.

The sudden appearance of the Grand Warlock, as well as that mysterious god, ‘Muba’, of that secretive church... and that was just what Linley knew about. Many Saints had appeared in the past few years in the Yulan continent as well which had previously been unknown.

Who knew when a full God would emerge?

Even though Linley’s side had the advantage of numbers, the disparity in raw power would be too great.

“Linley, how about we go ahead and put this wind-style divine spark to good use as well?” Delia said. “Desri and the others haven’t come looking for you in the past few years. I think they won’t come asking for this divine spark again.”

Right now, Linley still had an unused wind-style divine spark.

A divine spark would have to be fused with for dozens of years before a Deity would be created.

“The wind-style divine spark?” Linley paused for a moment. “No rush. Right now, we aren’t lacking for Deities.”

After this last battle, Linley’s life returned to its normal tranquility. His divine clone focused on training in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’. Presently, Linley’s ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ had only reached a fairly early stage. It was still very far from full mastery.

After all, after the Profound Truths of Velocity was fully mastered, that represented the simultaneously mastery and fusion of the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects, which together formed the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’.

At that time, Linley would enter the realm of full Gods.

“Given my current speed, who knows how long that would take? A thousand years? Ten thousand years?” Linley himself wasn’t certain. The more he trained, the more he felt this Profound Truths of Velocity was inconceivably vast and

complex.

At the same time, Linley's original body focused on training the Profound Truths of the Earth.

In Linley's original body, due to having absorbed the soul essences, his soul continuously grew. In just three short months, he had absorbed half of those liquid gold soul essences, and his original body's sword-shaped soul had already increased by a sizable amount, while the power of his soul had increased nearly sixfold. For a soul to increase sixfold in power... this was truly astonishing.

Actually, even the Grand Warlock's soul would have been strengthened multiple times after absorbing those twenty million soul essences. In addition, the Grand Warlock's soul was much more powerful than Linley's to begin with, and so it was only logical that Linley would grow stronger at such a rapid rate.

One of the great benefits of his soul growing stronger was...

The pace at which he gained new insights in the Laws and was able to visualize attacks was rapidly rising!

After ascending from the Saint level to the Deity level, Linley's soul had been slightly touched by the natural laws, and so had begun a fundamental transformation, allowing his hypothesizing abilities to increase greatly. Now that his soul was six times more powerful than normal, Linley's hypothesizing ability was nearly a hundred times faster than in the past when he was a Saint.

In addition, Linley was constantly draining and refining souls, allowing his hypothesizing abilities to continue to increase.

In the past, it might have taken him eight years for a breakthrough, but now, in just those three short months, Linley broke through from the 64 Fused Waves of the Throbbing Pulse of the World to the level of 32 Fused Waves. But upon reaching the level of 32 Fused Waves, Linley clearly sensed that the difficulty had just increased yet again.

"Given this level of speed, breaking through to the 16 Fused Waves level will most likely need another year. Then... how long will it take to break through to the 8 Fused Waves?" Linley was rather astonished.

The Throbbing Pulse of the World rose exponentially in difficulty as one

learned more of it. From the 256 waves to the 128 Fused Waves, and then to the 64 Fused Waves, the difficulty increase hadn't been too great. But the further one went, the exponentially harder it became. In truth, the Throbbing Pulse of the World was one of the fairly high-level components of the Laws of the Earth. It was extremely hard to fully master it at the Saint level.

Fortunately, Linley's soul had dramatically risen in power, after he had absorbed so many soul essences.

Haeru

These quiet, comfortable days passed, one after the other. In the blink of an eye, half a year had passed.

The liquid gold soul essences had been completely absorbed by Linley. Right now, although his sword-shaped soul was just one size larger than before, in terms of quality, it had absolutely transformed.

“No wonder that Deity wanted to collect so many souls and refine them.” Linley couldn’t help but laugh.

But unfortunately, despite the meticulous efforts of the Grand Warlock, in the end, it had all been to someone else’s benefit.

After completely absorbing the soul essences, Linley left the secret pocket dimension, wanting to take a stroll about Dragonblood Castle. Just as he walked along a flowery path, Linley saw a black blur flash right past the air above him from afar.

“Master.” The black shadow flew over to Linley. It was the Blackcloud Panther, Haeru.

“Haeru, heading off to the Forest of Darkness again?” Linley laughed.

Haeru nodded his great head.

Linley knew that Haeru as well those three Saint-level dragons actually were not accustomed to always living alongside humans. The four of them only occasionally stayed in Dragonblood Castle. Most of the time, they flew to the Forest of Darkness, the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, or the Mountain Range of the Setting Sun.

Those places were their real homes.

“Hm...” Linley suddenly had a thought.

“Haeru, you are darkness-style and wind-style, right?” Linley asked.

“Yes, Master. What of it?” Haeru was quite puzzled. Why had Linley suddenly asked this?

Linley laughed and said, “Nothing.” Linley continued walking forward. Haeru stared at Linley’s back, puzzled. But Haeru didn’t think too much of it, and he immediately flew to look for his three good friends; those three Saint-level dragons.

Arriving at the training fields in front of Dragonblood Castle, Linley saw Wharton and several others training.

“Wind-style... Haeru actually would be a good choice.” Linley had been pondering the question of who to give the wind-style divine spark to for quite some time now.

Gates and the others had almost no affinity for the Elemental Laws of the Wind. Although any Saint was capable of fusing with a divine spark, it was best to fuse with a spark of an element one was skilled in. For example, Delia was fusing with a wind-style divine spark, while Barker was fusing in an earth-style divine spark, and Zassler was fusing with a Death-style divine spark.

And now, Linley had found another candidate; Haeru.

Haeru was a dual-element, darkness and wind affinity magical beast. It indeed would be an excellent choice for him to refine this divine spark.

“Big brother Ley,” a familiar voice rang out.

Linley looked over. It was Jenne.

“Jenne.” Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face. Jenne was wearing water-blue magus robes. The passage of time had left no mark on her face at all. Back in the day, Jenne was a famous ‘iron lady’ of the Baruch Empire’s administrative bureaus. Nowadays, Jenne was in a magus academy working as a magus instructor.

Jenne had worked very hard in her magus training, and she had spent thirty-plus years refining her abilities.

Currently, she was at the level of a magus of the seventh rank. She was more

than qualified to be a magus instructor.

“Haha, Jenne, you are back. Ever since you became a magus instructor, you started to spend less and less time here.” Wharton and the others walked over as well.

Actually, everyone in Dragonblood Castle knew how Jenne felt towards Linley. Only, they all knew Linley’s temperament as well, as did Jenne... they rarely spoke, and Jenne didn’t try to force Linley to spend more time with her. As Jenne saw it, her life was already a very blessed one, for her to occasionally be able to see the person she liked, and for her to be able to do something she enjoyed. She enjoyed this sort of leisurely, fulfilling life.

“There’s nothing I can do. There’s only two breaks each year at the institute,” Jenne smiled as she spoke. “Wharton, where’s Arnold?”

“Arnold is playing around in the rear flower gardens, along with the maidservants.” Wharton laughed.

Jenne glanced at Linley. “Big brother Ley, I’m going to go find Arnold.” Linley laughed and nodded. Jenne doted on Arnold very much. Everyone in Dragonblood Castle knew this.



*

Within the pocket dimension.

The multicolored energy streams swirled in the chaotic space outside the membrane. Dimensional cracks could be seen everywhere. Linley and Delia, husband and wife, were quietly training here. Linley’s divine clone and his original body were separately training in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ and the ‘Profound Truths of the Earth’.

“Whew.” Linley stopped training.

“Delia,” Linley called out.

“What is it?” Delia opened her eyes, looking at Linley in confusion. “Is something wrong?”

“Delia, right now, we still have one more divine spark left. I’m preparing to give this divine spark to Haeru and have him fuse it. What do you think?” Linley wanted to ask Delia for her opinion first. Delia’s eyes lit up. “Haeru? If it is Haeru... that actually is an excellent choice. He is your magical beast, and all these years, him and those three Saint-level dragons have handled many tasks on behalf of the empire during those battles.”

Delia appreciated Haeru very much.

Haeru was very low-key in Dragonblood Castle, but whenever any problems arose, Haeru would carry out the tasks that others didn’t want to carry out without a single word of complaint.

“Then it is settled,” Linley made up his mind.

After becoming a Deity, Linley was no longer under much pressure. Generally speaking, he would let his divine clone fully focus on training, while his original body would occasionally go wandering about Dragonblood Castle. After all, there was more to life than just training.



*

Within the main hall of Dragonblood Castle.

Dozens of people were seated around that ten-meter-long table. They were eating together, and Linley was seated in the main seat.

“Rumble...”

A unique energy ripple came from the south. The other people in the main hall didn’t notice anything, but Linley raised his head, staring towards the south in amazement. “Yet another person has become a Deity!”

Linley, who had once sensed the energy signature of the natural Laws, was very familiar with that energy wave.

Although that energy wave had travelled a great distance and was now very weak, Linley could still sense it very clearly. That was a unique energy wave generated by the descent of the natural Laws when a person became a Deity.

“Someone to the south became a Deity. Who?” Linley secretly wondered.

To be precise, right now, both Tulily and Desri were located to the south of Linley. Aside from those two familiar figures, there were also the various Prime Saints who had appeared out of nowhere in recent years, such as those two in the Rohault Empire. All of them had the capability of reaching the Deity level.

So who was it?

“You keep eating. I need to make a trip.” Linley rose to his feet.

Wharton, Gates, and the others stared at Linley in confusion, but they didn’t ask him about it. Linley walked out of the main hall, then immediately flew into the air.

In mid-air, Linley could now clearly sense the area the energy ripples were coming from. “Directly from the south. It shouldn’t be Tulily.” No longer wondering, Linley immediately spread out his spiritual energy. Upon reaching the Deity level, spiritual energy could also be described as ‘divine sense’.

Linley’s divine sense instantly spread out. If he hadn’t absorbed those twenty million soul essences, Linley’s divine sense would only be able to cover roughly a thousand kilometers or so.

But now... Linley’s divine sense was able to cover ten thousand kilometers. But of course, this was only in the Yulan continent’s plane. If he were in some other, higher planes, the area his divine sense covered would be much smaller.

His divine sense spread out like a ripple in water, quickly reaching the mountain where Desri resided.

“Right here.” Linley could clearly sense the powerful natural Laws rippling forth from this location. Linley no longer dared to continue spreading his divine sense. All he did was wait. After all, the process of being given a divine spark and forming a divine body was a very short one. Indeed...

Just a short while later, the ripples of those natural Laws disappeared.

Linley once again spread out his divine sense, instantly covering that person who had just become a Deity.

“It is Desri.” Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face.

At the moment, Desri was currently within an underground training room in his mountain residence. There were quite a number of people gathered there, including Pennslyn, Higginson, Reynolds, and others. These people were all excitedly watching as Desri became a Deity. Desri had also chosen the second method; dividing his soul in two!

“Desri, congratulations,” Linley’s voice transmitted directly into Desri’s mind.

“Haha, Linley, I was half a year slower than you.” Desri spoke modestly, but in his heart, he was overjoyed. He had stopped at the Prime Saint level for too long a period of time. Today, he had finally broken through, and it was through relying on his own ability.

The two Deities were separated by thousands of kilometers, but they spoke to each other spiritually.

“Desri, why did you choose to separate your soul?” Linley asked, puzzled. “Don’t you only train in the Laws of Light?”

“Linley, although this soul splitting process is extremely harmful to the soul, with time, the soul will grow and heal. But now, I have two separate bodies. At least, when I’m fighting, if one of my bodies is destroyed, I’ll still have another body. It basically means I’ll have a second life. And more importantly... although I’m currently only training in the Laws of Light, does that mean in the future, I won’t be able to train in anything else?”

Linley laughed as well.

Actually, the majority of people who became Deities on their own, if they knew the difference between the two choices, would choose this second option.

The damage to the soul caused by the soul splitting was only temporary, after all. But what it represented was an additional life, as well as future possibilities for further training! After all, after one became a Deity, one would have an unlimited lifespan. One could train in the other Elemental Laws.

For example, if Linley had enough time, he could definitely continue to train in the fire-style, or even the Way of Destruction.

“Desri, you just became a Deity. I imagine you have quite a few things to

attend to. I won't bother you anymore. Afterwards, when you have some free time, come for a stroll at my place." Linley laughed.

"Definitely," Desri agreed.

Desri, too, sensed that the variables and changes in the Yulan continent had become highly unpredictable. Joining forces with Linley would be beneficial to both of them in their ability to protect themselves. After all, generally speaking, a person who became a Deity on his or her own was more powerful by a good margin than someone who had become a Deity through fusing with a divine spark.

Fusing with a divine spark was like simply reading a book to understand the Laws contained within it, while becoming a Deity independently was like actually writing a book. The author of a book would naturally have a greater understanding of it than the readers. He would fully understand every part of the book, and would be able to apply the principles within more easily as well.

Linley withdrew his divine sense.

Linley stood there in mid-air, directly summoning his magical beast. "Haeru, come over, quickly." At this moment, Haeru was still in the Forest of Darkness, but upon hearing Linley's order, he immediately flew over in haste. Only, Haeru was still a few thousand kilometers away from Dragonblood Castle.

Linley waited in the rear flower garden for Haeru's arrival.

"Swoosh." Haeru landed on the ground.

"Master." Haeru looked at Linley in confusion. Linley had never so urgently summoned him before. After all, his power in Dragonblood Castle was below average. There were only a few who were weaker than him.

"Haeru, want to become a Deity?" Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face.

Haeru's eyes suddenly turned round, and all the fur on his body stood up. He stared at Linley in astonishment. "Ma... master? Did you just say?" Haeru, having lived in Dragonblood Castle, knew that Barker and Zassler had both acquired divine sparks.

Could it be...

That the same good fortune was about to descend upon him, Haeru?

Haeru felt somewhat numb. He himself felt that within Dragonblood Castle, he was an unimportant, unnoticeable figure.

“Right. Divine spark.” Linley’s smile was very bright.

With a flip of his hand, Linley retrieved a black divine spark, radiating a faint green light. Haeru stared at the divine spark, forgetting to breathe. All of his attention had been completely captured by that divine spark. The world of magical beasts was one where the strong were venerated.

The friends that Haeru had made were mostly Saint-level magical beasts as well.

The Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, the Mountain Range of the Setting Sun, the Forest of Darkness... perhaps Haeru hadn’t met a hundred Saint-level magical beasts yet, but he had definitely met more than fifty. These Saint-level magical beasts worshipped Lord Beirut and Lord Dylin, because Lord Beirut and Lord Dylin were both magical beasts who had trained to the point of being able to take human form. Magical beasts who had become Deities!

All of these Saint-level magical beasts longed for the day when they, too, would become Deities!

Deity-level magical beasts, standing atop all the other magical beasts of the world!

“I, I, Haeru, am going to become a Deity?” Haeru felt his head grow numb.

Haeru had always been quite satisfied. After all, Blackcloud Panthers were generally of the ninth rank. He was already quite satisfied at having become a Saint, and was very grateful towards Linley for having given him a Saint-level magicite core and allowing him to break through to the Saint level. Thus, Haeru did whatever Linley asked him to do without a word of complaint.

“What, you don’t want to?” Linley snickered.

“I want to!” Haeru responded very quickly this time.

Laughing, Linley tossed over the divine spark. Glimmering under the reflected rays of the sun, the divine spark flew towards him.

Haeru stared at the divine spark, his mind filled with thoughts. How could he have imagined that a magical beast of the ninth rank like himself would not only become a Saint, but also... it seemed he was about to become a Deity-level magical beast whom other Saint-level magical beasts worshipped!

“I, Haeru, am also about to become... Lord Haeru?” Haeru was currently imagining the look of awe and veneration in the eyes of countless magical beasts as they referred to him as ‘Lord Haeru’. “Hrm, how about... in the future, I’ll choose the Mountain Range of Setting Sun. I’ll become the King of the Mountain Range of Setting Sun. I, Haeru. King of the Mountain Range of the Setting Sun.”

Haeru had never been so happy before.

The Deity-Level Expert, Muba

The Baruch Empire's southwest area. Within the valley amongst a chain of mountains.

This was an important base for the Dawson Conglomerate. In the past, there had been many people stationed here, but ever since Linley had killed the Grand Warlock, Yale naturally had stopped the practice of shipping slaves to this location, and thus the number of people stationed here was lowered as well. These days, there were only a few thousand people present, mostly responsible for trading activities.

Night had descended.

The Dawson Conglomerate employees who worked here now had much easier lives. At night, many men would get together to drink deep into the night, with them only wobbling home in small groups of two and three.

"During the past year, life has gotten so much better," a muscular young man, reeking of wine, said loudly. "A few years ago, in this valley of Mt. Swallow, each day was like hell. Damn..."

"Right. Back then, I didn't even dare to go out at night. Too many people died. I don't even know how many corpses I had to dispose of." A middle-aged man with curly golden hair, thinking back to the affairs of the past, couldn't help but sigh with amazement.

Those days, over ten thousand corpses had to be shipped away on a daily basis.

The employees who lived and worked at this branch of the Dawson Conglomerate within the valley always felt as though they were at the psychological breaking point.

The three men, walking shoulder to shoulder, suddenly realized to their

astonishment that they could no longer move. The space around them seemed to have solidified, causing them to be unable to move at all. They were so frightened that they wanted to open their mouths, but they could not. The three of them all stared with round eyes, terrified.

From within the darkness a human figure wrapped in a black robe appeared before them.

Seeing this mysterious black-robed man, all three felt their hearts shake. They somewhat understood... that the reason they couldn't move and couldn't even open their mouths was the result of the actions of this mysterious man in black.

"How long ago did this canyon cease trading in slaves?" the black-robed man's low, gravelly voice rang out. "Speak, but don't shout too loudly. Nobody will be able to hear you. In addition, if someone shouts loudly and irritates me, I'll kill him."

He swept the three men with his dark, cold gaze. The three men's forehead and back were utterly drenched with sweat. To their astonishment, they found that their mouths could move again.

"Speak," The mysterious black-robed man said.

"Half a year ago." That golden-haired, middle-aged man was somewhat more mentally disciplined. The other two were scared speechless.

"Half a year ago. Half a year ago, did something happen? Such as a battle?" the black-robed man asked.

"Yes, there was a major battle." The muscular youth came to his senses as well. He hurriedly said, "Half a year ago, late at night, two Saints battled, causing the ground of our entire valley to shake, and even many buildings were damaged."

"The ground shook?"

The mysterious black-robed man seemed to have thought of something. "Continue. Describe what happened that night in detail to me."

The youngster with inch long short hair added, "We were all present. At first, we didn't notice the battle, only that the ground was shaking, followed by

buildings exploding. We were so frightened that we ran outside, at which point we discovered that in the air above the valley, two experts were battling. One was a Dragonblood Warrior, while the other was a black-robed person. Oh, right. He wielded a black sickle. That sickle was so enormous, at least ten meters long.”

“Right. It was very long, and then we saw it transform into nine of those black sickles,” the muscular youngster added.

They didn’t know that those sickles were created from the Grand Warlock’s spiritual energy, because at that time, it was dark. Although there were torches on the ground, they were only just barely able to make out the scene. They did, however, clearly see the enormous black sickle formed from spiritual energy.

“Sickle?” The mysterious black-robed man was silent for a while.

“And the results?” the mysterious black man continued.

“The battle happened too fast. We only saw that the black-robed man was turned into a pile of mincemeat, and then the Dragonblood Warrior fell to the ground. It was the Dragonblood Warrior who won. Our Lord Chairman then ordered us to go back to our homes, and then the Lord Chairman stayed with the Dragonblood Warrior for a very long time,” the muscular youth stuttered.

The mysterious black-robed man immediately asked, “That Dragonblood Warrior, was his name Linley?”

“Right. It should have been Lord Linley. Lord Linley is on very good terms with our Lord Chairman,” The golden-haired, middle-aged man said.

“Very good.” The mysterious black-robed man nodded in satisfaction. “I am very satisfied with your answers.”

The three men let out secret sighs of relief.

“Crackle...” A very soft sound. The bodies of the three men instantly crumbled into three piles of dust.

“He really did die.” The mysterious black-robed man was extremely angry. “He actually died, and before he finished refining the Gold Soul-Pearl he promised me.” The black-robed man was Beaumont, whom the Grand Warlock

had promised to help fuse a Gold Soul-Pearl for.

“Linley?”

Beaumont’s eyes were cold. “I didn’t expect that in such a short time period, he was able to become a Deity, and that he even managed to survive in the face of the Grand Warlock’s ultimate attack.”

Beaumont knew very well that the Grand Warlock’s ultimate attack was a self-damaging attack that would devastate the opponent. For an expert who had just reached the Deity level to be able to withstand it caused Beaumont to feel shocked.

“Indeed, he lives up to his reputation as being an ultimate genius of the Yulan continent.” Beaumont’s heart was actually filled with hatred. The Gold Soul-Pearl was very important to him. The benefits of absorbing one were simply too great. Not only would one’s soul be strengthened, one’s future rate of improvement in training would also be sped up dramatically.

“Hrmph. Linley,” Beaumont muttered Linley’s name, then with a cold laugh, disappeared into a black ray of light, disappearing into the horizon.



*

Yulan calendar, year 10040. December 29th. The previous night, there had been a great blizzard. By daybreak, the snowfall stopped, and the entire Dragonblood Castle was now transformed into a world of snow. Under the light of the sun, the accumulated snow was as brilliant as a gemstone. Even Delia temporarily paused her training.

After all, the Yulan Festival was about to arrive. Everyone would get together over the next few days.

Outside Dragonblood Castle.

A middle-aged man with a head of neat, short silver hair, wearing a thick white robe, walked through the snow to stand in front of Dragonblood Castle. This middle-aged man’s face had a hint of a smile on it, but his eyes looked like black jade.

“Stop, citizen,” the Dragonblood Castle’s guards instantly called out.

The middle-aged man glanced at the guards with a smile. “Go make a report that I have come to meet with the master of Dragonblood Castle, Linley.”

The faces of the two guards outside Dragonblood Castle changed. In the Baruch Empire, the name ‘Linley’ was inviolable, like the name of a god. Even if someone were to refer to him by name, they would still respectfully refer to him as ‘Lord Linley’. There were very few people who dared to refer to Linley by his name directly.

The two guards were just about to shout in rebuke, but suddenly...

“Let him in,” Linley’s voice rang out in the minds of these two guards.

The two guards were both shocked. Linley had actually mentally spoken to them for the sake of this person.

“Please, come in.” Although puzzled, the two guards still allowed this person to enter.

Within the rear flower garden, Linley and Delia were currently seated together, enjoy the snowy scene and the sunlight.

“Delia, soon, an important guest is going to be coming.” Linley smiled as he looked at Delia. Delia was somewhat surprised. “An important guest? Who? How do you know?”

“That guest directly used his divine sense to contact me.” Linley shook his head with a laugh.

“Are you saying he is a Deity?” Hearing the words ‘divine sense’, Delia instantly understood. She seemed very shocked. “Linley, which Deity? The War God and the others are still in the Necropolis of the Gods, right? They won’t be back for three more years.”

“You’ll know soon enough.”

At present, Linley was in a fine mood. “I didn’t expect that he would so politely ask the guards outside to send a message. How amusing.”

Generally speaking, the likes of Desri and Tulily would fly directly into Dragonblood Castle. If a Deity wanted to meet with Linley, they could simply fly

directly in. There was no need to insist on the gate guards to make a report.

Soon afterwards, the Deity walked into the rear flower garden.

“Mr. Linley, greetings,” the silver-haired middle-aged man said with a smile. “My name is Muba.”

“Mr. Muba, I’ve heard of your name long ago,” Linley spoke. The god of that mysterious religion was named ‘Muba’. Earlier, when he had just arrived at the gate to Dragonblood Castle, Muba had directly greeted Linley with his divine sense.

Although Linley was surprised, he still warmly welcomed the man.

After all, this person had come in an extremely polite manner.

Hearing Linley say this, Muba understood that his founding of a religion was probably already known to Linley. He began to laugh as well. “I truly am sorry. Without getting your permission, Mr. Linley, I started to proselytize in your empire.”

Towards this, Linley didn’t openly express if he was upset or not.

“Mr. Muba, please sit.” Linley pointed at a nearby stone bench.

Laughing merrily, Muba sat down. Muba’s face was perpetually sunny and smiling. Even his gaze made a person think of the nourishing spring wind. This sort of person really was the sort that few would think of as an enemy.

“Might I ask what the purpose of this visit is, Mr. Muba?” Linley was the first to speak.

Muba laughed, “Actually, the first reason I came is to apologize. Before this, I knew that you, Mr. Linley, were a Saint. As I saw it, you shouldn’t care too much about faith energy. At that time, when I erected my religion, it actually didn’t affect you very much, Mr. Linley. But now that you have become a Deity, Mr. Linley, I feel rather embarrassed.”

Linley and Delia were both very surprised.

He had come to apologize, just for that?

Could it be that a Deity was so courteous and pleasant?

“Mr. Muba, since you explain it so courteously, of course I won’t be upset about it,” Linley said with a calm laugh.

Muba quickly continued, “Mr. Linley, don’t worry. In a short period of time, I will resolve this issue of proselytizing. At least, within your Baruch Empire, you won’t find my religion again.” Muba’s attitude was very sincere.

Linley actually didn’t know what to say.

“Mr. Linley, I imagine that as you have only just reached the Deity level, there are a few things you don’t know yet. I’ll tell you a few common facts as a form of apology,” Muba said sincerely.

Given how he was acting, Linley found it hard to hold a grudge against this Muba.

Only, in his heart, Linley still felt puzzled... this Muba was perhaps being a bit too courteous. Linley had just reached the Deity level. There was no need for Muba to act in such a way.

“It is true that I have just reached the Deity level. I’d gladly welcome some advice from you, Mr. Muba,” Linley said.

Muba nodded slightly. “Upon reaching the Deity level, we can all be considered gods, now. To us, both our divine spark and our soul are very important. The divine spark is unbreakably strong, but the soul is very weak... I imagine that you, Mr. Linley, have also sensed the benefits of faith energy by now.”

Linley nodded slightly.

As soon as he had become a Deity, Linley had absorbed just a bit of faith energy. At that time, Linley didn’t sense much, but after the past half year, Linley could clearly sense that the faith energy was slowly fusing with his own spiritual energy, while at the same time forming a protective layer around his soul. But of course, to Linley, it seemed that this protective layer was extremely weak.

“Faith energy is exceedingly beneficial to the soul’s growth. At the same time, it will also protect the soul. When faith energy reaches an extremely powerful level, faith energy’s protection alone will be capable of blocking many soul

attacks.” Muba sighed.

Linley nodded slightly.

After all, he had only absorbed half a year’s worth of faith energy. The likes of the War God, who had absorbed five thousand years of faith energy, would have a far denser, deeper reservoir of faith energy than himself. The likes of Sovereigns, who absorbed faith energy from countless planes, had been doing so for trillions of years.

The amount of faith energy they had was surely at an astonishing level.

“Faith energy is extremely beneficial to us. You understand this as well. Next, I’ll explain some important common facts regarding divine artifacts. This will be extremely important to your future training.” Muba didn’t try to conceal anything at all. This ‘common knowledge’, however, for many experts who had just become Deities, was knowledge they would only gain after having suffered quite a few mishaps.

Divine Artifacts and Divinities

Hearing these words, Linley couldn't help but frown.

Important common facts about divine artifacts? Important to his future training?

"Divine artifacts are just a type of weapon. How could they impact training?" Linley was puzzled, but he didn't say anything. He just quietly listened to Muba's explanation. Actually, Linley wouldn't fully believe Muba's words.

Muba's arrival today was simply too strange.

According to what Linley knew, in the Four Higher Planes and the other major planes, experts engaged in battles against each other. How could they be so courteous? But since Muba was acting in such a way, Linley would naturally receive him with equal courtesy. He carefully listened to Muba's explanation.

"I trust that you, Mr. Linley, also know that divine artifacts are divided into low, middle, and high quality artifacts. Different divine artifacts have different levels of power." Muba looked at Linley.

Linley laughed. "Although I don't know too much, I have heard of divine artifacts being divided into several levels, and that they have differences in power. What of it? What are you trying to say by discussing this, Mr. Muba?"

Muba laughed. "Let's not discuss the differences in power between divine artifacts just yet. First, let me ask you, Mr. Linley. Do you know how divine artifacts are created?"

"I do not," Linley replied succinctly.

Linley found it harder and harder to understand the meaning of Muba's words.

"Linley, I am about to tell you... that actually, all divine artifacts, be they high- or low-level, are exactly the same when first created," Muba said with a calm

laugh. He paid attention to Linley's face, and indeed... it was as he had suspected.

Linley was very surprised.

"How can they be the same?" Linley was extremely puzzled.

In the Yulan continent, ordinary ores and valuable ores would naturally produce weapons of varied quality. But divine artifacts...

"The materials that divine artifacts are made from might have some differences, but generally speaking the differences aren't major," Muba explained in detail. "The level of a divine artifact isn't determined by its 'birth'; it is determined by the 'experiences' it has after being created."

"Experiences?" Linley didn't really understand.

The nearby Delia maintained her silence. She was also listening carefully.

"Right. For example, an ordinary divine artifact that was just created. It is very ordinary, very average. But if it is in the hands of a Highgod, one that treats this weapon like family and often uses his divine power and spiritual energy to nourish the divine artifact, as well as often uses it to battle... hundreds of millions of years later, that divine artifact will most likely have killed over a million Deities. By then, you would discover that this divine artifact has actually transformed into a high-level divine artifact."

Muba smiled as he looked at Linley.

Hearing this, Linley seemed to understand a bit.

"What do you think?" Muba laughed.

Linley felt as though he now dimly understood the meaning of Muba's earlier words; 'The level of a divine artifact isn't determined by its 'birth'; it is determined by the 'experiences' it has after being created'.

"How much of a difference can there be between divine artifacts in terms of what mineral ores were used to create them? But the baleful aura and 'spirit' of a divine artifact is determined by its experiences, and are formed slowly. Those things cannot possibly be granted by lifeless minerals," Muba continued.

Linley was beginning to understand.

“Baleful aura. Spirit?” Linley rather agreed with Muba’s explanation.

“People like us, after stepping onto the path of training, should understand how hard and arduous this road is. When we become Deities, it can be considered that we have succeeded to a certain extent already,” Muba said with a sigh. “Only, in the Seven Divine Planes and the Four Higher Planes... there are far too many Demigods like us.”

“Divine artifacts are what we rely on to protect ourselves and kill enemies,” Muba said solemnly.

Linley once again agreed with Muba’s explanation.

The soul was the fundamental part of a Deity!

What Deities in turn truly relied on was their insights in the Laws, as well as a suitable set of divine artifacts! Relying on divine artifacts and insights into the Laws, one could protect one’s self and deal with enemies.

“To truly become attuned to the spiritual nature of a divine artifact isn’t an easy task,” Muba continued. “Can it be, Linley, that you think that just by binding it with blood, you will be able to fully make the divine artifact yours?”

Linley looked at Muba in confusion.

Binding something by blood to become its master; this was common knowledge!

“Binding by blood is nothing more than showing that this divine artifact belongs to you. However, to truly make it one with your will isn’t that simple. You must understand... a divine artifact, especially one that has existed for countless years, has a spirit of its own.”

Muba said solemnly, “As an expert grows, his divine artifact will grow alongside him and his experiences. We must treat our divine artifacts as we would our family. We must make our spirits become as one over a long period of time. Divine artifacts that have killed many Deities will have extremely powerful spiritual natures, making it easier to use them once you are one with it.”

“For example, an expert who trains in the Way of Destruction might use an

ordinary divine artifact, but after using it for ten million years and killing many Deities, this divine artifact will become a divine artifact with a Destruction-style nature. For example... just by filling it with divine power, the divine artifact's vibrations alone can cause space to shatter and create spatial blades.

Linley's heart trembled.

Bloodviolet!

Bloodviolet was exactly like this. Linley only had to fill it with divine power, and Bloodviolet would not only create spatial fractures, it would also generate a humming sword song that could cause vibrations in the souls of others. Linley had been wondering this entire time about this. A divine artifact was nothing more than something formed from minerals; how, then, could it have such an unusual effect?

Now, it seemed, it was because of its 'spiritual nature'.

Compared to Bloodviolet, the adamantine heavy sword was much inferior.

Linley was already beginning to believe Muba's explanations.

"Let me make an example. A newly forged divine artifact is like an infant. What will the infant be like when it grows up? That depends on its future experiences. What we need to do is to cultivate it!" Muba explained. "Linley, if you have a powerful divine artifact, then what you need to do is make it acknowledge you."

Linley began to worry.

"What does Muba mean by saying this? Could it be that he knows that I have powerful divine artifacts?" Linley was still very suspicious regarding this visit by Muba. Hearing Muba's words, he became even more cautious.

"Mr. Muba, you said 'acknowledge'?" Linley looked at Muba.

Muba nodded slightly. "Powerful divine artifacts are exceedingly rare and valuable. This is because generally speaking, a Deity is only capable of protecting and cherishing one or two divine artifacts, valuing them like his own life. It's virtually impossible to make them give it up to someone else."

"Just now, I said that newly made divine artifacts are like infants, while those

very powerful divine artifacts are like adults. Powerful divine artifacts possess their own spirits, and are naturally powerful. But since they are already 'adults', it will be very hard for them to truly acknowledge another master."

"Only after it has truly acknowledged you will you be able to utilize its full power."

Linley listened intently to these words.

His adamantite heavy sword was most likely an 'infant' right now. He needed to spend time to nourish it and help it grow.

As for Bloodviolet, it was already an 'adult' with a soul of its own. It wouldn't so easily acknowledge him. Most likely, the person that Bloodviolet truly acknowledged was 'that one'... the devilish, purple-haired man who had nurtured it from an ordinary divine artifact to its current level of power.

Muba was finished with his explanations.

But his words had a major impact on Linley.

After all, one of the most important things to a person training on this path was his weapons.

"Acknowledge? Acknowledge how?" Linley asked.

"Hard to say." Muba frowned. "I can tell you a simple method. That method is... to often use your spiritual energy and divine power to nourish it. This is the most ordinary and most common way. Actually, to make a divine artifact that has a spirit acknowledge you as its master will require you to pay a high price."

"A divine artifact will be able to sense the love you bear it as well."

Muba laughed. "To put it simply, don't treat it as a lifeless weapon. Treat it as you would a living creature. As time goes on, I imagine that the divine artifact will eventually acknowledge you."

Linley nodded slightly.

Treat divine artifacts like living creatures!

"What if you are the first master of a divine artifact?" Linley asked.

"That's simple. Just keep nurturing and cultivating it. It will naturally and

completely acknowledge you,” Muba said with a laugh.

Linley suddenly had a thought...

His adamantine heavy sword didn't have to be bound with blood at all. That meant... it hadn't reached that level yet.

“If a weapon's quality makes it very close to a divine artifact in power, but isn't at the level of needing to be bound by blood, what then? After reaching the Deity level, can one continue to use this weapon?” Linley asked. He actually truly did have some affection towards his adamantine heavy sword.

He didn't want to give up the adamantine heavy sword. And, in terms of quality, it wasn't too far off either.

“Haha...”

Muba began to laugh loudly. “Linley, ‘binding by blood’ doesn't necessarily determine whether a weapon is good or not. For example, interspatial rings. In the Higher Planes, interspatial rings are as common as bags or sacks here in the Yulan continent. They are very ordinary. Interspatial rings need to be bound by blood, but does that mean they are powerful?”

Linley was stunned.

All these years, Linley had always believed that binding by blood was something that a weapon would only acquire after reaching the divine artifact stage. But now, from the sound of it, that was a mistake.

“Binding by blood is nothing more than a technique.” Muba laughed.

“For example, an ordinary blade, even just a wood cutting machete, in the hands of a Sovereign who often uses his Sovereign power and his spiritual energy to nourish it, after trillions of years... will most likely have transformed into a ‘Sovereign artifact’ which is beyond the level of ‘divine artifacts’!” Muba explained.

Linley's eyes lit up.

“Sovereign artifacts?” This was the first time Linley had heard him mention Sovereign artifacts.

“Right. Sovereign artifacts.” Muba laughed. “I forgot to tell you. The various

levels which divine artifacts can be divided into also are based on the power of the divine artifacts master. Some newly forged divine artifacts, if given to a Demigod to use and nurture who remains at the Demigod-level, most likely will only be a low-level divine artifact.”

“But a full God who nurtures it, as long as he spends time and effort on it, will allow it to become a middle-level divine artifact. From this, we can tell... that if a Sovereign wholeheartedly devotes himself to nurturing a weapon, then the weapon will most likely reach the Sovereign artifact level. As for what the weapon started off as, that really doesn’t matter much.”

Linley nodded slightly.

Muba could tell that this Linley most likely had a mortal, ordinary weapon.

Hearing Muba’s explanation, Linley felt at ease.

He didn’t need to change weapons, at least. Linley had been worried that if in the future, he grew too strong, if the adamantine heavy sword would perhaps be unsuited to high-level combat. But now, it seemed, there was no need... as Muba had put it, even an ordinary wood chopping machete, in the hands of a Sovereign, could become a Sovereign artifact with enough time and attention from the Sovereign.

“My adamantine heavy sword is much better than a wood chopping machete at least.”

Linley was in an excellent mood after hearing this.

“Mr. Linley, I won’t disturb you further. I’ll head back for now.” Muba laughed as he stood up.

Linley and Delia hurriedly stood up as well.

No matter what Muba’s intentions were, he had told Linley many things today. Linley felt very grateful towards him. In addition, Linley felt that what Muba had said was most likely real, based on Linley’s own experiences with Bloodviolet.

After Muba left.

“So the creation of a powerful divine artifact is so complicated.” Delia sighed.

Linley laughed. “Actually, that makes sense. Only if you wholeheartedly nurture it will a truly powerful divine artifact slowly be created. If just by relying on good materials and good forging skills, you could create a powerful divine artifact, then they would be all over the place.”

Linley had already made up his mind.

In the future, he would have to pay more attention to his adamantite heavy sword and Bloodviolet.

While he travelled on his path to the peak of training, his divine artifacts would grow alongside him...

A Wave of Refugees

Deep within Dragonblood Castle. Within the pocket dimension.

Linley was seated on the ground in the meditative posture, his adamantite heavy sword resting across his legs. Linley was currently using his spiritual energy to encompass and nourish it. He didn't dare to use his divine power yet. According to Linley's plan, when he later had a divine earth clone, he would have his divine earth clone wield this weapon.

Thus, he had to use earth-style divine power to nourish it, but right now, the only type of divine power in Linley's body was wind-type.

"Dong!" "Dong!" The unique throbbing pulse of the world thudded in Linley's mind.

After becoming a Deity and absorbing twenty million soul essences, at present, Linley's soul was already extremely powerful, and he could clearly sense the Throbbing Pulse of the World. Within Linley's mind, a visualization even came to mind; the heart of the world, which possessed a unique tempo.

With each beating tempo, a water-like ripple spread forth.

From the 64 Fused Waves to the 32 Fused Waves, Linley had only needed three months.

But from the 32 Fused Waves to the 16 Fused Waves, Linley had to spend one year and three months. And this was after Linley's soul had changed, with his hypothesizing and visualizing abilities increased a hundredfold.

"If I were at the Prime Saint level, most likely I would have had to spend over a hundred years before being able to transform the 32 Fused Waves to the 16 Fused Waves level."

Linley broke through to the 16 Fused Waves, but he didn't pause at all, continuing to train.

From the 16 Fused Waves to the 8 Fused Waves, all he had to do was fuse them in eight pairs of two. The number of fusions wasn't very high... but every single fusion was so complicated that Linley felt extreme difficulty.

Within Linley's mind.

Sixteen illusory adamantine heavy swords were constantly demonstrating various moves at various speeds. In every second, they transformed tens of thousands of times. This nonstop visualization resulted in occasional improvements, while at the same time he continued to attune with the sensations of the Throbbing Pulse of the World itself and the correct direction towards which he should try.

Complicated, vast.

"Only when I fuse it to the single wave will I have truly mastered the Throbbing Pulse of the World." The more he trained bitterly, the more Linley sighed to himself. "But with each level, the difficulty of fusing the waves yet again increases tenfold. From the 16 Fused Waves to the 8 Fused Waves, it will most likely take several years."

Linley didn't care too much about several years.

But Linley had the feeling that from the 8 Fused Waves to the 4 Fused Waves, it would take even longer. And then he would have to fuse them into the 2 Fused Waves, before the final destination of the Throbbing Pulse of the World, the single, true wave of the earth.

That last step was a barrier!

For the likes of Desri, that barrier had halted them for thousands of years.

"For them to all become one! I don't know how long it will be before I'll be able to completely comprehend the true Throbbing Pulse of the World." Linley was filled with anticipation towards the profound truths within the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World'. He had the feeling that once this profound truth was mastered, its power would definitely be exceptional.

Since his conversation with Muba, Linley had trained for another three years.

Within those three years, with regards to the Profound Truths of the Earth,

Linley was still stuck at the '16 Fused Waves' level of the Throbbing Pulse of the World. He worked hard to break through to the 8 Fused Waves level. As for the Profound Truths of Velocity, although he had some improvements, compared to the vastness of the Profound Truths of Velocity, his improvements didn't count for much.

“What the War God had originally said was very true. If one's understanding of the Elemental Laws were measured in percentages, then only after one mastered 10% of an Elemental Law would one become a full God. Right now, my understanding of the Profound Truths of Velocity is perhaps only a tenth of just the Profound Truths of Velocity, to say nothing of the Elemental Laws of the Wind.”

Linley was in no rush.

He had trained for just dozens of years. He knew that he should be satisfied with the amount of accomplishments he already had.

There were some poor people who had been stuck at the Prime Saint level for ten million years, after all.

Within these three years, the greatest breakthrough for Linley was...

In his soul!

After having absorbed twenty million soul essences, the quality of Linley's soul had risen dramatically, and his ability to control his soul was much stronger now as well. In particular, faith energy's nourishment allowed Linley's spiritual energy to be further purified and be controlled more easily.

In the past, Linley could only expand or contract his spiritual energy, but now, Linley could control it effortlessly.

For example...

Soul defense!

Linley was able to control a large amount of spiritual energy as if it were battle-qi, forming a 'Pulseguard Defense' via the usage of a large amount of spiritual energy that would form a spherical membrane around his sword-shaped soul, protecting it. This 'Pulseguard Defense' of spiritual energy was far

more powerful than the raw ‘patch’ of spiritual energy that Linley had used to defend himself in the past.

“In the past, it wasn’t that I didn’t have any idea of what I wanted to do. It was that I didn’t have enough control over my spiritual energy.”

Linley felt very moved.

A more powerful soul, as well as the transformation of his spiritual energy, did indeed bring many changes.

“Big bro,” Wharton’s voice rang out as he walked into the pocket dimension.

Linley opened his eyes.

“Big bro, the Yulan Festival will be in two days,” Wharton said. Linley and Delia would generally pause their training around the Yulan Festival. Linley and Delia, exchanging glances, rose to their feet, following Wharton out.



*

Yulan Festival. The most important holiday of the Yulan continent.

Even in times of war, generally speaking, during these days, there would be a temporary truce, allowing the warriors and commoners to enjoy the Yulan festival. However... right now, the citizens of the Rohault Empire were filled with terror, grief, and rage!

“Don’t be afraid, child. We’re almost there.” A thin woman, dressed in tattered clothes, carrying a child on her back, was running towards the north nonstop.

“Mother, where’s Father?” the five-or six-year-old child on her back asked with a confused look. “When will Father come to see us? I want to see Father.”

Hearing these words, the woman’s eyes turned red. “Be good. We’ll see Father soon.”

But the woman knew very well in her heart... that the two of them, mother and son, would never be able to see the child’s father again.

It wasn't just the two of them. There were many other fleeing people as well. The entire road was filled with people carrying their possessions and fleeing.

A wave of refugees!

Today was year 10044 of the Yulan calendar, January 1st. It should have been a day of celebration.

By now, the Baruch Empire and the Rohault Empire were separated at the Spring River. The Rohault Empire had two powerful Prime Saints, while on the Baruch Empire's side, Linley, despite being a Deity now, didn't want to hasten the speed of the battle.

The two sides had naturally thus fallen into a state of stalemate.

Over the past few years, the grand armies of the two sides had been separated by Spring River.

"You call this a war?" On the Baruch Empire's side, a sentry was grumbling. "I've been sent to the front lines for two years now, but I haven't killed a single enemy. All we do is stand guard, train, and rest... this is so boring."

"Isn't this great? People will die in wars." An older soldier next to him clearly didn't like wars.

"But wars will also have excitement. This sort of life is utterly boring," the younger soldier grumbled. Suddenly, he heard the sound of a commotion from the other side, and he hurriedly turned to look. "Hey, quick, take a look. What's going on, over on the opposite shore?" Actually, the two military camps of the two empires were separated by two or three kilometers of river water.

The sentries all moved forward.

"Refugees. So many refugees." The two soldiers were both shocked.

A large number of refugees streamed around the military camp, rushing towards a large bridge over the Spring River. Only, the bridge was guarded by the soldiers of both sides. However, there were simply too many refugees, and amongst them there were some powerful people as well.

Soon, the refugees charged through.

Actually, the soldiers on each side didn't try to stop them either.

“What is going on?” The two sentries were very puzzled.

“Who cares. As long as these refugees don’t attack the military camp, don’t bother with them.” With battle having ground to a halt for two years, the soldiers of the two sides weren’t too cautious. Generally speaking, refugees who didn’t charge the military camps wouldn’t be attacked either.

They were just some refugees.

However...

Ever since that day, one wave of refugees after another passed through the border between the two countries, from the Rohault Empire to the Baruch Empire. The numbers grew greater and greater, attracting the attention of the Baruch Empire. But when they began to investigate, they discovered something astonishing.

Within Dragonblood Castle.

Just a few days after the Yulan festival was over, Cena came to visit Linley from the imperial capital.

“Uncle, starting a few days ago, there has been a nonstop flow of refugees from the Rohault Empire to our empire’s borders. The number of people coming is simply astonishing.” Cena took a deep breath. “The most important thing is, it isn’t just the citizens of the Rohault Empire. Even many soldiers are fleeing to our Baruch Empire.”

“Huh? What’s this all about?”

Linley was puzzled.

The citizens might be fleeing to his side because of danger, but soldiers were under strict supervision. Any who were caught fleeing would be put to death.

“Cena, speak clearly.” Wharton was there as well.

Cena nodded. “I can put it like this. Citizens and some soldiers are moving in streams. Some fleeing to our empire, others fleeing to the Yulan Empire. The morale of the citizens of the Rohault Empire has been completely destroyed!”

“What’s going on?” Linley, hearing this, was shocked.

The morale of the citizens had been completely destroyed? Everyone in the empire was fleeing in all directions? This was unheard of.

When he had first arrived in the Anarchic Lands, at that time the Anarchic Lands were engaged in constant warfare, but there still hadn't been this sort of a large-scale wave of refugees who fled in every which way. After all, people had some affection towards their homelands. If they had any options at all, they wouldn't leave them behind.

"Did you investigate what this is about?" Linley asked.

"We're not sure. But we did find out one thing, and this one thing, by itself, was enough to make me feel horrified to the bones." Cena's eyes were filled with amazement.

Cena took a deep breath. "Based on our investigations, many of the cities of the Rohault Empire have already turned into dead cities. The situation is very similar to what the situation in our Bluelion City had been. Only, this time, the situation is a hundred, no, a thousand times as severe... and it should have happened recently."

"Dead cities?"

Linley instantly thought of that Deity he had killed.

"Can it be yet another Deity who trains in the Edicts of Death and is absorbing a large amount of souls?"

Linley was somewhat puzzled. Zassler had said before that refining souls was an extremely difficult process. Even most full Gods weren't capable of such a thing. But a Deity who trained in the Edicts of Death was a very rare thing; it was quite rare for a plane to have a single one. And now there was one?

What's more...

Linley had killed the last one. If there was yet another Deity who trained in the Edicts of Death, wouldn't he be afraid that Linley would deal with him as well?

"Or perhaps, is it that this hidden culprit is extremely confident?" Linley was far more powerful than he was three years ago.

His soul was much stronger, and his spiritual energy could now form into a spiritual 'Pulseguard Defense'. Given that translucent scaly membrane's defense of his soul... Linley had a degree of confidence in dealing with other Deities.

"According to our rough estimates, the population of the dead cities of the Rohault Empire add up to nearly a hundred million." Even Cena, when saying this number, felt a cold shudder.

The death of a hundred thousand people in Bluelion City was already astonishing.

A hundred million?

"I'll personally go investigate this affair." Linley's heart was filled with fury. "These Deities from other planes don't treat the people of our Yulan continent as human beings at all. A hundred million? The entire Rohault Empire has only a few hundred million."

Currently, the War God and the High Priest were not present. The human experts of the Yulan continent at the Deity level were only Linley and Desri. The Yulan continent's plane was their homeland! How could Linley possibly forbear and permit these experts from other planes to wantonly slaughter people here?

"I'm heading out." Linley couldn't sit still for a minute longer. After saying those words to Wharton and the others, he flew out of Dragonblood Castle, then began to fly to the south.

Accepting the Heavy Burden

Linley's sudden departure caused the group of people in Dragonblood Castle to feel rather worried.

"Father, is the reason Uncle left just now because he is going to go search for...?" Cena said softly.

Although he didn't finish the words, everyone in the hall understood. They, too, suspected that the culprit behind the large-scale appearance of dead cities in the Rohault Empire was a Deity. If Linley were to fight against another Deity, what would the result be?

"I know my big brother's temper very well." Wharton furrowed his brows. "Although he doesn't like to get involved in things that have nothing to do with him, he definitely will not shirk from any of his responsibilities."

Right. Linley's responsibilities!

Everyone in the hall, Delia included, nodded slightly.

Right now, aside from the human Deities in the Necropolis of the Gods, the only human Deities in the Yulan continent were Linley and Desri. Linley and Desri, as Deities, stood at the very peak of mankind in this plane.

To Linley and Desri, the Yulan continent was their root and foundation!

Their homeland!

Deities from other planes had descended onto their homeland and had begun to wantonly slaughter humans.

At a time like this, as Deities, Linley and Desri absolutely had to stand out. If even they stayed hidden and only protected themselves... then didn't that mean that the humans of the Yulan continent would be slaughtered freely by those experts who had fled from the Gebados Planar Prison?

“At a time like this, all we can do is rely on Lord Linley and Lord Desri,” Cena said softly.

In front of Deities, even Saints had to lower their heads. Only other Deities such as Linley and Desri were able to hinder them.



*

Within the quiet mountain village where Desri was living.

Linley’s sudden arrival naturally was a source of great joy to Desri’s people. Reynolds, as well, hadn’t seen Linley for a long period of time. He wanted to have a good chat with Linley, but this time, Linley had come on an important mission. Nobody dared to get involved, allowing Linley and Desri to speak in detail.

Within the mountain residence.

The warbling of the springs could be heard. Linley and Desri were seated facing each other.

The two of them were currently the two most powerful humans of the Yulan continent plane.

“What!!!” Desri suddenly rose to his feet. Linley had just started to speak, but Desri was already shocked.

Linley’s face was heavy, and he nodded. “Right. The citizens of many cities in the Rohault Empire have been utterly slaughtered, and the cities are now dead cities. You should know that this happened in the Baruch Empire before as well, but this time, too many cities have died. In just a short period of time, the total number of deaths has exceeded a hundred million!”

Desri’s eyes were filled with shock. “A hundred million. If they had to be killed one at a time, how long would that take?”

A hundred million!

A simple number to say. A single town usually had around ten thousand people in it. This represented ten thousand small towns.

“Linley, what do you think we should do?” Desri looked at Linley.

Linley rose to his feet. His eyes seemed to be blazing with fire. His voice couldn't help but turn clear and loud. “What we should do? Desri, regardless of what happens between the empires of the Yulan continent, these are the affairs of our Yulan continent! Internal affairs!”

“The Yulan continent is our root! I definitely will not permit those Deities of other planes to engage in this sort of wide-scale slaughter here. What do they take our place to be? A butchery?”

Linley's heart was filled with fury.

Linley stared at Desri. “Desri, are you planning to just hide here?”

Desri's gaze turned sharp and fierce as well. “Linley, what the hell do you think you are saying? Right now, O'Brien and the others are in the Necropolis of the Gods. Amongst the humans of the Yulan continent, only we two Deities are currently present. Do you actually think I would hide away at a time like this?”

“A hundred million were killed this time. Who knows how many more will be killed next time? A hundred million? A billion? The entire Yulan continent only has a population of a few billion. Most likely, within a few decades, the entire Yulan continent would become entirely devoid of human life,” Desri said in a harsh, serious voice. “Linley, there are some things that must be done. A long life isn't necessarily a good one.”

“The Yulan continent is our base. I naturally will stand out to defend it.”

Desri's voice was very firm.

Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face. Desri laughed as well.

The two experts now understood what each other was thinking.

They actually weren't afraid of death. What they were afraid of was dying like a blade of wild grass, to no purpose whatsoever.

To be able to train in the Elemental Laws to the point of becoming Deities meant that both Linley and Desri had extremely strong wills. If they set their mind to something, even if they died, they would accomplish it. If a person had fallen to such straits that even his homeland had become someone else's

butcher shop without him doing anything about it, then that would be a life worse than death.



*

The setting sun shone down upon the fleeing refugees on the desolate road, stretching out their shadows. Tattered clothes, dirty and thin faces, eyes filled with both fear as well as hope for the future. They worked hard to move towards the north.

In mid-air.

Linley and Desri, shoulder to shoulder, came to a halt. By now, Linley and Desri had entered the borders of the Rohault Empire.

“Let’s go down and take a look. Let’s ask those refugees. Perhaps we can get a truer understanding of the situation,” Desri said. Ever since they had crossed over the border into the Rohault Empire, Linley and Desri’s faces had lost their smiles. Their faces were very solemn.

The Rohault Empire was in a state of utter chaos.

A wind arose, then dispersed. Linley and Desri appeared in the midst of some wild grass by the side of that desolate road, then strode from the grass onto the road. On this road, there were many fleeing refugees. Nobody paid attention to Linley and Desri.

“How much suffering have they endured?” Desri looked at the dim, terrified looks in the eyes of those refugees, sighing as he spoke.

Linley had the same feeling in his heart.

Linley’s gaze suddenly fell on a muscular youngster. That youngster’s gaze was resolved, and on his back he was carrying an ancient, silver-haired old lady. Amongst the hundreds of people present, Linley felt that only this youth seemed to have a bit more spirit, and Linley could also tell at a glance that he was a warrior of the fifth rank.

Linley immediately walked over, and Desri followed him.

Seeing Linley and Desri walk over, the youth instantly looked at the two of them warily. “Milords, what do you need?” This muscular youth had some worldly experience, and he could sense that these two people in front of him were not ordinary.

“My friend, I want to ask you a question. What exactly has happened, to cause you all to flee like this?” Linley’s attitude was very gentle.

Hearing these words, the muscular youth was actually a bit puzzled. “Many of the citizens of our Rohault Empire have been slaughtered, milords. I imagine every refugee knows this. Why do you ask me?”

“I, too, know that many citizens have been slaughtered, and that the number is very high. I am just puzzled. For so many people to have been slaughtered, this shouldn’t have been something that happened just a day or two ago. Why is it that you are only fleeing now, after so many people were killed?”

Linley had been wondering about this the entire time.

A hundred million people.

A Saint, even one who killed hundreds of thousands of people each day, would still have to spend several months in slaughter. News of the ‘dead city’ events should have spread very quickly. How could the citizens have waited for over a hundred million to be slaughtered before they began a wide-scale refugee flight?

He had asked Cena this earlier, but all Cena could say was that they hadn’t had a chance to investigate this yet.

Hearing these words, the muscular youth couldn’t help but reveal a bitter smile on his face. “Milords, if you asked an ordinary person, they probably really wouldn’t know the answer.” As he spoke, the muscular youth let out a long sigh. Linley and Desri’s eyes couldn’t help but light up.

Clearly, this muscular youth knew some secrets.

“Please tell us,” Desri said.

The muscular youth didn’t know that the two in front of him were Deities. His eyes were filled with a hint of pain and helplessness. “This isn’t a major secret.

When I was stationed in the Barrow Legion, many people there knew about this.”

The Barrow Legion?

How could reclusive experts like Linley and Desri pay attention to the legions of an empire?

“Roughly three years ago, our Barrow Legion, a legion of roughly three hundred thousand people, was divided into many smaller units. We were sent to various intersections throughout the southern reaches of the empire. Our order was that we were to be stationed there, and that nobody was to be permitted to pass through. Anyone who dared to pass through would be killed.

Desri and Linley were secretly shocked.

They somewhat understood now.

This was why the massacre had claimed a hundred million lives before everything had exploded into chaos.

“At first, we didn’t understand either. Although there were a few people who wanted to pass through the intersections we controlled, and they talked about ‘dead cities’, we soldiers viewed carrying out our orders as paramount. When they tried to pass, we immediately killed them.”

“Initially, when we killed the first two, we didn’t pay attention. But later, one time... one of the people who wanted to flee through our intersection was the good friend of our senior captain. For the sake of our senior captain, we didn’t immediately kill him. But who would’ve thought that this person told us that many cities throughout the southern regions of the empire had been massacred. In the hometown of our senior captain, the only survivor was that friend. The only reason he had survived was because that day, he had went boar-hunting in the mountains, and thus he had escaped that calamity.”

As the muscular youth spoke, his voice shook.

“By then, we had been stationed there for two full months,” The muscular youth said bitterly. “At that time, our entire unit was stunned. The senior captain immediately sent someone to investigate in the nearby cities. And the result was... well, you should know.”

The muscular man shook his head. “We were preparing to inform the other units, but then we found out that we weren’t the first to make this discovery. Another unit had made this discovery before us.”

Linley and Desri now both understood.

When Saints moved to exterminate a city, when they spread out their spiritual energy to cover the place, generally speaking nobody would escape their notice. The lucky survivors would generally... be like that person who was boar-hunting at night. Only when they returned to the city would they realize what happened.

Thus, the number of escapees was extremely low.

But there were so many possible corridors of escape. A single Legion had many subunits. All of them were stationed in separate intersections, and most likely, each of them would only encounter two or three lucky survivors, but most of those lucky survivors would be slaughtered.

After all. Obeying orders was paramount.

“After learning everything, all the brothers in our unit revolted. Our parents, our spouses, or children were all dead. The people in our homeland were all dead. What was the point of us brothers staying in the army?” The muscular youth was somewhat angry as well. “Compared to those brothers of mine, my luck was a bit better. My homeland wasn’t in the south, and so my family members managed to avoid this calamity.”

The muscular youth turned to look at the old lady he was carrying on his back, his face revealing a hint of concern.

“Thank you,” Linley said sincerely.

At this moment, Linley and Desri’s hearts felt so cold. They could all guess how this came about.

Many cities were massacred, and most likely, there were still more Saints flying in the air, from city to city, killing those lucky survivors. Those who managed to flee to the army camps were extremely rare. But something like this couldn’t be hidden forever.”

“From what this youth said, this slaughter seemed to have been going on for two months,” Linley made this hypothesis.

Linley and Desri glanced at each other. Both of them quietly snuck back into the wild grass by the road, and then the two of them shot into the air, flying towards the south at high speed. Linley and Desri both had new targets.

“What we need to do is to find those Saints located within the Rohault Empire.” Linley was very certain that the Saints within the Rohault Empire would definitely be aware of a major event like this.

In fact...

These events should have been carried out by Saints.

After all, it wasn't too likely that a Deity would personally go from city to city slaughtering people. Linley expected that a Deity would control and order some Saints to go carry this out. What they needed to do was to find out some information about this Deity from the Saints.

Know thy enemy, know thy self. Only then would one win every battle.

Claws and Fangs

As they flew in midair, Linley directly began to search using his divine sense.

“Southeast.” Linley quickly discovered the nearest Saint. “This Saint’s aura is very unique, and his appearance is also strange. He isn’t human.”

“Let’s find him then.” A cold, fierce look flashed through Desri’s eyes. “Hrmph. There is a better than 90% chance that these Saints from other planes obey the commands of that hidden Deity. If they didn’t engage in slaughter, there is no way they would be able to live so comfortably in the Rohault Empire.”

Linley nodded slightly.

If this person wasn’t willing to be in cahoots with that Deity, he most likely would have fled long ago. How could he still be staying in the Rohault Empire?

Linley and Desri flew straight towards that foreign Saint at high speed.

A skinny, black-skinned man with a turban around his head was currently lying comfortably upon a reclining chair. Next to him were beautiful maids who were respectfully holding platters of fruit out to him. The skinny man had a hint of a smile on his face, but these maids were extremely nervous.

They all knew that their master’s temper was very bizarre. Although he was laughing very merrily right now, sometimes he would brutally begin to whip and abuse them.

“This sort of life is wonderful.” The black-skinned man let out a sigh of content.

He had arrived in the Yulan continent plane four years ago. His life in the Yulan continent was thousands of times more enjoyable than it had been in the Gebados Planar Prison. In that place, he was a low-level person, but here in the Yulan continent, he easily controlled the lives and deaths of others.

“I came a bit later. Many of those fellows arrived six years ago.” The skinny

man actually felt a bit dissatisfied.

In the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, that fog-shrouded valley was a place where reality was unstable. Generally speaking, Demigods were capable of ripping through space and arriving at the Yulan continent. Even just Saints by themselves were capable of ripping open that tear and arriving in the Yulan continent, if eight of them joined forces.

“Um, you, come over.” The skinny man’s gaze swept towards a nearby serving maid.

That serving maid instantly knelt down respectfully, raising the fruit platter up high. Only now did that skinny man happily take a piece of fruit, gnawing it contentedly. In his heart, he said to himself, “Who would’ve thought that I, Bloom, would also be able to enjoy these things. In the Gebados Planar Prison, fruits were things that only Deities could enjoy.”

Only when there was a contrast would one know how lucky one was.

Only after one had lost something did one know how to treasure it!

Bloom, in his original plane, had been a major figure as well, but when he had power, he didn’t care too much about it.

After having been trapped in Gebados for so long though, he had learned how to enjoy power.

“Huh?” Bloom’s eyes suddenly realized that two people had appeared within the main hall. Bloom was instantly terrified. He was a Prime Saint, but these two had appeared in his main hall out of nowhere. He stared at them, only to find...

Bloom suddenly rose to his feet.

“Milords, who are you?” Bloom’s attitude was extremely respectful.

Bloom had a strange feeling, as though he had once more returned to Gebados. This was the feeling he got when facing a Deity; that he had to be extremely subservient. The people in front of Bloom were Linley and Desri.

“What is Master...” The serving maids were shocked. They had personally witnessed how powerful their master was.

“Let them leave,” Desri spoke.

Bloom immediately looked at those serving maids, urging them to leave with his gaze. The maids nervously, carefully left. While leaving, all of them secretly glanced at Linley and Desri with curiosity and fear.

What sort of a person could cause their master to be so terrified?

“We are from the Yulan plane,” Linley spoke.

Bloom was stunned.

But in the next instant, he realized what this man wearing a sky-blue robe meant. Clearly, they already knew where he was from.

“You should know what our trip here is regarding, yes?” Linley and Desri’s expressions were cold.

Bloom’s heart shook. Could it be...?

Bloom forced out a smile. “Milords, I don’t know why...”

“Hrmph.” Linley let out a cold, angry snort. “Don’t tell me you don’t know what has been happening during this period of time in the Rohault Empire. Speak. Which Deity directed the deaths of those hundred million people from behind the scene?”

Bloom’s heart lurched. He wanted to speak, but he didn’t dare to. He knew exactly how terrifying that Deity was.

“Milords, I’m only a Prime Saint. How would I...”

“WHAP!”

A palm slapped directly on Bloom’s face, who was knocked flying away like a ripped sandbag, spewing blood everywhere. Even several of his teeth fell out. His body spun in midair several times before collapsing to the ground.

“So fast.” Bloom was secretly amazed. He didn’t even see the move being made.

Linley glanced at Bloom coldly, then said calmly, “If you don’t tell us, you will die right now. If you do tell us... that Deity might not necessarily kill you.”

“Milords, I’ll tell, I’ll tell.” In front of Linley and Desri, Bloom didn’t dare to put

on any airs at all. He immediately said, “This affair of killing many humans and collecting their souls was done completely at the direction of Lord Beaumont.”

“Beaumont?” Linley and Desri exchanged a glance.

Yet another foreign name.

Yet another Deity!

Desri said coldly, “Beaumont. I imagine that this Beaumont wouldn’t personally go kill the humans, right?”

Bloom hesitated slightly, but upon hearing Linley’s cold snort, he hurriedly said, “Of course Lord Beaumont wouldn’t personally act. He ordered many Saints to go act on his behalf. Everyone who helped Lord Beaumont would receive some benefits.” Bloom now somewhat realized that these men in front of him most likely were looking to make trouble for Beaumont.

“Many Saints. I imagine you were amongst them.” Desri sneered.

“No, not, not me,” Bloom hurriedly said. Bloom was terrified that these people would instantly kill him in fury. How would he dare admit to participating?

Linley let out a cold laugh. Actually, this topic was entirely pointless. After all, they hadn’t been present.

“Fine. I’ll ask you. Where is Beaumont?” Linley barked.

Bloom shook his head, lost.

“Hm?” Linley’s face changed, and he stared at Bloom coldly. “It seems you really are quite loyal to Beaumont.”

Bloom’s face changed dramatically. He hurriedly said, “I really don’t know. Milords, I’m telling the truth. I only know one thing. Lord Beaumont usually doesn’t live at the Yulan continent. He lives in the boundless seas.”

Linley and Desri glanced at each other, both feeling that the situation just grew tricky.

The seas?

Although Linley had absorbed twenty million soul essences and his divine

sense was powerful, Linley's divine sense still only encapsulated an area of ten thousand kilometers. In the Yulan continent, that was fairly large. But in the endless seas, it was nothing at all. In addition, who knew if Beaumont was on the surface of the ocean, or in the bottom?

"How do you usually communicate?" Desri snapped.

"We don't communicate..." Bloom said hurriedly.

"Enough bullshit," Linley said coldly. "You are able to stay in the Rohault Empire. How could you have no connection to Beaumont at all? If you keep on lying to us, you know what the consequences will be." Linley was already furious. He could tell that this Bloom wasn't telling the complete truth.

The best way to lie was to mix in truth amongst the lies.

Bloom was terrified. Instantly, he replied honestly, "Milords, Lord Beaumont is extremely cautious. He usually just reaches out to us through his divine sense, one at a time, to arrange us to work for him. He has promised us that after the Gold Soul-Pearls have been refined, we will get part of the benefits."

Gold Soul-Pearl?

Linley began to understand. Refining soul essences didn't necessarily require a specific amount of souls.

For example, twenty million soul essences could be refined into a two-or three-centimeter-thick Gold Soul-Pearl, but a million soul essences could also be refined into smaller Gold Soul-Pearls.

"This Beaumont is also capable of refining souls?" Linley finally asked the question he wanted to ask.

There should only be very few Demigods who trained in the Edicts of Death.

"Lord Beaumont isn't capable of refining souls," Bloom said with certainty. "We all know this. We have heard that amongst the Demigods, only the Grand Warlock is able to refine souls, but I heard that the Grand Warlock died three years ago." Bloom had stayed in the Gebados Prison for a long time, and he knew many things.

Linley instantly understood that this 'Grand Warlock' was the person he had

killed.

“If he isn’t capable of refining it, why is he collecting souls?” Desri asked directly.

“I don’t know the answer to that either,” Bloom replied.

“How often does that Beaumont reach out to you people?” Linley asked coldly.

Bloom said hurriedly, “Generally speaking, every four to five days.” He didn’t dare to tell the complete truth; the reason it was every four to five days was because Beaumont would order them to hand over the now-filled soul crystals, while handing over empty ones.

“How is Beaumont’s power, compared to the Grand Warlock?” Linley asked.

Bloom laughed bitterly. “They are all Deities. To the likes of us, they are all so far above us. I’m not certain, but I have heard that Lord Beaumont is somewhat more powerful.”

Linley and Desri exchanged glances, communicating to each other.

“Fine,” Linley said to Bloom. “Remember. The next time Beaumont contacts you, inform him to come meet me at Dragonblood Castle. I imagine... he can guess who is looking for him.” Linley didn’t try to hide his identity.

After all...

All of the Deities present knew that right now, the only human Deities in the Yulan continent were Linley and Desri. There was no need to spell it out.

“Yes. I will definitely remember to do so.” Bloom lowered his head in terror and respect.

But by the time he lifted his head, Linley and Desri had already disappeared from within the main hall. Only now did Bloom dare to let out a long sigh. “My life is saved, for now.”

Beaumont was actually hiding in the boundless seas? It truly would be difficult to locate him. Linley and Desri were forced to temporarily choose to go back. On the way back, Linley and Desri both felt vexed by the question of how to deal with Beaumont.

“Linley, you say we should kill him?” Desri looked at Linley. “First of all, that Beaumont is stronger than that so-called ‘Grand Warlock’. But we are Deities who have just reached the Demigod stage; how can we compare to him? If we are to act against him, our chances of success are not high.”

Linley continued to listen.

Desri said seriously, “That’s the first problem. The second problem is, even if we are able to kill Beaumont, I imagine we will still be badly injured. In addition, we don’t know how many Deities are currently in the Yulan continent. If we are able to kill Beaumont, that will be a good thing. If we are instead killed by him, then... there won’t be a single person capable of posing a threat to those Deities from other planes.”

Linley nodded.

This was indeed a problem.

Actually, the Yulan continent had another person present. Beirut. But Beirut was a magical beast Deity! To magical beasts, there wasn’t much of a difference between humans and other races. When Dylin had exploded forth from the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts on the Apocalypse Day, how many humans had died?

What’s more...

Beirut had already said that his requirement was that no one was to cause trouble in the Eighteen Northern Duchies or in the Forest of Darkness. He never said that those foreign experts were forbidden from massacring humans.

“The most important issue is still that we are not strong enough, and that there are too few Deities present,” Desri frowned as he spoke. “Unless all else fails, it is best if we don’t fight Beaumont to the death.” Although this conclusion was rather hard to swallow, the truth was the enemy was simply too strong.

If they weren’t able to kill the enemy and were instead killed, wouldn’t the humans of the entire Yulan continent be doomed?

“Even if we don’t kill him, we have to demand that he leave the Yulan continent, and also hand over all of the soul essences he took. Otherwise... I

want to see if I'm able to kill him or not." Linley wasn't like Desri; he was far more powerful than he had been three years ago.

Desri looked at Linley, wanting to say something.

But suddenly...

Both Linley and Desri turned to stare towards the north.

"Yet another person has become a Deity?" Linley and Desri's eyes were filled with shock. The descent of those natural Laws once again enveloped the Yulan continent. Even at a great distance, the descent would cause some ripples, which Linley and Desri were naturally capable of sensing.

Olivier Has Arrived

“Who just became a Deity?” Linley suddenly thought of multiple possibilities.

“I hope it isn’t a Saint from the foreign planes,” Desri said softly. Hearing Desri’s words, Linley nodded as well. In the Yulan continent, the native Deities were already in the minority. If this person who just became a Deity was also one of the outsider Deities...

Then their situation would become even worse.

“Desri, come. Let’s go take a look and see who has become a Deity,” Linley said.

Desri hesitated, but then laughed as well. “Right. Let’s go take a look and see who was so lucky as to break through.” With regards to those Demigods who had reached that level thousands or tens of thousands of years ago, they were still a bit worried, but they weren’t too afraid of new Deities.

Linley and Desri instantly flew towards the north at high speed.

Desri was skilled at high-speed movement as well. After having become a Deity, his speed reached an astonishing level. Although he wasn’t a match for Linley, as the two flew together, they only needed a short amount of time before arriving in the air above the Forest of Darkness. At this moment, they both could sense that the natural Laws and the ripples had vanished.

“The north, and very far away.” Linley frowned.

He had just spread out his divine sense, but it was only able to stretch to the edges of the North Sea. It was still quite a distance off from the source of the ripples.

“Could it be that it was at the Arctic Icecap?” Desri guessed.

Since it was to the far north of the Yulan continent, there were two

possibilities. The first was the North Sea, while the second was the Arctic Icecap. Linley and Desri were both very curious. Who had become a Deity? Aside from curiosity, Linley also felt a hint of anticipation.

He hoped that the person who had become a Deity belonged to the Yulan continent's side.

"Desri, I've never gone to the Arctic Icecap yet. Would you mind taking a trip there with me?" Linley turned his head and chuckled towards Desri.

"Of course not." Desri was going to suggest the same thing.

Immediately, Linley and Desri transformed into blurs, streaking across the sky and flying at high speed towards the Arctic Icecap.

In the Yulan plane, the Yulan continent itself actually took up only a small portion of the space. From north to south, the size of the continent was roughly just twenty thousand kilometers. Even from east to west, which was much longer, the distance was only thirty thousand kilometers or so. Compared to the seas, there was a huge difference.

Forget about the South Sea; the South Sea could completely be described as endless.

Ten thousand Yulan continents would take up less than a tenth of the South Sea.

The North Sea, by contrast, was much smaller, but it was still much larger than the Yulan continent.

"Whooooosh." A cold wind blew.

The further north they went, the colder it became. In addition, this was still January. It was the coldest season. Even at Linley's speed, they had to fly for several hours before they were able to see that utterly white, distant Arctic Icecap.

Linley and Desri landed at the edge of the Arctic Icecap.

"The Arctic Icecap truly is an astonishing sight." Linley sighed in praise.

This place was too cold. The cold wind felt like 'wind blades'. Weaker warriors who arrived in this place would be 'chopped' to pieces by the wind. But of

course, to Linley and Desri, the cold wind was nothing at all.

The Arctic Icecap was formed from one enormous iceberg after another.

In the Yulan continent, mountains that were over ten kilometers high were quite rare, but here, icebergs that were over ten kilometers high were commonplace. There was sunlight in the Arctic Icecap, but the sunlight here didn't carry any warmth with it.

The wind, which constantly blew pieces of ice about, made the world seem so grey and indistinct.

"So the one who became a Deity really was Olivier." Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face.

"You've found him?" Desri's face instantly revealed a look of wild joy. Desri, despite having trained for thousands of years, in terms of soul strength, was far inferior to Linley, who had absorbed twenty million soul essences.

This was the reason why Beaumont and the Grand Warlock wanted to refine soul essences so badly.

"Come with me." Linley flew in a straight line towards the northeast, and Desri followed behind him.

After flying for roughly several thousand kilometers, Linley and Desri arrived at the base of an enormous iceberg, roughly a hundred thousand meters tall. By now, Desri had also discovered that Olivier was living deep within this enormous iceberg. At this moment, a man with long silvery white hair walked out from a tunnel within the enormous iceberg.

"Linley, Desri, please come in." Olivier actually had a hint of a smile on his face.

Linley and Desri were both shocked.

Olivier's hair had been a mix of black and white, but currently, Olivier's hair was silvery white. In addition, the current Olivier's aura was very close to 'light'.

"Olivier, you reached the Demigod-level through the Laws of Light?" Desri spoke out.

Olivier didn't respond. He only nodded.

Linley and Desri immediately flew down and followed Olivier into the tunnel. This ice cave was extremely deep. Linley and Desri made many turns and curves within it, and occasionally flew downwards... after flying for a few dozen kilometers, they arrived at Olivier's abode.

"It's so cold here." Desri sighed.

Olivier lived deep within the enormous iceberg. It truly was very cold here. It was dozens of times colder than in the outside areas of the Arctic Icecap.

"Drip drop."

There was a pool of water nearby. The ice above it actually had green drops of water dripping down into it, which emanated an astonishing cold.

"This is the coldest place in the entire Arctic Icecap," Olivier said with a laugh. "In the past, I continuously dug deeper. You don't know how tough the ice in the deepest parts of this place is. It definitely is comparable to some extremely valuable ores. After digging for a long time, I finally dug to the core. Which is to say, this place..."

Olivier pointed towards that pool of water.

"My mystic icesword came from that freezing pool as well." For there to be a pool of water in such an astonishingly cold place was already quite bizarre. But it actually had this mystic icesword within it? Linley and Desri were both guessing that this mystic icesword had to have had a major history behind it.

"Come, let's sit inside."

Olivier led Linley and Desri into a large hall that he had dug out.

"Ah?" Linley and Desri were both shocked.

Within this hall, there was another Olivier, with a head full of long black hair. The white-haired Olivier walked over, and then fused into one with the black-haired Olivier. The two Oliviers became one, and then his hair became gray.

Bizarre!

"Olivier, I didn't expect," Linley and Desri both began to laugh, "That not only did you reach the Deity-level in the Laws of Light, you also became a Deity in the Laws of Darkness. Amazing, amazing!"

“Right, where is your original body?” Desri immediately asked.

For Olivier to be able to create two divine clones meant that, with his original body added in, he should have three bodies.

“I made the decision to have one divine spark go into my body, while the other one went outside,” Olivier said calmly. “I don’t want to train in any other Laws. As long as I can train to the limit in both the Laws of Light and the Laws of Darkness, that will be enough for me.”

Linley and Desri both nodded secretly.

Since he had chosen to train in just those two Elemental Laws, there truly was no need for him to have three bodies. If he had done that, his soul would have been split into three pieces. By making his current decision, Olivier only had to split his soul in half.

Puzzled, Linley asked, “Olivier, what about your hair? When you became a Deity in two different aspects, you should have silvery white hair when you are using your divine light clone. When you are using your divine darkness clone, you should have black hair. Why is it that when you fuse the two, this is the result?”

“Because...”

Olivier laughed calmly. “After my two bodies fuse, I can fuse light divine power alongside darkness divine power and use them together. As for my hair, it’s just formed from divine power. I can make it look like whatever I like.

Linley and Desri didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. They hadn’t imagined that Olivier would have this side to him.

But they were very surprised. Linley knew very well that it was impossible to combine two different types of energy. For Olivier to have accomplished it undoubtedly meant that his power had dramatically increased.

“Olivier, can you tell us how you accomplished this?” Desri hesitated for a long while before asking.

Olivier glanced at him, but still answered. “Linley, remember my duel against Haydson? You were watching back then.”

“I remember.” Linley nodded. Haydson had nearly killed Olivier, but ten years or so later, Olivier had gone to challenge him again, and this time had killed Haydson with a single blow.

“That time, I was in a coma for several months. After waking up, I was able to fuse the two types of power and use them together.” Olivier said it very simply, but this answer caused Linley and Desri to both feel astonished. Even if others knew the way, they couldn’t possibly duplicate it.

Linley began to understand as well.

Many people had been puzzled as to why Olivier had been in a coma for so many months after being badly wounded by Haydson.

This was because no matter how badly damaged the body was, light-style healing magic could repair it. So why was Olivier still in a coma? It wasn’t strange for a Saint to die, but for a Saint to be in a coma for months was something one might not see in ten thousand years. Nobody had known, back then, why he was in a coma.

But now, they somewhat understood.

“That coma had something to do with his soul. Most likely, it is the reason for why Olivier’s soul is so special now.” Linley still remembered how the Beholder King had attempted to freeze Olivier’s soul, only to fail.

Linley glanced at Olivier. “I wager this Olivier has left out some of the details. This transformation of his souls definitely impacts the way in which he trains in the profound mysteries of these two opposite Laws.” Linley understood this, but naturally, he wouldn’t inquire into someone else’s training methods.

It was enough for one to train himself properly.

“Olivier, we have come on an important mission, this time.” Linley went straight to the point, describing what had happened in the Rohault Empire to Olivier, as well as the situation in the Yulan continent in general.

Olivier, listening to this, frowned. “I didn’t expect that in nine years, the Yulan continent would have so many things happen.”

“Olivier, what is your decision regarding these many outsider experts? Will

you stay here in the Arctic Icecap, or will you...?” Linley looked expectantly towards Olivier. Olivier wielded that mysterious mystic icesword, and also had two divine clones that were fused together.

His power was such that even Linley wasn't confident in his ability to defeat him.

Linley wasn't jealous of Olivier. Quite the contrary, he was very happy. At this point in time, the more powerful the native forces of the Yulan continent were, the easier it would be for them to protect the Yulan continent.

“Do you need to ask?” A hint of a cold smile was on Olivier's lips. “This is our turf. Those bastards dare to come to our place and massacre our people? If we don't act, they'll think we're afraid of them.” Olivier had always been utterly fearless.

When he had just arrived in the Arctic Icecap, he had dared to immediately go challenge Rutherford.

“What's more, now that I'm a Deity, it's impossible for me to make any further breakthroughs in a short period of time. It's time to go out and have a good fight.” Olivier's eyes were flashing with a hint of fire. “So many outsider experts have come. How can I give up such a good chance to have a fight?”

Linley and Desri glanced at each other. It seemed they had worried for nothing.

Given Olivier's temperament, he wouldn't be willing to live in the Arctic Icecap like before, now that he was a Deity.

Olivier glanced at Linley. Actually, there was something he hadn't said... in the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley had saved him several times. If nothing else, for the sake of Linley's kindness towards him alone, Olivier definitely wouldn't shirk from his duties and hide.

“Haha, excellent. With you by our side, Olivier, how can the three of us be afraid of that Beaumont?” Linley laughed loudly.

“Beaumont. I want to see if he is capable of blocking this sword of mine.” Olivier's eyes were filled with confidence.

Desri began to laugh as well.

“Let’s go. Let’s go to Linley’s Dragonblood Castle. He’s already arranged to let that outsider Saint inform Beaumont to come look for us at Dragonblood Castle,” Desri spoke. “We’ll wait for Beaumont there at Dragonblood Castle.”

Linley began to chuckle. “I wonder, if that Beaumont was to use his divine sense to search and discovered that we have three Deities present, will he be so frightened that he won’t even dare come?”

Olivier and Desri couldn’t help but laugh as well.

And then, Linley, Desri, and Olivier, the three Deities, left the Arctic Icecap, traversed the North Seas, and returned to Dragonblood Castle. Within Dragonblood Castle, they quietly awaited Beaumont’s arrival.

The Great Botha Levee

The Yulan continent. The Rohault Empire. Bloom's residence.

"Lord Beaumont!" Bloom bowed respectfully.

Beaumont was tall and muscular. His entire body was covered in a black cloak. Next to Beaumont were four extremely respectful Saint-level experts. Beneath the black hood, Beaumont's gloomy eyes stared at Bloom. "Bloom, is everything that you transmitted to me mentally earlier true?"

"Absolutely true. If I, Bloom, said a single false word, then you can kill me, Lord Beaumont." Bloom was very respectful.

Beaumont was silent.

Bloom didn't dare to say a single extra word. Beaumont was a person with a brutal temper. The Gebados Planar Prison was actually just a single, special plane. Naturally, it was extremely large, and there were many internal 'territories' within, which the many Deities scattered throughout the prison had claimed.

Amongst them, Beaumont, Muba, the Grand Warlock, and Dylin were all in the same general area. And within this area...

Muba was a kind, good-natured fellow. The Grand Warlock was sinister and cold. Beaumont was brutal. And of course, Dylin was the most powerful of the Demigods. Even Beaumont didn't dare to offend Dylin. However, one day, Dylin simply vanished. Dylin's disappearance caused Beaumont to become the local tyrant of their area.

Only at the very end did the experts of this area slowly begin to learn that Dylin had left through a 'weak point in space'. After that, Beaumont, Muba, the Grand Warlock, and some Saints had all passed through it as well. Naturally, they didn't notify any others.

Thus...

The only people who had arrived in the Yulan continent were the few experts who lived close to that spatial weak point in the Planar Prison. Naturally, the vast majority of experts within the prison weren't aware of their escape. As for that weak point in space, if someone wasn't right on top of it, there is no way one would notice it.

This was the reason why Bloom had arrived in the Yulan continent only four years ago.

Even in that very area, there were still many Saints who had no idea there was an escape and were still suffering within the Planar Prison, much less the experts in other areas.

Thus, there weren't that many outsider Deities in the Yulan continent. There were just a few more Saints than normal. All of these Saints, in turn, knew very well how terrifyingly brutal Beaumont's temper could be.

"Bloom, I'm giving you an assignment," Beaumont said coldly.

Bloom bowed.

"Immediately go to Dragonblood Castle. Invite Linley and the other Deity to meet me, and say that I, Beaumont, tomorrow morning... will wait for them at the Great Botha Levee of the Yulan River," Beaumont said calmly. "Go immediately. Don't dawdle."

Bloom was startled. Originally, Linley had asked Beaumont to go pay a visit to Dragonblood Castle. But now, Beaumont was arranging to go to the Great Botha Levee.

"Yes, Lord Beaumont." Bloom didn't dare to disobey. He immediately transformed into a blur and streaked towards the north.

Beaumont turned and glanced at the others.

"Chiquita, you keep refining souls," Beaumont said calmly.

"Yes, Lord Beaumont," one of the four Saints behind spoke, a man who was tall and muscular, his entire body covered with a white cloak.

Chiquita. It was indeed the same Chiquita who had fled from the Sacred Isle!

Whenever Chiquita thought about what his life had been like after he had fled from the Sacred Isle, he felt miserable. He, Chiquita, was a member of the Three-Eyed Winged Men race in the Divine Plane of Light. Many Deities viewed the Three-Eyed Winged Men as a precious race.

Why?

Three-Eyed Winged Men had a special ability. Their third eye was naturally capable of refining souls.

In the eyes of many Deities, the Three-Eyed Winged Men were like a 'silkworm'. If they could capture a Three-Eyed Winged Man, they could keep him bound and order him to refine souls for them to enjoy. Thus, it was very common in many places for Three-Eyed Winged Men to be kept as pets.

This Chiquita was a Three-Eyed Winged Man.

In the Gebados Planar Prison, he had been captured by a Deity and had suffered greatly. Afterwards, that Deity had died, and he had luckily managed to escape...he usually hid his third eye, and amongst the other Saints, claimed that he was a Winged Man, a type of beastman. Finally, after a long time, he had been lucky enough to escape to the Yulan continent.

In the Yulan continent, his power was naturally, unquestionably, at the Prime Saint level.

At the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church, he enjoyed countless amounts of souls. When he saw that the divine phantasm had died, he immediately fled by himself and abandoned Heidens. But after living just a few good years in the Yulan continent, he was discovered by Beaumont.

Beaumont was overjoyed.

He had been bitter this entire time over the fact that with the Grand Warlock dead, there was now no one capable of refining a Gold Soul-Pearl for him.

"Just keep refining for me. Hrmph. I know exactly how many soul essences are produced from how many souls. Don't try to steal any. Keep working hard and refining for me, and at the end, I will grant you a tenth of the souls you have refined." Beaumont was still quite generous.

What could Chiquita do?

Under Beaumont's orders, all he could do was to continue helping to refine souls.

This was the reason why Beaumont had suddenly engaged in a wide-scale massacre. If he didn't have Chiquita, he, Beaumont, truly wouldn't have any method of acquiring soul essences.



*

Late at night. Dragonblood Castle. The lamps were shining.

"Yulan River, the Great Botha Levee?" Linley glanced at the extremely respectful Bloom. "Fine. I understand. You can leave now."

"Yes." Bloom bowed respectfully, then immediately flew away from Dragonblood Castle.

Within the main hall of Dragonblood Castle, Linley, Desri, and Olivier were present. At the same time, Linley's friends and family were present as well.

"The Great Botha Levee. This Beaumont really knows how to pick a place." Desri snickered.

"It seems this Beaumont knows a little bit about the history of the Yulan continent." Linley sighed in praise. "He even knows about the Great Botha Levee. For him to choose the Great Botha Levee means that he has the intention of resolving this matter peacefully with us." The nearby Olivier nodded slightly as well.

The Great Botha Levee was an extremely famous scenic spot in the Yulan continent.

The Great Botha Levee, according to legend, was built even before the start of the Yulan calendar. In other words, the age of the Great Botha Levee was at least ten thousand years old. Although it had endured ten thousand plus years of storms and disasters, the Great Botha Levee was still undamaged and unblemished. This was indeed an amazing, bizarre thing.

Five thousand years ago, the War God and the High Priest had engaged in battle at the Yulan River, with the result being a draw.

They thus entered a settlement at the Great Botha Levee, and agreed upon boundaries for their two empires. For Beaumont to choose this location was most likely a sign that he wanted to settle with them.

“He wants to settle with us.” Olivier snorted coldly.

Desri recommended, “Olivier, we have to look at the big picture. Right now, we don’t know how many outsider Deities have arrived at the Yulan continent. Making them hesitate is enough. There’s no need to necessarily go all out. We don’t know exactly how powerful Beaumont is, anyhow.”

Olivier didn’t say anything else.

“Wharton, the rest of you can go and get some rest,” Linley turned and said to his family members.

Wharton and the others were nervous, but it wasn’t appropriate for them to interject themselves into the conversations of these three Deities; Linley, Desri, and Olivier. Hearing Linley’s words, Wharton spoke out. “Big bro, if it’s possible to avoid fighting tomorrow, it’s best to not fight.”

“Enough. Don’t worry.” Linley laughed as he patted Wharton on the shoulders.

Immediately afterwards, a large group of people left the main hall.

“Olivier.” Linley looked at Olivier.

“Hrm?” Olivier was a bit puzzled.

“Olivier, now that you have two powerful divine bodies, when they are fused, I expect your attack power will be very great. But Olivier, I hope you will be a bit more cautious.” In truth, Linley was worried about Olivier the most. Desri knew that he was weak, and thus would be very careful.

But it would be terrible if this Olivier went to fight all out with the enemy, and was killed by him instead.

As Linley viewed it, Olivier was a talent as well.

“I know.” Olivier nodded.

Linley laughed, then said, “Olivier, Desri, I have to tell you something. It is regarding divine artifacts.” Linley immediately told Desri and Olivier everything that Muba had told him.

Hearing this, Olivier and Desri were both shocked.

Desri, after having become a Deity, had been gifted a divine artifact by Linley as well. The main reason was, after killing the Grand Warlock, Linley once again had extra divine artifacts. But Desri didn’t have a single divine artifact, so Linley naturally gave him one.

“Olivier, I have the feeling that your attacks primarily rely on the opposing forces of light and darkness. But I have to remind you of something. Strength is just one aspect; divine artifacts themselves also need to be utilized well,” Linley reminded. “Divine artifacts have their own souls. You need to learn how to let your attacks become one with your divine artifact.”

Olivier was somewhat puzzled.

As he saw it, his sword skills didn’t actually have much to do with his weapons.

“Olivier, spend some time carefully reflecting on it. The way of training for Deities is very complicated and vast. It definitely isn’t as simple as you think it is. Also, don’t underestimate this Beaumont.”

Linley could tell that Olivier, because of that battle with Haydson, had a transformation occur in his soul, with light and darkness fusing. Relying on that, Olivier’s training speed had increased by leaps and bounds. But just by watching Olivier’s attacks in the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley had seen that the attacks were simply too ordinary. They were just simple blows! They completely relied on the power of those two opposite, fused energy sources.

Linley was different.

Whether it was in terms of understanding the Elemental Laws of the Earth or the Elemental Laws of the Wind, Linley continued to try and think of methods to increase his attack power. From the Rippling Wind to the Tempos of the Wind... he had continuously developed his power, up until the end, with the

Dimensional Decapitator. Linley had always sought attacks that are more powerful.

The Laws were one aspect, but applying them was another aspect.

It was just like fusing a divine core; if you understood the Laws, but not how to apply them, how useful would it be?

“The path of training is indeed boundless, with countless roads to take.” Linley thought back to the three years of training he had undergone. His original body had trained in the Laws of the Earth, but when Linley’s divine wind clone had been researching the Profound Truths of Velocity, it had also been analyzing the Bloodviolet sword.

As soon as he had heard Muba discuss divine artifacts, Linley had begun analyzing Bloodviolet.

When Linley had first filled Bloodviolet with divine power, causing it to vibrate and emit that soul-shaking sound, Linley had immediately known: “This sort of soul-attack has no specific target. In a real battle, it would probably attack both friends and foes. Its real attack, however, should be able to be aimed at a specific target.”

Linley had immediately understood that in reality, he still didn’t understand a single thing about Bloodviolet.

“In addition, in the past, I was able to utilize the baleful aura to attack others. And now? Also, the Grand Warlock was able to use his spiritual energy to attack people. Then how about me? Can I fuse a spiritual energy attack into the physical attack of Bloodviolet?” These were the things that Linley had spent three full years analyzing.

Linley was constantly exploring the special qualities of Bloodviolet.

He merged that strange sound, his spiritual energy, the innate special qualities of Bloodviolet, as well as the Laws of the Wind. Linley had spent nearly two years on this, and in the end, he was finally able to develop the true attack from that basic, omnidirectional vibration.

This was the first attack he had developed based on Bloodviolet itself.

Only at that moment did he and his divine artifact truly work together.

After that experience, Linley understood even more about the relationship between a person and his divine artifact.

“After reaching the Deity-level, understanding the Laws is one aspect. But how to properly apply those Laws and bring out greater power from the Laws is another important aspect.” Linley understood that actually, compared to three years ago, his understanding of the Profound Truths of Velocity hadn’t improved that much.

But in terms of attack power...

When Bloodviolet itself was matched with Linley’s dramatically strengthened spiritual energy, the attack that he had developed was already far more powerful than the Dimensional Decapitator attack he had previously used.

“Only, executing that attack uses up far too much of my spiritual energy. Unless it is absolutely necessary, I can’t use it. I hope this Beaumont knows what is good for him.” Linley, in his heart, still felt extremely confident.

Smiling Meekly

The Great Botha Levee stretched all the way from the banks of the Yulan river to the center.

Right. The Great Botha Levee was extremely strange. It was like a massive dock or wharf. Logically speaking, for it to have stretched all the way to the center, the thousands of years of pounding by the waves of the Yulan river should have been able to even grind a mountain down.

However, the Great Botha Levee had existed for ten thousand plus years without being damaged at all.

This was indeed quite strange.

Precisely because it was so strange, the Great Botha Levee was famous throughout the Yulan continent.

Yulan calendar, year 10044, January 16th. At the Yulan River's intersection between the Rohault Empire and the Yulan Empire. The Great Botha Levee. Normally, this was an extremely rowdy place, but today, there wasn't a single person who could draw near the Great Botha Levee.

Because...

Over ten Saints were currently guarding this place, maintaining an iron order, not permitting anyone to draw near it.

On the banks of the river, many people were gathered there, watching.

"Over ten Saints. I've never seen so many Saints in my entire life." A powerful, muscular middle-aged man was so excited that his eyes were shining. He kept on staring towards the distant Great Botha Levee. "What is going on today? What is going to happen?"

"Hey, are those Saints? No way." The onlookers grew more and more numerous. The latecomers didn't believe it.

“What do you know? I personally watched those many Saints descend from the skies and force everyone back, not permitting anyone to enter the Great Botha Levee.” Someone had arrived very early at the Great Botha Levee, and had watched the Saints fly down.

“So many Saints. What are they up to? Also, who is that bald guy sitting atop the Great Botha Levee?”

The watchers grew more and more numerous. Everyone’s gaze was directed towards the Great Botha Levee. The only person seated there on a chair was... a tall, muscular bald man, dressed in a black robe. He didn’t cover up his face. In front of this tall, bald man was a round table, with a flask of fine wine on top.

“Yet another Saint has arrived.” The crowd let out a murmur of surprise.

The many onlookers watched as three figures flew over from the north. These three figures slowed down as they neared the Great Botha Levee, finally landing atop it. Shoulder to shoulder, the three walked towards the tall bald man. In a few moments, they arrived at the round table.

“I didn’t realize there would be three of you. Ah, my apologies.” The tall bald man dressed in a black robe had a face filled with tight flesh, but he still squeezed out a smile. “I only prepared two chairs.”

Immediately, the bald man glanced to the side. Clearly, he had sent a mental message. Instantly, a Saint produced a seat from somewhere, immediately flying over and respectfully setting it down, before respectfully retreating yet again.

“That is not your fault, Mr. Beaumont,” Desri said with a calm laugh.

Linley, Desri, and Olivier all sat down. Originally, Linley had only instructed Bloom to say that there were two Deities. Beaumont was also rather surprised that three had shown up. Only, Beaumont didn’t care at all.

“It seems that the person who became a Deity a few days ago belonged to their side,” Beaumont secretly said to himself. “Just became a Deity? Hrmph, those new early stage Demigods, I can fight them ten at a time.”

Beaumont swept his gaze towards Linley. Of the three, the only one he was slightly concerned about was Linley. After all, three years ago, Linley had killed

the Grand Warlock. “This Linley could not only kill the Grand Warlock, he was able to survive the Grand Warlock’s ultimate attack.”

Linley, Desri, and Olivier only looked at Beaumont.

“Haha...” Beaumont let out a carefree laugh. “Mr. Linley, since you wanted to meet with me, naturally I wouldn’t dare to refuse. I don’t know why you three have come, Mr. Linley? Is there something you need of Beaumont? If there is, please feel free to tell me. I, Beaumont, am a very easygoing fellow.”

Beaumont’s voice was very loud.

But, the distant onlookers didn’t hear it, because Beaumont had already utilized his Godrealm.

This Godrealm was formed from a simple form of control over Beaumont’s elemental energy. Linley, Desri, and Olivier were all Deities. Naturally, they wouldn’t care about such a simple use of a Godrealm. Even if Beaumont had used his Godrealm at full force, it wouldn’t be much of a threat.

The Godrealm was actually what made the difference between a Deity and a Saint, but upon becoming a Deity, it no longer had much of an impact on you.

“Mr. Beaumont, you should know why we have come.” Linley stared at him.

Beaumont was slightly surprised, but then he laughed loudly. “Mr. Linley, you must be jesting. If you don’t tell me, how should I know?”

The nearby Olivier said coldly, “A hundred million people died in the Rohault Empire. A hundred million. Beaumont, you really are ruthless. What do you take our Yulan continent to be? You think you can kill as many as you wish?”

“Mr. Beaumont, we all know what’s going on. No need to play dumb,” Linley said as well.

Beaumont let out an awkward chuckle. “The people who died in the Rohault Empire, well... fine, I admit it. I was the one who arranged for those hundred million people to be killed. What of it? Linley, the three of you have already become Deities. You still care about those commoners?” Beaumont had a very surprised look on his face.

“Are you joking?” Linley’s face couldn’t help but sink.

Desri spoke now as well. "Beaumont, the Yulan continent is our homeland. If we allow you to keep killing as you please, the people in our homeland will all be dead. The three of us would be ashamed to keep living after that. Beaumont, go ahead and speak. How should we resolve this?"

How to resolve this?

Hearing these words, Beaumont secretly laughed. "Indeed. They don't want to fight with me. Then this will be easy to handle."

Olivier let out a cold snort from the side.

"This, well, I'm really sorry about this." Beaumont sighed. "How about this. You are worried that everyone in your homeland will die, right? Then I promise, after killing another hundred million, I'll stop. How about that? Another hundred million, to the Yulan continent, is nothing at all."

Kill another hundred million?

Linley, Desri, and Olivier's hearts instantly filled with rage, and their faces turned cold.

Seeing the situation, Beaumont couldn't help but laugh. "Haha, just kidding, just kidding. Linley, you people really can't take a joke. I won't kill any more. I guarantee that I won't kill any more of the citizens of your Yulan continent. Good enough, right?"

Olivier's face was as cold as ice. Desri's face was rather ugly to behold as well.

Linley's face was cold. "Beaumont, we won't waste words. Agree to two requirements, and this will be done with."

"Speak." The fierce looking face of Beaumont was still covered with smiles.

"First, from today onwards, you are not permitted to kill a single member of the Yulan continent. In addition, the souls of the citizens of the Yulan continent that you collected, whether refined or not, must all be handed to us," Linley said coldly.

Beaumont's smile instantly disappeared.

"The second requirement is, once we are finished, you must leave the Yulan Plane. Our Yulan Plane does not welcome you here," Linley finished.

Beaumont's face sank down.

"Leave the Yulan Plane?" Beaumont said. "This... isn't out of the question. But you can't be in a rush. You need to give me some time."

Desri spoke as well. "Beaumont, you have collected the souls of the citizens of the Yulan Plane. You'd best hand them over quickly. No matter if they are refined into soul essences or not, all of them need to be handed over! Hand them over. You aren't qualified to use them."

"Don't have'm. The souls have gone to the Netherworld," Beaumont said bluntly. "I'm not able to refine souls. Why would I want them?"

Beaumont's heart was starting to fill with rage as well.

Even Muba and the Grand Warlock wouldn't dare to act so presumptuously before him. When he ordered the Grand Warlock to refine a Gold Soul-Pearl, the Grand Warlock didn't dare to openly refuse him. If it wasn't for the fact that he knew a few things about Linley, how would he, Beaumont, have already lowered himself this much?

When the Grand Warlock had died, Beaumont had been very shocked, and so he immediately went to investigate Linley.

Afterwards, when he captured a disciple of the War God's College, he had learned that Linley had some sort of a relationship with Beirut. This was the reason why, all these years, Beaumont had never gone to Linley to get his revenge.

He didn't want to make Linley his enemy.

Beaumont, to his dying day, would never forget how terrifying Beirut was.

"Gone to the Netherworld? What a joke!!!" Olivier immediately stood up.

"Beaumont, you are lying." Linley and Desri both stood up as well. They were both angry now. This Beaumont had actually slaughtered a hundred million people, then acted like nothing was amiss. He just wanted to say, 'Fine, I won't do it anymore'? He was neither willing to return the souls, nor leave the Yulan Plane.

With things having come to this stage, there was nothing to discuss.

“Lying? How am I lying?” Beaumont stood up as well.

“We already know that you are collecting souls. Do you think we don’t know what you ordered those Saints to do?” Desri said coldly.

Beaumont suddenly turned and stared furiously at the distant Bloom. “Bloom...”

Bloom instantly knelt down in terror, but his body was already lifted up by the power of the Godrealm. He was utterly incapable of movement now.

“Die.” Beaumont waved his hand, and a ray of grey divine power flew straight into Bloom’s body. Bloom watched in terror as that Death-type divine power flew towards him, but he couldn’t move at all. The Death-type divine power wrapped around his body, instantly transforming him into a heap of dust.

Linley, Olivier, and Desri all watched carefully, prepared to act at any moment.

Turning his head, Beaumont stared at Linley and the others. “Linley, I, Beaumont, will make things clear to you today. I’ll give you face and no longer kill the people of your Yulan Plane! You give me face as well. This matter will be at an end. If you aren’t willing... then I don’t mind teaching you a lesson on behalf of Lord Beirut.”

“What type of talk is this?” Linley laughed coldly. “Beaumont, you killed a hundred million people. A hundred million!!! Now, you are just going to say you won’t kill anymore, without accepting any punishment at all, and just have this matter be at an end? And you say this is giving me face?”

Linley felt this was absolutely laughable.

This Beaumont was absolutely too domineering.

“Oh, it seems you don’t want to give me face.” Beaumont’s face sank.

He had already made up his mind. “This Linley and Lord Beirut has some sort of connection. I can’t kill him for now. But I still have to teach him a lesson. As for the other two next to him... I’ll kill them. This will serve to frighten Linley as well. Don’t think I’m as weak as that Warlock!”

“It isn’t that we aren’t willing to give you face. It’s that you are simply too

arrogant and demanding.” Linley’s heart began to fill with a killing intent as well.

Olivier and Desri’s bodies were slowly beginning to be surrounded with divine power as well.

“You really motherfucking... I, Beaumont, have been smiling meekly all day today and giving you face, Linley. Who the hell do you think I, Beaumont, am? Since when have I ever smiled so meekly? I give you face, but you don’t want to take it.” Beaumont slapped the table viciously. With a ‘boom’, the table disintegrated into countless pieces, and Beaumont’s furious, fierce face was trembling. “Fine. Then this isn’t my fault. Lord Beirut, today, I will teach Linley a lesson on your behalf.” A deep blue warblade suddenly appeared within Beaumont’s hands.

“Swoosh!” “Swoosh!” “Swoosh!”

Linley, Desri, and Olivier both retreated into the air at the same time. In Linley’s hands appeared the devilish Bloodviolet. In Desri’s hands, a slender sword. As for Olivier, in his hands appeared the mystic icesword.

“Beaumont, you call this smiling meekly?”

Linley was so furious, he began to laugh. “You call this giving me face? You killed a hundred million people of my Yulan Plane but aren’t willing to pay any price at all, and you call that giving me face? And that you are going to teach me a lesson on behalf of Lord Beirut? What type of a thing are you? On what basis can you do anything on behalf of Lord Beirut?”

“And what’s more, you think you have the power to discipline me?” Linley’s wind-style divine power filled Bloodviolet.

This time, Bloodviolet didn’t make any sound at all.

“This fellow really is a bastard.” Desri was also angered to the point of laughing. Desri, the most even-tempered of the three, had also been utterly enraged by Beaumont.

Beaumont, the long, deep blue blade in his hands, quirked his lips, his face fierce.

“Die!!!” Beaumont roared with brutal rage. His voice was still echoing in the air, but he had already charged towards Olivier. Beaumont had already made his decision that first he would kill Desri and Olivier, and only then would he teach Linley his lesson.

Creating a Catastrophe!

The Saints that had been maintaining order all immediately retreated to the riverbanks. As for the increasingly large number of watchers, all of them stared with wide eyes in shock. Just then, Bloom's sudden death had already caused great shock to these commoners. Because they had seen Bloom fly in the sky.

Bloom was a Saint, but he had died without being able to fight back at all.

To these ordinary people, that was simply inconceivable.

That was a Saint

At this moment...

The fierce-faced Beaumont was howling through the air, charging towards Olivier, that deep blue warblade in his hands chopping viciously down towards Olivier. But what welcomed him was... Olivier's dazzling sword!

Darkness and light coinciding!

"Bang!"

The warblade and the mystic icesword collided, and the terrifying force of the collision blasted forth towards ground. The Great Botha Levee's entire surface layer cracked with a 'boom' sound, and then transformed into dust. A layer of the Great Botha Levee that was fully a meter deep was blown away, revealing that pitch black rocky material within it.

The reason why the Great Botha Levee was able to remain undamaged for ten thousand plus years was because of this strange material.

The shockwave continued down, causing a massive depression within the waters of the Yulan River, then exploded out, casting countless waves in every direction. Drops of water shot out like arrows, and wherever they landed, people cried out in agony, with blood splatting everywhere.

Instantly, the many citizens watching at the riverbanks grew terrified, quickly retreating backwards nonstop.

“Rumble...” A strange surge of white light rippled forth from Desri’s chest. This surge of strange, rippling white light was simply too fast, instantly reaching Beaumont’s body. Beaumont, feeling some pain, let out a single growl.

“These bastards.” Beaumont stared at the distant Desri and Olivier.

He had miscalculated!

He had thought that as Desri and Olivier had just become Deities, they should have very ordinary levels of strength. Dealing with them shouldn’t be difficult. But who would have imagined... that just then, Olivier’s attack had actually been slightly more powerful than his own warblade’s attack. As for Desri, he had that strange soul-attack.

“You want to kill us? In your dreams.” Olivier’s face was ice cold.

At this moment, Linley glanced at Desri, secretly sighing, “Desri trains in the Elemental Laws of Light, focusing on the soul. Indeed, upon becoming a Deity, soul-based attacks are extremely hard to defend against. Even Beaumont suffered somewhat.”

Desri was most proficient at matters pertaining to the soul!

“Linley, I can deal with this Beaumont by myself,” Olivier transmitted mentally. Olivier was completely confident in himself, and he immediately transformed into a ray of light, instantly piercing through the sky and arriving in front of Beaumont.

“Bang!”

Beaumont’s body instantly began to emit a rippling gray energy aura that instantly covered an area of ten meters around him.

“Swoosh.” Olivier instantly flew backwards and retreated.

Olivier’s face was ashen. While flying back, he immediately transmitted mentally, “Careful, that gray divine power covering his body has a very strange force. When I drew near it, I felt my entire body become weak. It was very bizarre.” Olivier took a deep breath, and his face slowly began to look a bit

better.

Desri and Linley were both secretly shocked.

Linley knew that, having been at the Demigod-level for so long, this Beaumont definitely had some powerful attacks.

“Haha...” Beaumont let out a wild laugh, then stared at Linley and the other two with murder in his eyes. “It seems I underestimated you. If I don’t use a bit of my real power, it really will be hard to kill you. Then... prepare to die.”

After finishing speaking, Beaumont charged forward, his entire body surrounded by that roiling gray aura. His target was still Olivier and Desri!

Olivier and Desri’s faces were very solemn.

“Rumble...” Desri’s chest once again emitted that strange, rippling white light which streaked towards Beaumont.

But this time, Beaumont seemed to be unaffected, while at the same time he struck out with his warblade, covered with gray light, in a lightning fast chopping blow towards Olivier.

“Haaaargh!” Olivier let out an angry sound, and the darkness and light divine power around his body formed into a protective armor. Instantly, a black and white sword flash appeared, and space itself ripped apart. When that black-white sword flash and that blue warblade collided, the only thing that could be heard was repeated collision sounds...

“Not good!” Linley knew that the situation was dire.

Suddenly, a faint green figure charged straight in.

Countless devilish violet sword flashes appeared, creating countless tears in space. This was the Rippling Wind – Dimensional Decapitator attack! Countless violet flashes of light, each of which contained a Dimensional Decapitator, stabbed out. The countless sword shadows’ appearance and attacks caused even Beaumont, despite his power, to only be able to respond sluggishly.

“How bizarre.” Linley’s heart trembled.

He could sense that Beaumont’s warblade seemed to have transformed into layers of waves, crashing down upon him, while he himself was nothing more

than a small boat within the waves that could be capsized at any moment. In addition, the 'warblade waves' contained within them a strange, deathly aura which was constantly affecting his soul. If his soul was weak, he might have become dizzy from that deathly aura alone and become unable to fight back.

"Retreat." Linley, after stabbing out with his 'Rippling Wind' technique, immediately grabbed Olivier and flew backwards.

Olivier's face was ashen. His soul wasn't as strong as Linley's, and the impact of that deathly aura on him was very great. Desri, in turn was shocked; his attack had no effect at all.

In the air above the Great Botha Levee of the Yulan River, Linley, Desri, and Olivier stood shoulder to shoulder. They all felt that the situation was not good.

"There's nothing I can do against him," Desri said mentally to Linley and Olivier.

Linley didn't say anything. Desri was only skilled in soul-attacks, but his foe was able to easily block it. Then what else could Desri do? Linley looked at Olivier, transmitting to him mentally, "Olivier, do you have any methods you can use to deal with this Beaumont?"

Olivier narrowed his eyes, transmitting back, "I have a powerful attack, but after using it, my spiritual energy will be utterly consumed, and my soul will become weak as well. I won't be able to attack after that."

Linley nodded secretly.

"You still want to kill me?" Beaumont laughed wildly. "You there, soul-attacking fellow. Your soul-attack isn't bad, but I, Beaumont, wasn't even afraid of the Grand Warlock. How could I be afraid of your soul-attack? Your ability, compared to that of the Grand Warlock's, is far off!!!"

Linley thought back to the Grand Warlock's attack as well.

If it hadn't been for his damaged Sovereign artifact, and for that azure water drop, he truly wouldn't have been able to hold off against the Grand Warlock's final, desperate attack.

"As for you, the one with the white and black hair." Beaumont felt that victory

was assured. “You are able to simultaneously use light divine power and darkness divine power. This really is quite unique. But... a simple sword blow like that? If I, Beaumont, couldn’t resist it, I would’ve died in the Planar Prison long ago.”

“Just a simple sword? Hrmph. This sword is enough to kill you,” Olivier ground out.

He was prepared to go all out.

“Haha...” Beaumont, utterly enraged, let out a laugh. “Fine. You want to die? I’ll grant you death.” The deathly aura around Beaumont’s body once more began to grow in strength, and he charged like a boundless tidal wave towards Linley, Desri, and Olivier.

Linley hardened his heart.

“Kill!”

The fierce-faced Olivier was wielding his mystic icesword, and he charged out in front of Linley. Linley, not hesitating at all, followed from straight behind. Both Linley and Olivier had decided to use their ultimate attacks!

“Haha...” Beaumont laughed wildly, while at the same time he began to brandish that deep blue warblade.

The deep blue warblade transformed into countless blade blurs, forming into a wave of blade shadows. At the same time, Beaumont’s eyes turned scarlet red, and within the blue blade waves, there appeared a faint red color.

Although Linley had moved after Olivier did, Linley’s speed was faster than Olivier’s, and so he was the first to clash with Beaumont.

“I will kill that black-kid and badly injure this Linley.” Beaumont was no longer going to hold back. But suddenly, Beaumont discovered to his astonishment that an extremely bewitching violet light suddenly flashed from Linley’s body, while at the same time, a gentle, soft sound, almost like that of a flute, could be heard.

This sound was very pleasant to listen to.

In that moment, the entire world seemed to have turned quiet. The only

sound that could be heard was that of the soft, gentle flute sound.

“Clang!”

The violet flash of light collided with that wave of blade blurs, but a blood-red illusory sword shadow actually shot out from Bloodviolet, piercing directly into Beaumont’s brain. Beaumont’s soul was extremely powerful, and once he used his spiritual energy, he could form it into a powerful wall to block.

Even in the face of the ultimate attack of the Grand Warlock, Beaumont was confident that he would at least survive.

But...

That gentle flute sound had actually caused Beaumont to sink into a reverie for a moment, causing him to be unable to control his spiritual energy to form it into a blockading wall. In that moment... Linley’s attack descended. That was the moment the blood-red illusory sword shadow shot out!

“Aaaaaah!” Only after the illusory sword shadow pierced into his sea of consciousness did Beaumont awake in shock.

But it was too late.

The blood-red illusory sword shadow pierced straight into Beaumont’s divine spark. Beaumont’s divine spark shuddered, and then that blood-red illusory sword exploded... the soul contained within that divine spark was shattered by the collision, and Beaumont’s eyes instantly turned dull.

His soul had been destroyed!

Naturally, his wave of blade-blurs stopped as well.

Profound Truths of Velocity – Hymn of the Wind!

“Die!” Linley was just a moment faster than Olivier, whose most powerful attack had also arrived. This was a battle between Deities, and Olivier was just a fraction of a moment behind Linley. Just as Beaumont died, Olivier’s sword arrived.

The mystic icesword, surrounded by a black-white color, suddenly formed a sort of translucent membrane around itself.

Outside the membrane around the longsword, there were countless tears in space.

This attack was definitely the most powerful attack Olivier was capable of after becoming a Deity.

“Slash!”

The black-white sword light sent that blue warblade flying. The black-white sword light flashed through, effortlessly splitting Beaumont’s entire body in half, from head to toe. Clearly, chopping Beaumont’s divine body in half hadn’t consumed much force, as that black-white sword light continued to chop downwards.

“Bang!”

Like an axe chopping into a tree, the black-white sword light chopped viciously against the pitch black rock of the Great Botha Levee. Olivier’s sword blow was simply too strong. His blow had finally, caused this Great Botha Levee, which had been undamaged for over ten thousand years, to be chopped in half.

“That can’t be.” Olivier’s spiritual energy was already utterly used up, but he still stared in surprise at Linley.

When his attack intersected with Beaumont’s, he was easily able to slice Beaumont in half. Only then did Olivier realize... that Beaumont was already dead. Clearly, before he, Olivier, had attacked, Beaumont had already died. After all, he had spent almost no energy in chopping Beaumont in half.

“Linley, you killed him?” Olivier said in surprise.

“I was just slightly faster than you.” Linley waved his hand, snatching and storing the now-flying divine spark, divine artifact, and interspatial rings.

Desri flew over as well, his face covered in smiles. “Linley, you two...” But before he even finished the sentence...

“BANG!!!!” From below, the Great Botha Levee that Olivier had chopped into two pieces suddenly exploded, transforming into countless pieces of stone. The Great Botha Levee, which Olivier had only just barely able to break through with his full strength attack, had utterly exploded.

“Haha... after ten thousand years, I’ve finally returned!!!”

“Yulan continent. It’s been ten million years. I, Locard, have returned, haha...”

“Yulan continent! I’m back!”

“I’m back!”

“I’m back!!!”

Like a horde of locusts, countless human figures charged out wildly from the Great Botha Levee, flying in every which way.

“Thanks, young fellows.” A voice rang out in the minds of Linley, Desri, and Olivier. This scene had utterly terrified and stupefied the three of them. The auras of those countless experts had already utterly shocked Linley.

“BOOM!” A black-robed figure suddenly appeared in mid-air.

Instantly, space froze.

“Lord Beirut.” Linley instantly realized that the person in mid-air was Beirut. Beirut’s face had changed dramatically. He stretched out his right hand, which transformed into an enormous black palm, slamming directly down towards the Great Botha Levee.

The endless stream of people charging out from the Great Botha Levee like a flood were suddenly caught.

“Lord Beirut.” Linley, Olivier, and Desri were utterly confused.

Beirut’s face was ashen as he stared at Linley, Olivier, and Desri. “You... have caused an utter catastrophe!!!”

Part III

Gebados

Planar Prison

Caused an utter catastrophe!!!

Linley, Olivier, and Desri had just exhausted themselves to kill Beaumont, and immediately afterwards, a locust swarm of experts had appeared from beneath the Great Botha Levee. The auras of many of these experts had caused their hearts to quiver.

And immediately afterwards, Beirut had appeared.

With but a single palm, he sealed off that hole which was releasing countless experts.

From the ashen look on Beirut's face, Linley and the others felt a sense of confusion and panic.

"What... what happened?" The sequence of events had caused Linley and the others to feel panicked.

"I'll deal with you later." Beirut sneered at them coldly, and then immediately flew downwards. The waters of the Yulan River split apart, making way for him. Only now did Linley and the others discover that beneath the Great Botha Levee, there was a dimensional doorway.

The dimensional doorway was currently completely sealed off by a black energy.

"Beneath the Great Botha Levee is a corridor to another dimension." Linley and the others immediately understood.

Desri said mentally, "Olivier, that sword of yours just now should have disrupted some sort of enormous magic formation. Look, there's still damaged remnants of that magic formation that can be seen in the nearby area." Indeed, beneath the Great Botha Levee was an extremely complicated magic formation.

Because of this enormous, complicated magic formation, the dimensional

doorway was completely sealed off.

Beirut's body began to emit a black aura, and the complicated magic formation below once more began to slowly take form. This magic formation was thousands of times more complicated than any that Linley had ever seen. Even the magic formation centered around Bloodviolet in the Foggy Valley of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts was far inferior to this complicated magic formation.

"This magic formation..."

Linley stared at the visible holes that had been chopped into the magic formation. It had an ancient aura, and mysterious, complicated lines and runes. Linley could just barely understand ordinary magic formations of the seventh and eighth ranks, but this magic formation... Linley couldn't understand it at all.

Complicated!

Mysterious!

After nearly an hour, Beirut finally, completely restored that damaged magic formation.

"Crackle..." Beirut stretched out both hands, and instantly, the shattered black stones of the Great Botha Levee, as though melted by a fire, began to liquefy, then re-fused into a whole, forming the Great Botha Levee once more. The new Great Botha Levee, in front of Beirut, began to slowly descend, once more completely covering that enormous magic formation.

"Boom!"

The Great Botha Levee sank into the bottom of the river, while at the same time, the water once more rushed against the Great Botha Levee, then diverted around it, flowing as it always had.

"Olivier's sword just then must have cut through the Great Botha Levee and damaged that enormous magic formation, which was why the many experts on the other side of that space were able to charge out." Linley naturally came to this conclusion.

At the same time, Linley began to sigh in amazement in his heart. "This magic

formation's power truly is incredible. It was actually able to seal away so many experts."

The art of setting up magic formations was an extremely profound and immeasurably deep one.

Unfortunately, Linley had never studied it, nor did he have the energy or time to go study it.

Beirut glanced into the distance. This sudden disturbance had attracted the attention of many of the distant spectators as well.

"You three. Come with me." Beirut looked coldly at Linley, Olivier, and Desri, then flew straight north. Linley, Olivier, and Desri didn't dare to make a single sound, obediently following behind Beirut.

On the way over, Desri secretly mentally spoke to the others, "Linley, Olivier, how many experts did we accidentally release just now?"

Olivier didn't make a sound.

After all, Olivier had been the one to accidentally overturn this basket.

"Although the timeframe was short, I think..." Linley thought back to that terrifying scene of countless, locust-like experts charging out. "In that short period of time, there should have been more than a thousand experts who had charged out." Linley wasn't certain either as to exactly how many had entered the Yulan continent.

"I caused this mess. I'll shoulder the responsibility," Olivier's voice rang out in the minds of Linley and Desri.

"Hmph! Shoulder it? How will you shoulder it?" Beirut's icy voice rang out, while at the same time, his rapidly flying body came to a sudden halt.

Beneath them was a line of mountain ranges. Linley, Olivier, and Desri all hurriedly came to a halt, respectfully standing before Beirut. Only, in their hearts, they were extremely shocked... just then, Olivier had been mentally communicating with Desri and Linley.

However, Beirut had heard it.

"Olivier, do you know how great a disaster you have caused?" Beirut sneered

coldly.

Olivier ground his teeth, forcing himself to raise his head to look up at Beirut. “Lord Beirut, I will work hard to shoulder all of the consequences.”

“Shoulder them? You aren’t even capable of repairing that great sealing formation, one which an Overgod set up. And you think you will ‘shoulder the responsibility’?” Beirut said with a cold sneer.

An Overgod set up?

Linley and the others were utterly stunned, their mouths gaping. Overgods were far too distant a concept for them. They were part of the Laws of the universe itself!

“This time... it seems we really screwed up.” Linley had the sense that this time, they really had caused a disaster.

“Just repairing that great sealing formation requires one to have the power of a Highgod. Olivier, are you able to repair that formation?” Beirut glanced at him coldly. Even Olivier, at this point, no longer dared to make a sound. He, too, knew that this time, the situation really was severe.

But Linley suddenly had a thought.

Clearly...

“Beirut should be a Highgod.” Linley came to this conclusion.

“Lord Beirut,” Linley spoke as he looked at Beirut.

“Speak.” Beirut nodded faintly.

“Lord Beirut, I wonder what plane that dimensional gateway leads to?” Linley asked with curiosity. “Why is it that so many Deities came out of it, and also... all these years, why have so many outsider experts appeared?”

Linley and the other two had their hearts filled with questions.

Beirut glanced at them. “Actually, this isn’t a big secret. The Deities who came a few years ago and the ones released just now all came from the Gebados Planar Prison.”

Gebados Planar Prison?

Linley had heard this name come up several times. Dylin had come from this place as well.

“Might I ask what sort of a place the Gebados Planar Prison is? Why are there so many experts there, who would come to our Yulan Plane?” Linley asked. Meanwhile, Olivier and Desri didn’t dare to make a sound.

Desri’s heart quivered whenever he so much as looked at Beirut, while Olivier knew that this time, he was the one who had caused this disaster. Thus, of the three of them, only Linley dared to speak at this time.

“This Gebados Planar Prison, as a matter of fact...” Beirut shook his head with a smile. “In truth, it is part of the Yulan Plane.”

“Part of?” Linley and the others were astonished.

Beirut stared into the distance. He seemed to be speaking to himself, “Within this boundless, infinite universe, there are countless common planes. Every single one of those common planes has an interconnected Planar Prison. The material plane and the planar prison, combined, form two sides of a whole.

Linley, Desri, and Olivier could hardly believe it.

They had originally believed that the Gebados Planar Prison had to be a planar prison located somewhere in the universe that was used for the purpose of imprisoning experts. But from the sound of it, every single material plane had a planar prison. They were two sides of the same entity.

“Linley, do the three of you have any idea how long the Yulan Plane has existed for?” Beirut looked towards Linley and the others.

Linley, Olivier, and Desri looked at each other, somewhat lost.

How could any of them know how long the Yulan Plane had existed for?

Even ancient, incomplete historical records went back as far as hundreds of thousands of years.

“I’ll tell you. I myself have lived in the Yulan Plane for millions of years,” Beirut said. “As for how long the Yulan Plane has existed for, that figure is unimaginable to you.”

“A hundred million years?” Linley stated a number he felt was very large.

A hundred million years truly was a long time.

“A hundred million years?” Beirut shook his head disdainfully. “Let me tell you. This Yulan Material Plane has experienced countless troubles. Long, long ago, this world was actually 90% land.”

90% land?

But by now, the ocean areas by themselves made up more than 90%. How had the world changed into a sea world?

“This land has gone through countless eras. The eras which I know about include the ‘Beastmen Era’, the ‘Savage Era’... one era after another. Although humans appeared a very, very long time ago, in truth, humans only became the dominant species on the Yulan continent less than a hundred million years ago!”

Linley and the others all listened quietly, not daring to speak.

“Let me tell you. This material plane was formed by nature. It wasn’t formed by a Sovereign or the Overgods. The countless material planes that nature formed have existed for even longer than even the Seven Divine Plane and the Four Higher Planes,” Beirut said solemnly.

Linley secretly nodded.

If it had been naturally formed, then of course it would have been formed long ago, in the beginning of the universe.

“The exact number, I can’t be sure about. But I know for sure that this Yulan Plane has existed for at least ten quadrillion years!!!” Beirut couldn’t help but feel excited as he spoke.

Linley and the others were utterly stunned.

Ten quadrillion years?

So easy to say. It was just a number. But in reality, it was unbelievable.

To be precise, even if the Yulan continent produced only a single Deity every ten thousand years (which wasn’t actually the case)... in ten quadrillion years, the number of Deities that the Yulan continent had produced should have exceeded one trillion.

And this was just the Yulan continent.

“Ten quadrillion years is just based on what I know. If you want to know the exact number of years, you would most likely have to go ask one of the Overgods.” Beirut was certain of this. After all, even Sovereigns only slowly appeared afterwards. As for the Four Overgods, they were personifications of four major rules of the universe. When the universe had formed, the Overgods had appeared as well.

Only they would know exactly how long the material planes had existed for.

Linley forced himself to take a deep breath and calm down his beating heart. Desri and Olivier were doing the same thing.

They were all heroic figures of this era, but in the face of the countless experts which had appeared over as time had flowed on over the past ten quadrillion years, they were most likely just ordinary figures.

“Astonished?” Beirut laughed coldly. “For every material plane, there is a Planar Prison. The Gebados Planar Prison is the matching plane for our Yulan Plane. In the history of our Yulan Plane, if any Saints or Deities angered the Planar Overseer, the Planar Overseer would imprison them into the Planar Prison.”

“The Planar Overseer?” Linley couldn’t help but think of that ‘Hodan’.

Beirut said calmly, “But of course, sometimes there are special circumstances. The Planar Overseer of the Yulan Plane is Hodan. But this is my homeland. Naturally, the matters of the Yulan Plane are for me to control. They aren’t up to that Hodan to decide.”

“Intentionally or unintentionally, the experts who offended the Planar Overseers were all imprisoned there. Although it doesn’t happen frequently, they will slowly accumulate to a frightening number.”

Beirut sighed. “Just the number of experts I personally threw into the Gebados Planar Prison during these past ten thousand years, when I have been in charge of the Yulan Plane, add up to over a thousand. But of course, there are some special circumstances and reasons for that. Normally speaking, only a few will be imprisoned every ten thousand years.”

“Those who are imprisoned are all Saints at the very least. They won’t starve to death. Even if they don’t break through, they have limitless lives.” Beirut looked at Linley and the others. “Linley, think about it. Even if only three are imprisoned every ten thousand years, in the span of ten quadrillion years, how many will have been imprisoned there?”

Linley and the others did the quick mental calculations. Instantly, they were stunned.

This number was simply too astonishing.

Departure

Beirut continued, “In the Gebados Planar Prison, 99% of experts will die from either the environment or be killed by others. But despite that, the number of experts in the Gebados Planar Prison is still astonishing. All of these experts share a common desire!”

“To leave the Planar Prison!”

“In the material planes, upon reaching the Saint level, one is qualified to leave the material plane and head to the Divine Planes and Higher Planes. However, in the Planar Prisons, even if one becomes a Highgod, one isn’t qualified to leave.” Beirut sighed.

Linley, Desri, and Olivier thought back once more to that scene when the Great Botha Levee had been broken open.

“Back!”

“We are back!!!”

Those crazed, overjoyed calls still reverberated in their ears. From those voices, Linley could completely sense the excitement and joy of those experts who had just fled from the Planar Prison.

“So if one is imprisoned, one will never be able to leave, ever?” Linley asked.

“Of course not.” Beirut shook his head. “After being imprisoned into the Gebados Planar Prison, there are three methods by which one can escape. In addition, according to the rules, once one has escaped, even the Planar Overseer isn’t qualified to imprison them into it again.”

“Three methods?” Linley was rather surprised.

So it was not only possible to escape, there were three methods for doing so!

“The first method is to reach the level of Highgod, and then chop a

dimensional hole in the Planar Prison, then enter the realm of chaotic space between planes. It is a matter of luck. Highgods can remain alive for a fairly long period of time within the chaotic space. If they are lucky, they might be able to flee to another plane. If they are unlucky, they will die within the chaotic space.

Linley's heart shook.

After training to the Highgod level, one could go try their luck in chaotic space?

Chaotic space was the most dangerous place of all. Going there was nothing short of throwing one's life away.

"But of course, although this method is the simplest, there aren't many who dare to try it." Beirut continued, "The second method. Because the Yulan Plane and the Planar Prison are two sides of the same whole, aside from the dimensional gates that link them up, there are quite a few places where the two planes touch."

"The places where these two planes touch are known as areas where the walls of reality are thin!"

Beirut chuckled. "Much like two pieces of paper that are folded between each other. If an expert is in the Planar Prison and is able to tear a hole, he'll be able to escape through that temporary hole. They'll instantly charge through that hole, which will instantly repair itself afterwards."

"That Dylin, Beaumont, and those other experts who came to the Yulan Plane a few years ago all used this method to come to the Yulan Plane."

Linley now understood.

"Actually, every single area where the planar walls are weak has been sealed off. They won't be easily broken through." Beirut sighed. "The Gebados Planar Prison and our Yulan Plane have, in total, nine places where the planar walls are weak. All nine of those places had been sealed. But Linley..."

Beirut looked at Linley. "When you were young and entered the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, didn't you draw out a sword?"

Linley immediately thought back to the scene of his trip to the Foggy Valley. In

that place, he had awoken the dragonblood in his veins, and also had discovered Bloodviolet. At that time, when Grandpa Doebling had seen the enormous magical formation that Bloodviolet had been stuck into, he had been shocked as well.

That formation was even more powerful than Saint-level magic formations.

“Lord Beirut, are you saying...?” Linley, utterly shocked, stared with round eyes.

Beirut nodded. “Right. When you drew that sword out, the magical formation that surrounded Bloodviolet naturally was damaged. There are many people in the Planar Prison, and naturally there were people in the area near the weak planar walls. Dylin was there as well. He was the only Deity located close to it. Naturally, he was the first to discover it, and thus he arrived in the Yulan continent.

“It was me. It was actually me!!!”

Linley’s mind was in a state of utter chaos.

So the reason for the Apocalypse Day has been his pulling out of Bloodviolet. The descent of so many outsider experts also had to do with him as well.

He now began to understand why it was that Dylin’s three children, the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, had thanked him.

“These areas with thin planar walls are very hard to find. Thus, only later on, people slowly began to flee into the Yulan Plane.” Beirut sighed. “At that time, I was in no hurry to close it off. I felt that those people who had been imprisoned in the Gebados Planar Prison were quite pitiable. It was fine if a few of them could occasionally escape.”

It was lonely at the top.

In a place like the Yulan Plane, who could possibly be a match for him? After discovering that Linley had accidentally damaged that great sealing formation, Beirut had actually treated it as watching an amusing game. He wanted to see how many could escape.

“The first method is throwing one’s life away. The second method is luck.”

Linley and the others felt sad on behalf of those people locked into the Planar Prison.

“The third method?” Linley asked.

Beirut glanced at Olivier. “The third method is, when the population of the Planar Prison has reached too high of a level, then sometimes, the sealing magic formation will be temporarily disrupted, opening the dimensional gateway for a brief moment and allowing a few people out before sealing the dimensional gateway once again, then repairing the sealing magic formation, like what I did just now. But something like this happens only once every hundreds of millions of years.”

Linley, Olivier, and Desri all felt relaxed.

Since the high-level people would also occasionally open the dimensional gateway, it seemed that Olivier hadn’t committed too grave a sin.

This was just a premature opening, right?

“Those people who fled need to thank you.” Beirut sneered as he looked at Olivier.

Olivier remained silent.

“If I had voluntarily opened the gateway, I would have surrounded that gateway. At least I would have known the details of every single person who came out, and none of them would have been able to escape.” Beirut glanced at Olivier. “Demigods and Gods aren’t an issue. I can find them with my divine sense. That isn’t a problem. But if there are some astonishingly powerful Highgods who lie in hiding, preventing me from finding them with my divine sense, then things will become problematic.”

Beirut didn’t worry about Demigods and Gods making trouble.

What he worried about was Highgods causing trouble!

“In such a short period of time, perhaps there didn’t happen to be any Highgods present at that dimensional gateway. It shouldn’t be that coincidental, right?” Linley said.

“Whatever. I can’t be bothered about it.” Beirut sneered coldly. “When

O'Brien, Catherine, and the others return, I'll see how they deal with this mess. The three of you, you better listen up. You are only Demigods. These days, in the continent, there are now quite a few people capable of killing you!"

Linley and the others could do nothing but listen.

"Go back." Beirut's body flickered, then disappeared.

Only Linley, Desri, and Olivier were left, standing there in mid-air.

"Olivier, that sword blow of yours really was powerful. You released so many experts in an instant with it." Desri pursed his lips in a smile. He didn't feel too much pressure. He was hidden away within a small mountain village. As long as he didn't offend others, he probably would be fine.

Olivier's face was very gloomy. "Linley. Sorry."

Linley laughed bitterly.

Of the three of them, he was the worst off. Olivier had released so many Deities, some of whom most likely would want to enjoy worldly power. How many problems would his enormous Baruch Empire face?

Linley didn't even dare to think about it.

"All I can do is deal with it one step at a time," Linley said. "Gentlemen, I'm returning to Dragonblood Castle."

"I'll go as well," Olivier said. "I caused this problem. If anything happens in the Baruch Empire, I can't just pretend it has nothing to do with me."

"If the three of us are together, we'll pose a bit more of a threat to others," Desri said with a laugh.

Linley didn't decline. Currently, in the Yulan continent, the three of them were now just a small force. There were many people more powerful than them. Only if they stayed together as a group would they be able to have a bit of a footing. The three flew directly towards Dragonblood Castle.



Dragonblood Castle. A group of people were there, Delia included, all of them worrying. Delia was blaming herself as well. "I've been fusing with this divine spark for over ten years, but I still haven't succeeded. Whenever something like this happens, it's always Linley who has to go deal with it by himself."

Delia wanted to help Linley as well!

"I hope Linley is fine," Delia prayed.

"Lord Linley is back." Gates was the first to shout out. Delia's eyes instantly lit up. Wharton, Taylor, and the others all went to welcome him. Linley, Desri, and Olivier landed in the castle.

"Linley, you succeeded?" Delia immediately called out, and the people all fell silent.

Linley nodded with a smile.

"Haha, I knew Father would definitely succeed," Taylor shouted excitedly.

"But..." Linley's voice rang out again.

"Father, you have more good news?" Taylor's face was covered in smiles, but Linley said solemnly, "On this trip, although we killed Beaumont, shortly afterwards... many experts descended upon the Yulan continent. Amongst them are many Deities who could probably kill Beaumont with a single finger."

Utter silence!

Taylor, Delia, and the others had a look of shock on their faces. No matter how 'weak' Beaumont was, he was still a Deity. Kill Beaumont with a single finger?

"For now, it's best if no one goes out. Everyone stay here, within the castle," Linley instructed.

"Yes."

The people of Dragonblood Castle now also sensed that the current Yulan continent had just sank into a tempest of wind and rain. It would be very hard for them to just be able to protect themselves.



*

The Arctic Icecap.

A white-haired old man dressed in a sky-blue robe was hovering at the peak of an iceberg. It was the Planar Overseer, Hodan.

“Haha, so many experts came at once?” Hodan’s face was covered in smiles.

“Saints and Deities, I am Hodan, the Planar Overseer. Everyone who wishes to depart for the Four Higher Planes or the Seven Divine Planes, quickly come to the Arctic Icecap!” Hodan’s voice rang out in the minds of every single Saint and Deity in the Yulan continent.

Many of those who had fled to the Yulan Plane from the Gebados Planar Prison wanted to head to the Higher Planes.

They had been trapped in that detestable prison for far, far too long.



*

“Second brother, you really are going to leave?” Two golden-haired experts were hovering in mid-air. The slightly thinner one was a little bit frantic. “Second brother, although we were trapped in that Planar Prison for a hundred million years and you want to go to other planes, haven’t you heard? Ten thousand years ago, a major event occurred in our homeland. That Necropolis of the Gods holds many treasures within it, including divine artifacts, and even divine sparks! If we go to another plane, we’ll have no connections, and even if there are treasures there, we won’t have a chance to get them.”

The muscular, golden-haired expert shook his head. “Third brother, we are very lucky to have escaped Gebados. And you want to go to the Necropolis of the Gods? Its treasures aren’t so easily acquired. Enough, third brother. I am preparing to go to the Infernal Realm. Whenever you are done with your matters, if you want to look for me, come find me in the Infernal Realm.”

The gold-haired expert said nothing else. He directly flew towards the north.

The skinnier golden-haired man watched his second brother leave. He

murmured, “Second brother, just wait and see. By the next time we meet, I will definitely be a Highgod.”



*

One figure after another flew in the air above the North Sea. They included full Gods and Demigods, but most, of course, were Saints.

“How are there so many?” Amongst the crowd of experts, there was a golden-haired, middle-aged man with a solemn face and a long robe. From his appearance, he clearly came from a noble lineage. He had actually only trained for a hundred years, and had just reached the Saint level not long ago.

“Our Yulan continent has this many experts?” This middle-aged man’s heart was quivering.

The number of experts he had personally seen had already been over two hundred. In the distance, even more figures could be seen. In addition, the auras emanating from those experts that flew past him in the blink of an eye made his heart shake.

“This speed...” The middle-aged man was stunned.

Many experts flashed past him, disappearing into the northern horizons, almost all of them more than ten times faster than him, if not more. Many of them were Deities. The middle-aged man was only able to hazily sense their forms pass by.

“Haha, it’s been a million years. I am finally going to the Higher Planes.”

“How many years has it been? Haha, I’m finally achieving my heart’s desire.”



*

The skies were occasionally filled with excited voices and conversations.

“A million years?” This middle-aged man who had only trained for a hundred years and had just become a Saint swallowed. Staring at those figures that were

over ten times faster than him, he thought, “I... I... I’d best stay here at the Yulan continent and continue training. The Four Higher Planes and the Divine Planes are simply too terrifying.”

This middle-aged man was so frightened, he immediately turned back and flew towards his homeland.

Not too long ago, this middle-aged man had just bid his family and friends farewell, and instructed his successors to work hard.

The World Changed

O'Brien Empire. War God Mountain.

Fain was still at the Prime Saint level, unable to break through to the Deity level. Fain didn't know the details of what had recently happened at the Great Botha Levee either, but when those many experts had charged out, Fain could sense their aura, even from as far away as War God Mountain.

"What a terrifying aura." Fain stared towards the south in shock. "The south. What just happened there?"

"Ugh," Fain secretly cursed.

The Yulan continent was becoming more and more chaotic. Even Fain was beginning to feel tired from trying to maintain this enormous empire alone.

"Master, come back soon..."

The War God wouldn't be back from the Necropolis of the Gods for another three months.

A long while later.

"Whoosh!" A human figure flashed over from far away.

"Eldest apprentice brother." It was Castro. Castro landed in front of Fain, saying respectfully, "Eldest apprentice brother, I have news. Linley, Olivier, and a middle-aged man were fighting with a bald man at the Great Botha Levee."

The O'Brien Empire's intelligence gatherers recognized Linley and Olivier, but they didn't recognize Desri. This intelligence report had quickly made its way out.

"Three against one?" Fain was shocked.

Fain knew that Linley had become a Deity. "No wonder there was such an astonishingly powerful aura not long from the south."

“But according to the report, the Great Botha Levee was damaged, and then a large number of people appeared out of nowhere. These human figures appeared densely in the air, and then suddenly disappeared... and the Great Botha Levee reformed,” Castro said. He felt this was bizarre as well.

But that was indeed how the report had described it.

“A large number of people who had instantly disappeared?” Fain understood. The flying speeds of certain experts were so fast as to be invisible to ordinary people. “Judging from the sound of it, it seems as though many Saints appeared in the area of the Great Botha Levee!” Fain didn’t even dare to imagine that many of the people in that group were Deities.

After all, reaching the Deity level was simply too hard.

“The situation is getting more and more complicated.” Fain was irritated. “However, I won’t get involved in any of these affairs. I’ll wait for Master to return.”

In the air above the O’Brien Empire’s imperial capital, a dense mass of people suddenly appeared.

There were nearly a thousand people flying in mid air!

“Those... those are...” Many of the citizens of the imperial capital raised their heads, staring in disbelief. Based on what they knew, aside from wind-style magi, people capable of flight were generally all Saints. But now, such a huge number of people had appeared in mid-air.

“They can’t all be Saints. How can there be so many?”

Many of the citizens of the imperial capital shook their head in disbelief. They believed it had to be wind-style magi.

In mid-air, flying amongst the group of experts, the leader was a handsome young man, dressed in a dazzling long robe that shone with golden light. Behind him, there was a row of three experts, while behind those three, there was a large number of experts arranged into a specific order. Behind them, at the very back, there were hundreds of experts. Those were the weakest of the group; Prime Saints.

“This is the largest empire of the current Yulan continent?” The handsome young man laughed wickedly. “And they worship someone called O’Brien?”

“Yes, Lord Adkins!” a silver-haired old man behind him said respectfully. “This O’Brien should have trained for just five thousand years, according to our estimates. His power should be that of a Demigod.” The tone of the silver-haired old man’s voice was filled with disdain for O’Brien.

“Then, it should be War God Mountain up ahead of us.” The handsome young man looked at the nearby War God Mountain, which had many people at the base of it staring up at them. The handsome youth shook his head. “A Demigod dares to style himself as ‘War God’. He really is quite boastful. I don’t like the look of this War God Mountain either.”

“O mighty Lord Adkins, permit your subordinate to destroy this unsightly little mountain.” Behind the handsome young man appeared a youngster with short silver hair. The silver-haired youngster, seeing that his Lord didn’t instruct him otherwise, suddenly swept out with his arm...

Instantly, countless amounts of elemental essence began to gather, and above the massive War God Mountain, a rumbling sound could be heard.

“What’s that?” Many of the honorary and personal disciples of the War God’s College felt the awesome transformation of the surrounding elemental essences.

“Hrmph.” The silver-haired youngster laughed coldly, then waved his hand. “Boom!”

In the air above War God Mountain, an astonishing, endless amount of wind blades appeared, forming directly into the forbidden-level magic spell, ‘Annihilating Tempest’. But, more precisely speaking... compared to the ‘Annihilating Tempest’ spell, every single wind blade’s power was a hundred or a thousand times more powerful. Every single wind blade faintly flashed with golden light, and the countless wind blades chopped downwards.

“Flee, quickly!!!” A fierce shout rang out from within War God Mountain.

But these wind blades were simply too fast. Even Saints didn’t have the chance to dodge beyond the wind blades before being scraped by these

countless, all-encompassing wind blades.

“Rumble...” The enormous War God Mountain, its boulders, trees, vegetation, and the mountain itself... under the attack of those countless wind blades that flashed with gold light, was directly chopped into pieces of rubble. Even the likes of Saints such as Castro and Blumer...

They were only able to hold on for one or two seconds.

“Aaaaah!” A fierce, agonized scream. The Saints were chopped into mincemeat.

Only a few seconds had passed.

War God Mountain, chopped apart by those countless wind blades, had completely vanished. In the place where War God Mountain had once stood was an immeasurably, terrifyingly deep crater.

“Mm, not bad.” The handsome young man’s face had a satisfied smile on it.

The silver-haired youngster’s eyes instantly had a look of joy flash past them. He respectfully bowed, then retreated back into line.

“Huh?” The handsome young man suddenly frowned. With his power, he could clearly see that within that deep crater, Fain had arduously survived the baptism of those wind blades. He had managed to protect his head, and the rest of his body was currently repairing at high speed.

At the same time, the terrified Fain was currently flying east beneath the ground at high speed.

A dissatisfied look flashed past the silver-haired youth’s eyes. With a flash, he started to fly downwards, but the handsome young man glanced at him coldly. “Return.” The silver-haired youngster’s body seemed to have suddenly been controlled, as it just hovered there in mid-air. He was no longer able to fly downwards.

“I, Adkins, am in a good mood today. Since that little fellow was able to survive, then I will grant him his life today.” The handsome young man laughed.

“Yes, yes.” The silver-haired youth flew back in terror.

“Little fellow, in the future, when you meet that O’Brien fellow, tell him that I,

Adkins, have taken over his O'Brien Empire. Also let him know that he had best not call himself the 'War God' in the future. I feel quite uncomfortable when I hear that title." The handsome young man's voice directly echoed into the mind of Fain, who was still fleeing underground.

Deep underground, Fain's body had already regenerated to his waist.

"It's over. It's all over." Fain's mind was in a state of chaos.

When he thought back to that scene just then, Fain's heart trembled. Those countless wind blades had resulted in even a Prime Saint like him being only able to survive it by using his divine artifact to protect his head. The only reason he was able to protect his head and just his head was because this was a wide-scale area attack.

If the opponent had paid even the slightest bit of extra attention to Fain, Fain would have died.

If Fain hadn't had a Pearl of Life, he also would have died.

"How terrifying." Fain couldn't breathe. "Adkins? And he wants me to carry a message to Master?"

Fain's suddenly had the feeling...

That the experts who had suddenly appeared were far more powerful than his master, the War God O'Brien.

"All I can do is go find Linley." Fain felt bitterness in his heart. The enormous War God Mountain and its honorary and personal disciples had all been destroyed. Aside from him, Fain, only two personal disciples of the War God Mountain were still alive.

Those two were currently within the Holy Alliance, and were responsible for conducting the war.

"Even Blumer died. If Olivier were to find out... alas..." Fain felt a massive headache.

In the air above War God Mountain.

"Tell me the details of Beirut. Since when did this 'Beirut' take over the Yulan Plane?" the handsome young man frowned as he spoke unhappily.

The silver-haired old man behind him immediately said respectfully, “Lord Adkins, in the past, your subordinate, myself, was in the Yulan continent. At that time, I learned of Beirut. This Beirut himself is a divine beast. When he reached adulthood, he naturally become a Demigod. However, Beirut himself naturally possessed terrifying power, and ordinary Demigods weren’t his match at all. Afterwards, I was imprisoned into the Gebados Planar Prison. As for what happened to Beirut afterwards, I’m not certain.”

“Oh. Your era? It seems that this Beirut has only lived for a few hundred thousand years, then.” The handsome young man was rather disdainful.

“Lord Adkins, this Beirut is a Highgod,” the silver-haired old man said hurriedly. “Although I’m not clear on the details of what happened afterwards, in our Planar Prison, I heard some news. During the Apocalypse War of ten thousand years ago, he was even able to kill Highgods.”

“Hmph.”

The handsome young man sneered coldly. “Kill Highgods? The question is, what sort of Highgod did he kill! A Highgod who became one through refining a divine spark and one who became a Highgod through one’s own insights; are they comparable? What’s more... in the Gebados Planar Prison, there are quite a few Highgods as well. Why, then, does the Gebados Planar Prison have five Kings? Despite the passage of so many years, no one has ever been able to budge their positions. Those Highgods who only know the Laws but have no idea as to how the Laws should be used effectively to attack... any one of the five Kings could easily kill ten such Highgods by themselves!”

“Although I’m not one of the Kings, it wouldn’t be too hard for me to kill several ordinary Highgods at once.” The handsome young man was very confident.

The silver-haired old man understood his Lord’s intentions. Clearly, this Adkins wanted to annihilate Beirut.

“Lord Adkins. Don’t be too careless. Supposedly, this Beirut is an Emissary of a Sovereign! He is the one who is in control of the Necropolis of the Gods!” the silver-haired old man hurriedly persuaded.

“A Sovereign’s Emissary?” Adkins’ handsome eyebrows twitched.

“Right. It is very likely that he possesses a Sovereign artifact which the Sovereign gifted to him.” The silver-haired old man intentionally made up some lies. No one had any clue as to whether or not Beirut had a Sovereign artifact. However, the silver-haired old man didn’t wish his Lord, who had just escaped, to immediately fight an expert of the same level in a life-and-death battle.

It would be good if he won, but if he lost?

“Hmph. Fine. For now, I won’t go deal with that Beirut.” Adkins immediately turned and stared at the continent, as though thinking back to countless years in the past and his activities in the Yulan continent.

“A pity. In the past, the Qingya continent was thousands of times greater than this continent. Even after the Qingya continent shattered into five continents due to a great war, it was still far larger than this one. But now, the other four continents have all been destroyed, with the only one remaining behind this one, known as ‘Yulan’.”



*

Dragonblood Castle. Today was an especially bustling day.

Fain had tunneled underground all the way from the O’Brien Empire. Only after leaving its borders did he exit to the surface, and then he flew at high speed before finally arriving at Dragonblood Castle.

“Linley!” Fain flew straight into the main hall of Dragonblood Castle.

“Father. Lord Fain is here.” At the doorway, Taylor immediately shouted out, and instantly, a large group of people walked out from the main hall. In the very front was Linley, Delia, Desri, and Olivier. Behind them were many Saints.

“Fain, why are you in such bad shape? What happened?” Linley immediately asked.

Although Fain had already changed into a fresh set of clothes as he arrived, his face was still covered with dirt and dust, and his mind was currently in a state of panic. It was quite impressive that he even remembered to change his clothes. How could he possibly remember to look after his appearance?

“It’s finished. War God Mountain. Finished. The O’Brien Empire... no longer belongs to Master either,” Fain shook his head and said bitterly.

Fain had been at the top of the mountain and had witnessed the enemy’s strength. He could tell that the enemy’s forces numbered nearly a thousand experts.

“Your War God Mountain was destroyed?” at this moment, a voice rang out from behind Linley. It was Dixie, along with several Grand Magus Saints.

“Why are you...” Fain was somewhat surprised.

Dixie, after having trained for dozens of years, had reached the Grand Magus Saint level as well. Dixie’s face was filled with a bitter smile. “We were slightly better off than you. However, the enemy destroyed the imperial palace of the Yulan Empire as well, with but a single blow. Two of my fellow apprentices who were stationed in the imperial palace immediately died. The rest of us immediately fled here. Our Yulan Empire is about to go to a new master as well!”

“Fain. Why are you here by yourself? Where’s my little brother?” Olivier suddenly asked.

Blumer?

Fain was stunned. He didn’t know what to say.

“Not good!” Linley’s face changed, and he stared towards the north. “I’m worried that the same thing will happen in the imperial capital of our Baruch Empire!”

“Big bro, then Cena...” Wharton immediately grew nervous as well.

“Wait here. I’ll make a trip.” Linley didn’t have time to waste; he immediately raised his speed to the limit and instantly disappeared into the boundless northern horizon.

Even the O’Brien Empire and the Yulan Empire had fallen to such a state. Linley couldn’t help but fear that his own Baruch Empire had suffered the same sort of attack.

Ferocious

“Rumble...” Black clouds covered the skies, and rolling thunder shuddered forth.

A blurry human figure was slashing through the air, piercing through the thick, dark clouds while flying at high speed to the north. It was the frantic Linley. Both the Yulan Empire and the O’Brien Empire had suffered attacks. Linley naturally was worrying about his Baruch Empire as well.

“I hope, I hope Cena is fine,” Linley murmured.

The Baruch Empire’s imperial palace was the place where Emperor Cena, the Empress, and the others lived. Of course, the imperial palace of an empire was protected by Saints, and the Saint on guard there was the second of the five Barker brothers, Ankh.

Linley’s fast-moving body suddenly halted, his gaze focused on two indistinct figures on the northern horizon.

One of them was tall and massive, while the other was also much larger than most people.

“Not good.” Linley could instantly recognize them. These two people were the transformed Supreme Warriors, Ankh and Cena. Cena was now a peak warrior of the ninth rank. After transforming, he was a Saint. As for Ankh, he had long ago reached the Saint level.

“Lord Linley!” Ankh and Cena, fleeing in a sad state, immediately called out upon seeing Linley.

Linley could tell that many of the scales of the transformed Dragonblood Warrior Cena had been ripped apart, with blood leaking everywhere. As for the transformed Undying Warrior Saint, Ankh, although he hadn’t been injured too badly, he clearly was in a sad state as well.

“Uncle!” As soon as Cena saw Linley, his tears immediately began to flow.

Linley felt extremely nervous.

Cena was an extremely stable person. For him to cry, the situation must be very severe.

The badly injured Cena calmed down slightly, now that he saw Linley. He returned to his human form. His trousers were ripped and torn, and his body was covered in blood and wounds. Linley immediately reached out and pressed his hand against Cena’s shoulder, allowing the Pearl of Life’s energy to fill Cena’s body.

Cena’s wounds quickly recovered.

“All dead. They are all dead.” Cena sobbed so hard his entire body shook. “Uncle, everyone in the entire imperial palace, aside from me and Uncle Ankh, they are all dead. My wives, my son, all dead!!!”

“All dead?” Linley couldn’t help but feel a surge of fury.

He had expected that the situation was grim, but it was even worse than he had feared.

“Those Deities, why did they massacre commoners? Can it be that they can only show off their power by massacring commoners? Cena’s son was named Kass...” Linley still remembered the scene from ten days ago.

It was the Yulan Festival. Cena had brought his wife and child to Dragonblood Castle to celebrate the holiday together.

Kass had only been seven years old at the time. Linley had been planning to wait when Kass grew a bit older, then take him and Arnold to activate the Dragonblood Warrior lineage in their veins. But... who would have imagined that Kass’s future would have ended before it even began.

“Bastards!!!” Linley couldn’t help but curse quietly.

Cena ground his teeth as well. “I really want to kill those people.”

Dragonblood Warriors had very low fertility rates.

For example, Linley only had Taylor and Sasha, the pair of twins. Wharton

only had one child, Cena. Cena himself only had a single son. Although as the Emperor of an Empire, he had quite a few women, he only had this single son.”

“Uncle, you absolutely must help me get revenge. You must!” Cena’s face was covered in tears.

Linley nodded heavily.

“Ankh, what was the situation? Tell me in detail.” Linley looked solemnly at Ankh.

Ankh nodded and spoke. “Lord Linley. Not long ago, I was still in the imperial palace. But suddenly, I sensed a terrifying aura coming from above the imperial palace, so I immediately rushed out of the room. When I looked upwards, I saw... roughly a hundred experts flying in mid-air.”

“Nearly a hundred?” Linley’s heart shook slightly.

Originally, when Olivier had chopped open the Great Botha Levee with his sword, he had released thousands of experts, many of whom were far more powerful than Linley. Of course, most of the experts were Saints, but there were Demigods and Gods amongst their number, and even Highgods.

Hearing that nearly a hundred people had appeared in the air above the imperial palace of the imperial capital of the Baruch Empire, he knew that the leader of this gathering must at least be a Demigod, and perhaps even a full God!

“At that time, before I even had a chance to say a word, the leader, smiling, turned his gaze towards me. He immediately spoke to me using his divine sense. He said... ‘Little fellow, go back and tell that Linley that from today onwards, this Baruch Empire now belongs to me, Ojwin.’” Ankh came to a pause.

Linley’s face sank.

“Ojwin?” Linley had never heard of this name before, but Linley could tell that this person clearly knew a great deal about him.

“And then?” Linley asked.

Ankh’s eyes held a hint of terror in them as he spoke. “And then, Ojwin just

smiled. His entire body radiated out brilliant white light. It was like the holy light of the Radiant Church. The places of the imperial palace that were touched by that holy light were instantly vaporized. Many palace maids, attendants, and guards were turned directly to ash by that light. I immediately transformed, while Cena transformed as well. Under the power of that light, my defense managed to hold, but Cena was badly injured.”

Linley couldn’t help but feel his heart weighing heavily.

“The light that his body emanated was enough to badly injure Cena, who was at the Saint level when Dragonformed?” Linley was very certain that ordinary Demigods definitely didn’t have this sort of power.

For a Demigod to kill a Saint, he would generally first have to utilize his Godrealm, or rely on his other abilities. That he was able to radiate light that covered the entire palace, yet still had such great power... most likely, the opponent was a full God. Even if he was a Demigod, he was definitely a peak Demigod.”

“Let’s go back for now.” Linley frowned.

Cena and Ankh nodded slightly, flying behind Linley as they returned towards Dragonblood Castle.

Dragonblood Castle.

Linley, Cena, and Ankh landed in the gate to Dragonblood Castle. Right now, there were quite a few people in the main hall. Everyone was chatting in soft voices. Dixie, Fain, and the others all felt extremely miserable... but the person with the most terrible look on his face was Olivier.

Olivier had learned from Fain that his little brother, Blumer, had died!

His little brother!

Their parents had died early on. He, Olivier, had personally brought up his little brother. His one and only family member! When Blumer entered the War God’s College, Olivier finally stopped worrying and began wholeheartedly devoting himself to his training. Who would have imagined... that such terrible news would come today!

Blumer was to Olivier what Wharton was to Linley!

His little brother had died. How could he not be furious?

“Linley, what’s the situation?” Delia immediately went to welcome them. Upon seeing Linley, Cena, and Ankh, everyone all went to welcome them as well.

Linley’s face was terrible to behold. He just shook his head.

“Cena, what happened?” Wharton’s face was filled with worry, and he immediately shouted the question.

“Bang!”

Cena immediately knelt down in front of Wharton, sobbing, “Father, everyone in the imperial palace, aside from myself and Uncle Ankh, are all dead. My wives died. Even little Kass died! They all died!” Cena deeply loved his son.

His only son!

“Little Kass died as well?” Wharton seemed to have been struck by a bolt of lightning. His face turned ashen. Nina, by Wharton’s side, also couldn’t believe it.

The youngest generation of the Baruch clan was just composed of Arnold and Kass, those two kids. Both Linley and Wharton deeply adored these little treasures. Arnold usually was with his father, Taylor, in Dragonblood Castle. As for Kass, he normally lived with his father and mother in the imperial palace.

“Big bro, we must get revenge.” Wharton looked at Linley.

But Linley was silent.

“Father, Uncle.” Cena was slowly beginning to recover from the grips of his rage and hate, returning to his normal clarity of thought. “The enemy who suddenly appeared... there were nearly a hundred of them flying in the air. The leader, ‘Ojwin’, is astonishingly powerful. We don’t have a good chance right now. For now, we must endure.”

Endure!

Linley couldn’t help but glance at Cena. After getting a vague sense of Ojwin’s

power, Linley had no longer dared to easily engage in a battle against him.

After all...

Who knew how powerful these experts who fled from the Gebados Planar Prison were? It wouldn't be so bad if they were Demigods, but if they were Gods... given his current level of power, if he went to fight, it would most likely be nothing more than certain death. He had already lost a child. But the living still had other family members!

Looking at Delia by his side, Linley then looked towards his own son, Taylor, as well as the distant family of Hillman, the children of the five Barker brothers, and more... in the entire main hall, there were many people present. All of them were Linley's family and friends.

"I can't take any risks," Linley said to himself.

Fain, seated nearby, rose to his feet as well. He said seriously, "Too many experts suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Nearly a thousand people attacked our War God Mountain. But only one of them truly attacked; with a flip of his hand, he turned War God Mountain into rubble and ash! The difference in power between us is simply too great! Linley, you have to be cautious."

"Linley." Olivier looked at Linley as well. "Endure!"

Linley nodded slightly.

Right now, Olivier was enduring as well. He wanted to get revenge for Blumer. Perhaps to the others, Blumer wasn't much, but to Olivier, Blumer was his only family in the world. But from Fain's description, Olivier understood...

He wasn't able to get revenge. At least, he currently wasn't.

"In the coming days, everyone needs to stay in Dragonblood Castle. You are not to go out of it." Linley looked at everyone as he gave his orders. "In another few months, when the War God and the others return, we will discuss things in detail."

They had no other options. They had to endure.

Thousands of experts had fled from the Gebados Planar Prison, and only a small part of the thousands of experts had headed to the Arctic Icecap and left

the Yulan Plane for the Four Higher Planes and the Seven Divine Planes. Many of the others had taken up residence in the Yulan continent.

The homeland of virtually all of the experts in the Gebados Planar Prison was the Yulan Plane.

Of course, long ago in the distant past of the Yulan Plane, there were Elemental lifeforms, Beastmen, etc... after all, only in relatively 'recent' days did the Yulan Plane become as it currently was. Now that these many experts had finally returned to their homeland, all of them had their own choices to make.

The weaker parties would perhaps take over a small area and become a local lord.

The powerful ones would directly annihilate the pre-existing imperial clans, and with their power backing them up, directly take over an empire.

To the experts who had fled from the Gebados Planar Prison, the original 'experts' of the Yulan continent were nothing. They couldn't fight back at all. The difference in power was simply too vast. Even the most powerful people on their side, Linley and Olivier, were forced to choose to endure, much less ordinary Saints.



*

The Eighteen Northern Duchies.

Dozens of experts were flying in the air above the Eighteen Northern Duchies. The leader of the group was a pair of twin brothers. Although they were twins, there were some slight differences; one of them had slightly darker skin, while the other had slightly lighter skin.

"Big brother, the Yulan Empire and the Baruch Empire have already been taken. Even someone as mighty as Lord Adkins was only able to take over that empire known as O'Brien. It seems we two brothers will have to find another place to roost. This 'Eighteen Northern Duchies' area is a bit far off, but at least it'll be a place for us two brothers to settle down," the youngster with the whiter skin said.

His big brother nodded. “Let’s learn from Lord Adkins. First we’ll destroy that Frost Goddess Shrine. Afterwards, won’t all these duchies obey us meekly?”

“If they don’t, we’ll kill them,” the younger brother said.

The two brothers exchanged glances, then burst out in laughter.

“The Eighteen Northern Duchies is our territory!” A violet-gold shadow suddenly flew over, transforming into a Violet-Gold Rat King. “And you even want to destroy the Frost Goddess Shrine to frighten others?” This Violet-Gold Rat King stared at the group of experts with its beady little black eyes.

The two brothers were startled. The group of experts behind them all began to laugh.

A Saint-level magical beast had come to block them?

“How amusing. Die,” the older brother said with a disdainful laugh. With a sweep of his arm...

“BOOM!”

In the air above those dozens of experts, a seemingly illusory giant black palm suddenly appeared. This enormous black palm covered the entire area, and those dozens of experts weren’t able to move at all. Those dozens of experts raised their head, staring in terror at that enormous black palm.

But that enormous black palm continued to descend upon them with no mercy.

“BOOM!” It was like striking tofu.

The dozens of experts, including those two brothers that had reached the Demigod-level, were smashed into mincemeat without being able to resist at all.

“Saints and Deities who have chosen to remain in the Yulan continent, all of you, listen closely. If anyone causes trouble or commits slaughter in the area of the Eighteen Northern Duchies or the Forest of Darkness, I will definitely shatter their souls and disperse their spirits! Hmph. All of you had better know what’s best for you.”

An icy divine sense message instantly spread across the entire Yulan continent

and echoed in the minds of all the Saints and Deities.

Many Deities who had been in the grips of wild exultation suddenly lost their smiles.

The gazes of virtually all the experts of the Yulan continent turned towards the direction of the Eighteen Northern Duchies.

Sound

O'Brien Empire. The imperial palace.

That handsome young man, Adkins, who had been seated in a resting room, chatting and laughing, suddenly stopped smiling. He stared coldly towards the north, letting out an icy snort. "This Beirut really does have the power of a Highgod. However, he's a bit too ferocious."

"Lord Adkins." That silver-haired old man behind him said respectfully, "This Beirut acts ferociously, but he has the ability to back it up."

"He just relies on the Sovereign behind him to back him up." Adkins' slender eyebrows narrowed. His eyes were as sharp as dagger.

But Adkins knew very well that although Highgods had completely mastered their Law, in front of a Sovereign... a single thought from the Sovereign could kill the Highgod. Sovereigns were far above them, inviolable presences that could only be gazed upon in awe.

"If... if I could..." Adkins' had a desire in his heart.

In the Gebados Planar Prison, he too had heard of what the Necropolis of the Gods contained. Even someone as powerful as him, who had the exalted position of Highgod, was filled with desire towards the treasure hidden on the eighteenth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods. But Adkins knew...

The Necropolis of the Gods was a game designed by a Sovereign.

If he wanted to enter the Necropolis of the Gods, he had to obey the rules that the Sovereign had set. To disobey the rules... was to disobey the will of the Sovereign. To disobey the will of the Sovereign... the results of that didn't need to be questioned.

"Barnas, have you finished the investigation?" Adkins asked coldly.

The silver-haired old man behind him said respectfully, "Lord Adkins, your

subordinate has already completed the investigation. Those Deities O'Brien and Catherine went to the Necropolis of the Gods nine years ago. In two more months, the ten years will be up, and they should return."

"Good."

Adkins revealed a rare hint of a smile on his face. "I will endure for two more months."

"No one is permitted to compete against me!" Adkins murmured to himself, then he grabbed that cup of wine and gulped it all down!



*

Dragonblood Castle.

Linley had already informed Desri and Olivier of the existence of the pocket dimension training room. At this point in time, Linley hoped that Desri and Olivier would also be able to rapidly improve. Olivier, Desri, and Linley's original body were all there training.

As for Delia, she was in her normal room.

After all, it didn't make much of a difference if she was fusing a divine spark in the pocket dimension or in an ordinary place. Linley's original body was in the pocket dimension, whole-heartedly focusing on training in the Profound Truths of the Earth. As for the divine wind clone, it was in Dragonblood Castle, quietly meditating on the Profound Truths of Velocity as well as Bloodviolet.

In the western gardens of Dragonblood Castle, there were a few dwarf trees. It was a very quiet place.

Dressed in a light green robe, Linley was completely absorbed in meditating on the Profound Truths of the Wind and Bloodviolet.

"According to what Muba said, divine artifacts are divided into three levels. The high-level divine artifacts can be described as Highgod artifacts. Above those are Sovereign artifacts. My Bloodviolet... should be a Highgod artifact." Linley was using his spiritual energy to nurture Bloodviolet. He was able to

sense Bloodviolet's spirit.

By now, Linley had seen many divine artifacts.

But none of those divine artifacts could come close to being comparable to Bloodviolet.

"A Deity's power is partially based on his understanding of the Laws and their applications. The other part is how well he utilizes his divine artifacts. Although I am a Demigod, if I am able to bring forth all of the power of Bloodviolet..." Linley thought back to the attack he had developed, the 'Hymn of the Wind'.

The Hymn of the Wind combined a spiritual attack, Bloodviolet's special properties, and the Profound Truths of Wind.

There was no need to spend much time describing its power; for him to be able to kill Beaumont with a single sword was something that Linley felt very satisfied about.

"This Hymn of the Wind, it seems..." Linley was frowning.

In Linley's mind, he was constantly visualizing the usage of the Hymn of the Wind. His spiritual energy and Bloodviolet, mated together along with the Profound Truths of Velocity...

Although Linley was capable of utilizing the Hymn of the Wind, in truth, he didn't fully understand the principles behind it.

"Originally, Delia had said that Bloodviolet's sound alone was causing her soul to shake and her entire body to feel weak. Even that Beaumont... when I utilized 'Hymn of the Wind', Beaumont was unable to control his spiritual energy to block it.

Linley had discovered... the power of sound!

"Sound!"

Linley remembered that Snowy Panda-Cat he had met in the Necropolis of the Gods. That Snowy Panda-Cat had been wielding a flute while threatening him.

"Sound can influence, mystify, and attack the soul!" Linley came to this conclusion. "As for my Elemental Laws of the Wind, they seem to contain the Profound Mysteries of Sound."

Linley didn't actually understand the Profound Mysteries of Sound.

When he had originally developed the 'Hymn of the Wind', it was because Bloodviolet contained this sort of aspect to it already. Linley just utilized the Profound Truths of the Wind to slightly activate the sword song of Bloodviolet, resulting in that special effect. But now, Linley wanted to focus on researching the Profound Mysteries of Sound.

"Rumble..."

Linley's divine power filled Bloodviolet, and Bloodviolet began to tremble, emitting that humming sword song.

"Where's Lord Linley? Inside?" Gates walked into the west garden of Dragonblood Castle.

The serving maid said with a laugh, "Lord Gates, Lord Linley said that he needs to focus on his training. No matter who it is, without his permission, nobody is to be permitted to enter the west garden. Right now, the only person in the west garden is Lord Linley himself."

"No person is permitted to enter?" Gates was somewhat surprised.

So what if someone went in while he was training?

However, how could they know that Linley was currently researching the Profound Mysteries of Sound, of the Elemental Laws of the Wind? The sound attacks he created wouldn't harm himself, of course, but if someone else entered, it would easily harm them. As for Linley, he wasn't slowly researching this Profound Mysteries of Sound in a prescribed order.

He was only starting off from what he knew of Bloodviolet as his base to heighten the power of Bloodviolet.

If one wanted to advance in a short period of time, one had to focus on the weapon.

"Everyone is meditating and training. The atmosphere of Dragonblood Castle has changed." Gates turned and left. During this period of time, Linley, Desri, and Olivier, the three Deities, were all training nonstop, hoping to raise their power yet again.

As for Barker, Zassler, Delia, and Haeru, they were all fusing their divine sparks.

But who would have imagined that Linley continued training in the west garden without stopping. Over the course of an entire month, Linley didn't leave the west garden a single time. As for the other people of Dragonblood Castle, they didn't dare to disobey Linley's orders. They had to wait.

Wharton, Gates, Ankh, Boone, and the others were walking side by side as they left the training grounds.

"That simple, single sword attack of Olivier's released a group of experts. This really is a huge headache," Gates said.

Wharton nodded as well.

Olivier's single sword blow had utterly turned the Yulan continent on its head.

"When the War God and the High Priest come back, they will most likely be stupefied." Gates smirked.

"You know, that's so true. Both their empires are gone." Hazer laughed as well.

"When they are back, they'll need to have a conference with my big brother on how to deal with this disaster," Wharton said with some anticipation.

The more people they had, the easier to accomplish some things. Although the War God and the High Priest were also Demigods, they had reached that level a long time ago. In addition, Dylin was himself a divine beast. If their group of Demigods joined forces, they could still manage to find some stable footing.

"All we can do is wait. In another month, the War God and the others will be back," Wharton said.

"I hope the War God and the others were able to make breakthroughs in the Necropolis of the Gods," Ankh said seriously. "If they didn't break through, even if the War God and the others return, it'll be hard to say if they will be able to defeat that Ojwin."

The group suddenly paused in their chatting.

In front of them was a middle-aged man, dressed in simple long robes. A hint

of a smile was on this man's face.

"Who are you?" Ankh shouted the question.

"Muba?" Wharton frowned. Last time, when Muba had come, Wharton had seen him.

"He's that Deity, Muba?" Ankh and the others were a bit surprised as well. That day, when Muba had arrived, Ankh and the others hadn't seen them. Afterwards, when they had heard of Muba, all they knew was that Muba was a Deity-level expert."

"Wharton." Muba's face still had that faint smile on it. "I'm here to see Linley."

"My big bro is currently training. Only..." Wharton shook his head. "My big bro gave the order that without his permission, nobody is permitted to go in and disturb him. You came at an unfortunate time."

"Oh?" Muba immediately spread out his divine sense.

Instantly, he located Linley in the west garden. When their divine senses touched, Linley discovered Muba as well. "Oh, it's Muba. If there's something to discuss, come over."

Muba's body flashed towards the west garden.

"This Muba." Wharton was rather angry. "My big bro forbade anyone from going in to disturb him, but he's still going in." Wharton immediately ran towards the west garden. Wharton didn't know that Linley had spoken to Muba through their divine senses. Soon, Wharton arrived at the gate to the west garden.

The maid stationed outside the west garden's gate was currently running away from it.

"Why are you running around?" Wharton barked at them.

"Lord Wharton." The maid curtsied. "Lord Linley ordered me to go prepare some fine wine and delicacies for his guest."

Within the west garden of Dragonblood Castle.

“Mr. Linley, I am in admiration. In such a short period of time, the three of you, joining forces, actually managed to kill Beaumont.” Muba sighed in praise. “That Beaumont was an extremely powerful Demigod. He was very strong in both spiritual and regular attacks.”

Linley laughed as he glanced at Muba.

“Mr. Muba, I’m not sure why you have made this trip. Please tell me,” Linley said directly.

Muba smiled. “I’ve come to help you, Linley.”

“Help me?” Linley couldn’t help but look at Muba in surprise.

In truth, he and Muba didn’t have a deep relationship between them. Last time, Muba had told him some information about divine artifacts. As a result, Linley focused on attuning with Bloodviolet and meditating on combining Bloodviolet, his spiritual energy, and the Profound Truths of the Wind, eventually developing the Hymn of the Wind.

One could say that without Muba’s information, he wouldn’t have been able to develop the Hymn of the Wind.

“My situation right now really is quite terrible. Can it be that you, Mr. Muba, have come to help my side fight my enemies?” Linley asked.

“I don’t have that sort of ability.” Muba laughed. “I’ve come to give you some information on those Deities that have appeared in that Yulan continent, Linley.”

Linley couldn’t help but feel wild joy in his heart.

Linley still had no idea how powerful that Ojwin who destroyed his imperial palace was, which was why he hadn’t dared to take any action.

“Then let me thank you in advance, Mr. Muba. Mr. Muba, please tell me the detailed information. I will be endlessly grateful,” Linley said seriously.

Muba laughed. “Mr. Linley, no need to be so grateful. I’m doing this to make friends with you, Mr. Linley. As long as you consider myself your friend, Linley, then everything I’ve done will have been worth it.” Muba’s smile was very sincere.

Linley didn't spend any time thinking about what Muba's aims were. At least he was willing to help out.

"Mr. Muba, you are my friend, of course. Muba, please speak, especially regarding that Ojwin," Linley said.

Muba nodded as he spoke. "Before that, Linley, let me first tell you that there is a city within the Gebados Planar Prison known as 'Bluefire City'. Within Bluefire City, Ojwin is a rather famous expert, and his power in Bluefire City is fairly high as well. He has reached the God-level." Hearing Muba's words, Linley couldn't help but grit his teeth.

A full God!

For now at least, he couldn't act against Ojwin.

A Legend

“Muba, please continue.” Linley was listening carefully.

Muba said with a smile, “The master of Bluefire City is Lord ‘Bluefire’, one of the five great Kings! Lord Bluefire is a very mysterious person. His power is unquestionably massive, and he virtually never shows himself. In fact, no one can even be certain if he is still within Bluefire City. In the City of Bluefire, the person whose status and power is only lower than Lord Bluefire is Lord Adkins, a mighty Highgod!”

“Highgod?”

Linley’s heart trembled. He couldn’t help but sigh secretly. “Olivier, you wanted to get revenge for your little brother, but it’s just become very difficult.”

The experts who destroyed War God mountain were led by this Adkins.

Olivier, kill Adkins? How?

“Linley, there are differences amongst Highgods as well. There is a major difference in power between someone who became a Highgod through fusing a divine spark, someone who knows the laws but not how to use them, and someone who became a Highgod through personal efforts. In the Gebados Planar Prison, the weakest of any particular level will be destroyed.”

Muba said, “Lord Adkins has been famous for ten billion years. Even in the Gebados Planar Prison, he is an exceedingly powerful Highgod.”

“I understand. We do not dare to go irritate that Adkins,” Linley said self-mockingly.

Knowing how powerful the enemy was, Linley now knew how he should act towards them.

“What else? The Yulan continent can’t possibly just have those few experts,”

Linley asked.

Muba nodded. "The Rohault Empire, after having suffered that calamity, lost a hundred million people, and most of the remaining citizens left. There's virtually no one left in the empire now. Naturally, it doesn't count. At present, the Rhine, Yulan, and Baruch Empires have all been taken over by full Gods, while the O'Brien Empire is occupied by Lord Adkins."

"All Gods?" Linley felt sourness in his heart.

Olivier really had released quite a few experts with that sword blow of his. There were even multiple Gods amongst them.

"I know the God who is in control of the Yulan Empire. His name is Oerph. As for the person who is in control of the Rhine Empire, I'm not too sure. As for the Holy Union and the Dark Alliance, I'm not too familiar with that area, so I'm not sure either," Muba said.

Linley nodded slightly.

Regardless of what was going on in the two alliances west of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, all of the four empires east of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts had been taken over.

"Muba." Linley suddenly had a surprising thought.

"What?" Muba, seeing the look on Linley's face, couldn't help but feel puzzled.

Linley hurriedly asked, "You said that the master of Bluefire City is 'Bluefire', one of the five Kings of the Gebados Planar Prison. When the interdimensional gate opened this time, do you think this Lord Bluefire also managed to flee into the Yulan Plane?"

Muba was stunned.

"This... I don't know." Muba sighed in praise. "If Lord Bluefire arrived in the Yulan Plane, then that would be absolutely incredible. Most likely even the likes of Lord Beirut, an Emissary of a Sovereign, wouldn't necessarily be able to overcome Lord Bluefire."

Knowing the history of the Gebados Planar Prison, Linley secretly nodded as

well.

“The Five Kings...”

Linley felt a hint of amazement in his heart.

King!

This Gebados Planar Prison was formed when the universe itself was formed. The number of experts who had been imprisoned within was a staggeringly high figure. For someone to be able to reach the peak of power amongst those countless experts and become one of the five Kings of the entire Planar Prison... someone like this would definitely be one of the most powerful types of Highgods.

“But Lord Bluefire rarely even shows himself within Bluefire City. It’s possible that he wasn’t even in Bluefire City at the time,” Muba said.

“Muba, I’m very confused about something.” Linley frowned.

“Please, speak.” Muba’s attitude was very friendly.

Linley nodded slightly. “I’ve always been wondering. I can understand why Demigods and Gods are remaining in the Yulan continent. After all, they want to acquire divine sparks in the Necropolis of the Gods. But... that Lord Adkins is a Highgod. Why is he remaining in the Yulan Plane as well? He’s already a Highgod. Could it be that the Necropolis of the Gods actually has a Sovereign spark?” Linley said jokingly.

Linley knew very well that the number of Sovereigns was fixed. Earth, fire, water, wind, lightning, light, darkness. The seven elemental styles, each of which only had seven Sovereigns. In the countless planes, the number of Deities who had arisen over the course of endless years was truly an astronomical figure.

Just look at the Gebados Planar Prison. And that was just one plane.

Countless planes added together?

Especially the Four Higher Planes and the Seven Divine Planes... the number was astonishing, far more than one could even imagine.

But Sovereigns?

The earth-style only had seven of them! Only when one of them fell would another Highgod be able to obtain a Sovereign spark and take on the position of Sovereign. But how could someone as powerful as a Sovereign die easily? What's more, the Necropolis of the Gods was nothing more than a game for Sovereigns.

Would a Sovereign place a Sovereign's spark inside?

Even if a Sovereign wanted to, the Sovereign would have to acquire a Sovereign's spark first.

"No."

Muba shook his head. "Linley, you don't know this, but the Necropolis of the Gods has Sovereign artifacts within it."

"Sovereign artifacts?" Linley was somewhat surprised. "Even a Sovereign has to wholeheartedly nurture a divine artifact for countless years before being able to produce a Sovereign artifact. Can it be that the Sovereign who created the Necropolis of the Gods is willing to place a Sovereign artifact within?"

"Not just Sovereign artifacts..."

Muba said mysteriously, "According to legend, on the eighteen floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, there are Sovereign sparks!"

"What a joke. What an utter joke." Linley laughed loudly.

"Not necessarily," Muba said solemnly. "Linley, you don't know this, but most of the people imprisoned into the Gebados Planar Prison are experts from throughout the history of the Yulan Plane. But ten thousand years ago and five thousand years ago, most of those newly imprisoned were outsider experts. What caused so many experts from other planes to come here?"

"The Necropolis of the Gods?" Linley asked.

Muba laughed and said, "More importantly, it wasn't just ordinary Deities who descended to the Yulan Plane. There were Highgods as well! Extremely powerful Highgods, such as that legendary figure of the Infernal Realm, the Bloodviolet Fiend. And that time, the Bloodviolet Fiend wasn't the only Highgod to descend."

Linley's heart shuddered.

He thought of his own Bloodviolet sword.

"Tell me, why did those extremely powerful Highgods come? Just for ordinary divine artifacts and divine sparks? Think about it. It's impossible." Muba laughed. "That's why I'm sure that the Necropolis of the Gods definitely has Sovereign artifacts within it. As to whether or not it has Sovereign sparks, I'm not sure. However, in the Gebados Planar Prison, there are constantly rumors of Sovereign sparks being in the Necropolis of the Gods."

Linley sighed unceasingly.

No wonder that Adkins was remaining in the Yulan Plane.

Linley and Muba chatted for a long time, then after they had lunch together, Muba left. As for Linley, he naturally once more returned to his training. Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, yet another month had passed. It was only a few days before the War God and the High Priest were going to return.

The Baruch Empire. Within a magnificent manor.

An elegant, white-robed, middle-aged man was seated within a pavilion, drinking wine while enjoying the scenery of the garden. It was the God who had destroyed the imperial palace; Ojwin.

"Father." A golden-haired youth walked over.

"Hrm?" Ojwin glanced at the youth. In the past, when he had been imprisoned into the Gebados Planar Prison, he was just a Prime Saint, while his son had just reached the Saint level.

During the countless years of imprisonment within the Gebados Planar Prison, Ojwin had worked hard to protect his son. After bitter years of training, he had reached the God level, while his son had become a Demigod.

Finally, the two of them, father and son, had escaped from the Gebados Planar Prison.

"Father, although the Baruch Empire's various provinces were easily pacified, the citizens of the empire all have faith towards that 'Linley'. It is rather vexing." The gold-haired youth frowned. "Changing one's faith isn't an easy thing."

Kill those citizens? That was an idiot's action.

Ojwin's homeland was the Yulan Plane as well. He wouldn't act that rashly.

"That, is easy." Ojwin had a hint of a smile at the corner of his lips.

"Oh?" The gold-haired man looked curiously at his father.

"They worship Linley, right? I've heard that Dragonblood Castle is the most sacred location in the entire Baruch Empire. Then... tomorrow, let's head out and directly raze the Dragonblood Castle to the ground, while at the same time we can kill that Linley. When the time comes, we'll hang Linley's corpse up on the city walls of the imperial capital."

"At the same time, we'll make up a slightly altered story."

Ojwin looked at his son. "This sort of affair is easily managed. All we need to do is make him look bad, then kill him, while afterwards creating some miracles of our own. Soon, the commoners will change their faith."



*

Within Dragonblood Castle.

"Big sis, in the next few days, Lord Dylin and the others will return. By then, the situation will be much better." Rebecca and her sister, Leena, were walking in the rear garden, their heads raised. "I really hope the War God and the High Priest could arrive right now."

Leena laughed. "Don't be in such a rush. It'll be soon."

"Aren't you in a rush as well?" Rebecca suddenly stared wide. "Hey, someone's flying over! Could it be the War God and the others? Hey... why are they coming from the north?"

Leena raised her head as well.

The northern horizon had multiple people flying towards their direction. But soon, they could tell that it wasn't multiple people; it was a large group of people! There were at least fifty or sixty experts present.

“Not good.” Leena’s face instantly changed.

There was only a single side from the north that could send out so many human experts!

“Quick, quickly inform Lord Linley.”

Leena and Rebecca immediately ran towards the location where Linley was training.

Before they arrived however, Linley himself noticed the many human figures in the air. His face couldn’t help but change, and he immediately sent out his divine sense. “Wharton, quick. Take Arnold and the others and all enter the pocket dimension immediately.”

Although the ‘door’ to the pocket dimension would attack others, as long as Saints guarded others with their protective aura, they would still be able to block the attacks for a short time. In addition... Linley’s main body was in the pocket dimension as well.

“Understood, bro.” Wharton, seeing the northern skies filled with people, also knew that the situation was dire.

“Quick, Nina, don’t worry about anything else.” Wharton picked up Arnold and immediately rushed towards the pocket dimension.

They didn’t have any time to flee. They had to immediately flee into the pocket dimension. Even if the others destroyed Dragonblood Castle the way War God Mountain and the imperial palace had been destroyed, at least Wharton, Delia, and the others wouldn’t be harmed.

Linley’s original body immediately called out to Olivier and Desri, awakening them. “Quick, Ojwin’s men have come!” Olivier and Desri were greatly shocked. They immediately rushed out of the pocket dimension, hurrying to the ground level.

“Linley, come out!!!”

A thick, deep voice shook the entire Dragonblood Castle.

“He really has come for me.” Linley raised his head, staring at the large group of people who had come to a halt in mid-air. There were nearly sixty of them,

with the leader being a middle-aged man dressed in an utterly immaculate long blue robe. His golden hair shone under the light, appearing quite dazzling.

Linley, Olivier, and Desri glanced at each other, then flew into mid-air together.

“Haha, you really have courage.” The leading middle-aged man laughed, and then he swept his gaze towards Linley’s group. “Which of you is Linley?”

“Ojwin, you don’t know me, but you’ve come looking for me?” Linley said with a calm laugh as he looked at him.

“Oh, you know my name. Not bad.” The middle-aged man looked at him and nodded slightly. “I’ve heard quite a bit about you. You are indeed quite a talent. I didn’t want to kill you, but your citizens all worship you. The best way to change a population’s faith is to destroy the god they worship.”

“You should know what my purpose in coming is by now, right?” Ojwin smiled as he looked at Linley, speaking with great courtesy.

Before killing someone, he was grinning merrily and saying to that person, ‘I’m going to kill you!’

This really was quite a detestable habit.

“Of course, the other two, I don’t have to kill. I just have to kill you, Linley.” Ojwin looked at Desri and Olivier. “The two of you can leave.”

Willingly Surrender

This Ojwin really was diabolical. With but a simple phrase, he caused a hint of a crack to appear within Linley's three-man alliance. Ojwin grinned merrily as he looked at Olivier and Desri, waiting for their response.

Staring at the distant Ojwin, Linley was actually worrying more about his family.

"This Ojwin is a full God. His power is far beyond that of myself, Desri, and Olivier. In addition, Ojwin has a group of subordinates. Those four experts behind him should all be Deities. It most likely will be very hard for me to flee."

The situation had reached an extremely grave point.

His life, compared to the lives of his family and friends... if he could protect his family and friends, Linley wouldn't mind dying.

"If Ojwin destroys Dragonblood Castle then immediately leaves, that's fine. But if he were to find that pocket dimension, then..." Linley was afraid of Delia, Wharton, and the others being killed as well. Linley was also certain of one thing.

Once Ojwin saw Delia and the others, he would definitely act.

Because Ojwin would definitely realize that Delia, Barker, and Zassler all had divine sparks in their bodies.

"What to do?" Linley was somewhat panicked.

"Hey? Just now, when I arrived, I noticed quite a few people in Dragonblood Castle, as well as a good number of Saints. Where did they all disappear to?" Ojwin mumbled to himself in a 'puzzled' manner, staring at Linley.

Linley's heart shook.

When Wharton and Delia had hidden themselves, Ojwin probably had been

using his divine sense to inspect the entire Dragonblood Castle.

“My divine sense only noticed them entering an underground area, and then their auras vanished.” Ojwin had a hint of laughter at the corner of his lips. He stared at Linley as he slowly spoke. “Could it be that there is some sort of unique magic formation underground Dragonblood Castle that can hide auras? After dealing with you, I’ll definitely go take a look for myself.”

Linley’s forehead immediately became covered in sweat.

The nearby Desri was also somewhat nervous now.

The Desri in the outside world was just his divine light clone. Desri’s original body was still within that pocket dimension. After all, his original body didn’t have a divine spark. It wouldn’t be very effective to use his original body to attack.

“Linley, what should we do?” Desri used his divine sense to speak to Linley.

Linley was frantic as well.

Linley wouldn’t care too much if this divine wind clone was destroyed. But... if that pocket dimension was to be discovered by Ojwin, then, none of the people within would be able to survive.

“Bebe!” No longer thinking about anything else, Linley directly spoke with his soul to the distant Bebe, within the Forest of Darkness.

“Boss!” Bebe immediately replied. “You finally thought of me! I’ve missed you so much, Boss! When are you coming over?”



*

Forest of Darkness. The metallic castle.

Bebe was within the castle, sprawling lazily on the floor, enjoying the sunshine. But upon hearing Linley’s soul-communication, he immediately jumped up in excitement.

“Bebe, I need to ask you for something. There’s a full God known as ‘Ojwin’ who has already arrived at Dragonblood Castle, prepared for battle. I don’t

know what the result will be. But Bebe, no matter what, you have to ask Lord Beirut to protect the group of people who are currently hiding in the pocket dimension.”

At this point, Linley could only entrust his hopes to Bebe.

“What? Boss, flee!” Bebe instantly grew nervous. A God... Bebe knew the difference between a Demigod and a God.

Linley’s heart felt sour.

Flee?

Aside from the question of whether or not fleeing would be successful, right now, he simply couldn’t flee. Once he tried to flee, the battle would immediately begin, and naturally it would end very quickly. At that time, Ojwin would definitely find that ‘door’ to the pocket dimension, which would be disastrous.

“Bebe, my original body is within the pocket dimension. Don’t worry. Even if my divine clone is destroyed, I won’t die.” This was how Linley explained it.

But once his divine clone was destroyed, then... Linley would forever lose the ability to train the Elemental Laws of the Wind. This price couldn’t be described as a small one. But compared to the lives of his family, Linley couldn’t be bothered by it.

“Boss, don’t worry, I, I’ll come immediately.” Bebe was frantic.

“Bebe, remember, go find Lord Beirut,” Linley instructed.



*

The Forest of Darkness. The metallic castle.

“Grandpa Beirut, he isn’t here. He went to the Necropolis of the Gods. What to do. What to do. But Boss is in such a bad situation. The enemy is a God, while I, I, I’m not even at the Deity level yet.” Bebe was frantic, not knowing what to do.

“Boss, Boss, if you die...” Bebe’s eyes were beginning to turn red.

“Shkreeeeeeeeee!” Frantic to the point of insanity, Bebe raised his head and let out an ear-piercing, desolate screech.

“Bebe, what is it?” Soon, from within the metallic castle, three Violet-Gold Rat Kings flew out. It was Harry and his brothers.

Bebe said frantically, “A God has arrived at Dragonblood Castle to do battle, but Grandpa Beirut went to the Necropolis of the Gods. What should I do? What should I do now? If I waste any more time, then most likely...” Bebe’s eyes had tears in them.

The three Violet-Gold Rat Kings looked at each other, a hint of concern in their eyes as well.

Although this took time to describe, in truth, Linley and Bebe’s soul-communication took but an instant. The communication between a magical beast companion and his master, in particular, didn’t require Linley to use his divine sense at all... that Ojwin naturally couldn’t discover it. Ojwin was still staring at Desri and Olivier.

“Desri, Olivier, you two leave for now,” Linley mentally communicated to them.

Leave now?

Olivier and Desri did not choose to leave.

“Linley, let those people in the pocket dimension scatter in every direction,” Desri said mentally.

“Won’t work. Didn’t you see that behind Ojwin, there are Demigods as well as fifty-plus Prime Saints? Once Wharton and the others flee, they will definitely be doomed.” Linley knew very well that against the three of them, the full God, Ojwin, would be more than enough.

“Oh, how loyal of you.” Ojwin smirked as he stared at the three people who stood side-by-side in midair together.

“However, the price of loyalty is death.”

At this point in time, there was a difference of a hundred meters between the two sides. To Deities, at a very short distance, if one side was to suddenly

attack, the other side probably wouldn't even have a chance to react. A hundred meters... given the reaction time and speed of Deities, that was still enough to react and counter-attack.

“Boom!”

Within a thousand meters, space was suddenly frozen. Or, more precisely speaking, through a God's divine spark, the 'light elemental essences' within a thousand meters were all placed under complete control, and began to constrict Linley's side. The higher level a divine spark was, the more powerful the control was.

Godrealm!

A full God-level Godrealm!

Linley and the others immediately used their own Godrealm to resist. Although they could just barely manage to control the elements of their own style, they still had the feeling as though they had sunken into a pit of mud.

“Not good.” Linley could tell that given the situation, with their speed having dropped drastically, while the opponent was a full God who definitely had a much more powerful understanding of the Laws and attacks... the result of this battle was predetermined, even before it had begun.

“Mr. Ojwin,” Linley suddenly boomed out.

“What is it?” Ojwin looked at Linley.

Linley ground his teeth, then said solemnly, “If I surrender willingly to you and return with you to the imperial capital, would you be willing to spare the people of Dragonblood City, as well as Desri and Olivier? I trust that my voluntary surrender would be much more effective to you than placing my corpse in the imperial capital.”

“When the commoners see my corpse, most likely many of them will think you intentionally found someone who looked just like me to fool them. They won't believe that I died.”

“But if I personally go, it'll be different.” Linley looked at Ojwin. “Your goal is their faith energy, right?”

Ojwin's eyes lit up. Laughing, he said, "An excellent method!"

"Linley..." Desri and Olivier stared at Linley in astonishment.

Surrender willingly?

Linley's heart was trembling. So what if he surrendered willingly? So what if his divine clone was destroyed? At worst, he would never again be able to train in the Elemental Laws of the Wind. But he only had one Delia. One little brother, Wharton. One Taylor, Sasha...

Linley didn't want for them to die.

They were what Linley truly had to protect in this world.

Linley stared at Ojwin, waiting for Ojwin's reply. Ojwin's smile became even more brilliant, while at the same time, Linley's side could sense the restrictive power of the Godrealm grow much weaker. Linley's mind instantly calmed down.

The weakening of the Godrealm was a clear sign of how Ojwin felt.

"An excellent proposal. But, I don't want to let you live," Ojwin said with a calm laugh.

Linley's face instantly changed. "Ojwin, you..."

"Whoosh!" The four Deities behind Ojwin instantly flew out, surrounding Linley, Desri, and Olivier.

"From you, I can sense a hint of a threat." Ojwin laughed self-mockingly. "You've trained for less than a hundred years, but were able to kill a peak Demigod, Beaumont. To have a 'genius' like you for an enemy... it's better to strangle this threat in the cradle."

Ojwin had been training in the Gebados Planar Prison for countless years. How could he not know what was important and what wasn't?

Since he was going to be enemies with Linley, he was going to kill Linley immediately.

"Milord, against these, there's no need for you to personally act. We are more than enough," a black-robed middle-aged man said respectfully.

“Make it fast,” Ojwin said with a calm laugh. “Two of you, go deal with Linley.” Ojwin had a total of four Demigods under his control. Two against Linley, while the other two would go deal with Desri and Olivier.

After all, according to Ojwin’s information, Linley’s strength far surpassed that of Olivier.

Even though he felt completely confident, Olivier still kept his divine sense spread out.

He was prepared to act at any moment’s notice to deal with any sudden changes in the situation.

But Linley’s primary attention was focused on Ojwin. He was worried that Ojwin would suddenly attack. Seeing how the four Demigods quickly divided themselves up, Linley felt a hint of resentment in his heart. “Desri, Olivier, whether we live or die is up to Heaven’s will now!!!”

“Kill.” Olivier’s eyes were filled with a fierce look as well.

Desri silently raised that slender sword of his.

“I hope Lord Beirut will be able to make it in time,” Linley murmured to himself silently.

At this moment, the only thing he could do was hope.

But how could Linley know that actually, since these two days were the days of the Necropolis of the Gods’ re-opening, Beirut had headed off to the Necropolis of the Gods. It was hard to say if he would make it back in time.

“The two of us against him?” The two black-robed men glanced at each other, laughing.

The four Demigods on Ojwin’s side had all had abundant experience in the Gebados Planar Prison. They definitely weren’t like those weak, early Demigods. Two of them joining forces against Linley; how could Linley hold them off?”

“Swoosh!”

Warblades suddenly appeared in the hands of the two black-robed men. They transformed into two black blurs, like two leaves gently descending as they streaked and charged towards Linley. Wielding Bloodviolet, Linley’s body moved,

transforming into a gust of wind.

Countless flashes of devilish violet light filled the skies, like countless violet vipers snapping in every direction.

Rippling Wind – Dimensional Decapitator!

The sound of countless collisions could be heard, and space itself was destroyed.

“Boom.” Linley’s body retreated at high speed. He spat out a mouthful of bright red blood, which splattered into the air.

Not far from Linley, Olivier had also been sent flying by a sword.

“Ah!!!” Desri emitted a desolate, miserable cry.

From the corner of his eyes, Linley discovered, to his astonishment, that half of Desri’s body had been chopped off by an illusion-like saber. Desri only had his upper half of his body remaining, and a single hand. Even his right hand, which had been wielding his divine artifact, went tumbling down along with the rest of his body.

In but the first engagement, Linley’s side had been badly injured.

“Hurry up.” The person who was in control of the scene, Ojwin, actually frowned in dissatisfaction.

Downfall

The four Demigods under Ojwin's leadership included Ojwin's son. Having undergone so many training experiences in the Gebados Planar Prison for so long, each of them had power on par with Beaumont. How could Linley's three-man alliance block the attacks of all four of them?

"The two of them are working together, while my 'Hymn of the Wind' is only capable of attacking one person at a time. The other person could take the opportunity to attack me."

Linley understood this.

If he went all out, he might be able to kill one, but...

If he did so, the end result would instantly become disastrous.

"The most important thing right now is time. The later that Ojwin discovers the existence of the pocket dimension, the better. I hope Lord Beirut will make it in time. For now, what I need to do is delay as much as I can." Linley immediately raised his speed to the utmost.

Delay!

Linley, who relied upon the Profound Truths of Velocity to become a Deity, was far superior to the other two in terms of speed.

Linley was like the formless wind, constantly changing locations, dodging past the attacks of those two Deities time and time again. Those two black-robed men were both growing a bit impatient. They were skilled in attacking, but in terms of speed, they were far inferior to Linley.

"He's rather fast," Ojwin said with a calm laugh.

Linley instantly felt the restrictive power of the space around him grow in strength. Ojwin was clearly using his full-power Godrealm to bind Linley. Although Linley was skilled in speed, right now... he was restricted by the

Godrealm. All he could do was rely on his own Godrealm, but even so, his speed was a hint lower than those two black-robed men.

“Haha, I want to see how long you can keep dodging!!!” The sound rang out in Linley’s mind. It came from one of those two black-robed men. Just then, they had naturally been enraged by Linley taking advantage of his greater speed. Right now, Linley was being restricted by the Godrealm, but they were not.

Their speed was now faster than Linley’s.

Two blurs pincer-attacked Linley.

“Lord Beirut, why haven’t you arrived yet!!!” Linley’s heart was filled with grief and fury, but then Linley noticed something that astonished him.

The heavily wounded divine body of Desri was rapidly healing, but the power of that silver-robed man with the long blade was far superior to his, able to take even Desri’s spiritual attack head on. In terms of speed, he was actually slightly superior to Desri.

“Aaah!”

A miserable scream. Desri had just been hit by three successive blades.

The first blade chop had split Desri in half. The second blade, Desri had managed to take without dying. But this third blade...

“Clang!” That cold, dark long blade chopped directly through Desri’s brain, smashing against Desri’s divine spark, which was flickering with white light. The power of that long blade landing against the divine spark was so great that the divine spark shuddered... and Desri’s soul was shattered.

His soul was shattered, his spirit dispersed!

“Dead!”

Both Linley and Olivier felt a surge of grief in their hearts.

Although Desri’s original body was still within the pocket dimension, the death of his divine clone meant... that Desri would never again be able to train in the Elemental Laws of Light. At the same time, Desri’s five thousand years of hard work had just been destroyed.

If he wanted to become a Deity on his own again, he would have to begin training in a different Elemental Law.

“Will this scene be my end as well?” Linley felt grief in his heart. Desri’s miserable scream continued to reverberate in his ears.

“Aaaaaaaargh!”

From Linley’s lips exploded forth an uncompromising, fierce, enraged howl. The devilish Bloodviolet filled the world with a humming sword song, and within Linley’s eyes, a hint of wildness appeared. At this moment, he didn’t care about anything else. Even if he was to die, he would kill one or two of them as well.

The Hymn of the Wind was unleashed!

“DIE!!!” Olivier also emitted a similar howl from the depths of his heart.

In that moment, both Linley and Olivier had gone mad.



*

In the same moment, within the pocket dimension.

There were many people present, including the five Barker brothers and their family, Delia, Wharton, Hillman, and dozens of others. Linley’s original body and Desri’s original body were present as well.

The face of Desri original body turned utterly pale, and his eyes became filled with utter sorrow.

“Haha...” Desri let out a low laugh.

Five thousand years of painstaking training. But in this instant, it was now guaranteed that he would never again be able to become a Deity through the Elemental Laws of Light.

“Everyone, quickly,” the sky-blue-robed Linley shouted towards everyone. “Quick, everyone, split up. Everyone go flee in a different direction. That Ojwin can’t be using his divine sense to pay attention to the underground at every single instant.” Linley was out of choices.

Beirut hadn't arrived.

Linley couldn't place all of his hopes on Beirut's shoulders.

"Desri, as long as your original body remains, at least you'll be able to train in other Elemental Laws. Quick, let's go." Linley charged to the doorway of the pocket dimension and used his divine power to block the attacking energy flows at the dimensional gateway.

The dozens of people who had squeezed into the pocket dimension all felt nervous.

"Linley," Delia said hurriedly.

"Leave, quickly. Don't hesitate." Linley directly grabbed Gates' son, pulling him out of the pocket dimension. Everyone, knowing how grave the situation had become, quickly fled from the pocket dimension, and then began to tunnel through the ground in every which way.



*

Bloodviolet shuddered, emitting that humming sword sound, as gentle and soft as a flute's song. The flute song, under Linley's control, directly emanated towards the two black-robed men, as well as that golden-haired youth who was battling Olivier.

Both the golden-haired youth and the two black-robed men, in this moment, felt as though the entire world had gone silent, aside from that soft, gentle flute song. It was so pleasing to the ear.

"Clang!"

A blood-red illusory sword shot out from Bloodviolet, shooting directly into the mind of one of those two black-robed men. The black-robed man's spiritual energy was in a state of relaxation, and only when the illusory blood-red sword shot into his spiritual energy did he suddenly come to his senses.

However, it was too late.

The blood-red sword image pierced directly into his divine spark, the stabbing

blow shattering his soul and dispersing his spirit.

Profound Truths of the Wind – Hymn of the Wind!

Although slow to describe, the Hymn of the Wind technique was executed in but an instant. But to Ojwin, that instant was an instant of disaster.

“NO!!!!” Ojwin’s eyes suddenly turned around.

Linley had exploded forth with his full power, while Olivier had done the same! Linley had utilized his ‘Hymn of the Wind’, while Olivier, despite badly injuring himself, had once again released that black and white sword-flash that had shattered the Great Botha Levee. For the gold-haired youth, the worst part of it was...

Just before Olivier’s attack, he had been affected by Bloodviolet’s humming sword song.

“BOOM!”

The mystic icesword’s full-strength blow chopped down onto the golden-haired youth’s warblade. The power of this attack of Olivier’s was simply too incredible. It actually caused the warblade to smash back down upon the golden-haired youth, while at the same time, that black and white sword-flash also chopped down, descending towards the golden-haired youth’s head.

“Aaaah!” A fierce, miserable cry rang out.

His head was split in half, and that divine spark was chopped directly by the black and white sword-flash. The soul within the divine spark trembled, then shattered.

“No, Kingsley, no!” The black-robed man’s death, Ojwin didn’t care about. But this golden-haired youngster, Kingsley, was Ojwin’s one and only son. Generally, when training his son, Ojwin would let his son engage in some true life and death battles. Only through this sort of training was his son truly be able to grow and develop.

In this battle, his son was only dealing with someone who had just reached the Deity-level. Ojwin didn’t know how powerful Olivier was. He was only worried about Linley, but hadn’t paid Olivier any mind.

Ojwin hadn't paid him any mind, but who would have thought...

Ojwin's most dearly beloved, only son, whom he had loved as much as life itself for countless years. He had died, just like that!

"Die!!!!" No matter how calm and unflappable he normally was, at this moment, even Ojwin had gone utterly mad. The fierce-faced Ojwin's body surged with divine power. The strength of his Godrealm suddenly raised to the maximum, like countless surging waves, surrounding everyone present.

At the same time, Ojwin transformed into a ray of white light, charging straight towards Olivier, a greatsword appearing in his hands.

The already badly-injured Olivier wasn't able to resist at all.

Olivier instantly split apart into his two divine bodies, the divine light clone and the divine darkness clone, but both divine clones were heavily wounded. Olivier didn't have the chance to escape at all.

"Aaaaaaargh!" Ojwin howled savagely, his greatsword chopping down with a power that contained untold profundities!

A devilish violet light flashed...

"CLANG!"

Linley's badly injured body was smashed flying back, but then he was once again frozen in mid-air by the restriction of the Godrealm.

Just then, he had killed a black-robed man, but had his arm chopped off by the other, furious black-robed man. Realizing what danger Olivier was in, Linley had hurried over frantically, helping Olivier to receive that blow. A massive wound had appeared in his chest, however, and fresh blood splattered everywhere. Linley immediately summoned the divine power in his body to heal himself.

"Thank you." Olivier's two divine clones both looked at Linley.

"Why thank me? All I did was delay our deaths by a moment." Linley and Olivier's eyes were filled with the same bitter laugh and grief.

They couldn't resist any longer!

In the face of that enraged, maddened Ojwin, both Linley and Olivier had somewhat given in to despair.

That sword blow just now had included a spiritual attack element. Linley, relying upon his damaged Sovereign artifact as well as his spiritual Pulseguard Defense, had just barely managed to withstand that blow. But despite that... Linley's spiritual energy had just become all but used up.

He wouldn't even be able to use the Hymn of the Wind a single extra time.

"I will destroy and shatter your souls!" Ojwin, filled with the utmost of grief, roared in fury as he swept out with that greatsword in his hands.

"Raaaaaaaaaaaaargh!"

A furious, earth-shaking roar suddenly rang out, and an invisible ripple shot out like a bullet towards Ojwin. Ojwin, greatly shocked, could sense the power of this sudden attack. "Where did this attack come from?!" At the same time, Ojwin hurriedly wielded his sword to counter-attack.

"BOOM!" Ojwin's body was knocked backwards, and he continued to retreat.

In mid-air, there was an enormous rainbow-colored, lion-like creature hovering there. In the middle of the lion's forehead, there was a third eye. The enormous lion transformed, reforming into a devilish young man who wore a long, golden robe.

It was Dylin!

"Dylin!" Linley and Olivier's eyes were filled with a look of surprise and joy.

Ojwin, having suffered that spiritual energy attack, had his Godrealm disrupted. The two Olivier's fused with each other once more, and Linley and Olivier both flew straight towards Dylin at high speed.

"Don't think of escaping." Ojwin's gaze was completely focused on Olivier right now. His eyes were filled with boundless killing intent, while at the same time, he charged towards Olivier, ignoring everything else. Dylin's face turned slightly colder, and that third eye of his opened...

An invisible ripple once more surged forth.

Ojwin let out a low growl, allowing the invisible ripple to strike against his

body. He only paused for a moment, before his speed picked up once again.

Dylin had broken through and reached the God-level, but... Dylin was only an early stage God. Compared to Ojwin, there was still some difference between the two in power. If it weren't for him relying on his innate gifts, Dylin's earlier attack would have found it quite difficult to force Ojwin to retreat.

"Huh?" Ojwin turned to look towards another side in astonishment.

Dozens of rays of black light had shot out towards Ojwin from far away in that direction. This time, Ojwin didn't dare to take it head on, immediately trying to dodge at high speed. However, those dozens of rays of black light curved after him, and so Ojwin had to use his greatsword to block every single one of those rays of black light.

A human figured appeared next to Dylin.

It was a devilish youngster with long green hair.

"Dylin, you 'Heaven Devouring Beast', you really live up to the title of being a 'divine beast'. In your true form, your speed truly is astonishing. Even I couldn't catch up to you." The green-haired youngster laughed.

"Tarosse, enough chitchat. This fellow's power is rather high. We'll rely on your power now," Dylin said with a cold face. "Don't end up being beaten and losing face."

"How could I?" Tarosse looked at Ojwin.

Ojwin was staring coldly at the two of them. "Gentlemen, I just want to kill that kid with black and white hair. As for Linley, I can spare him. Gentlemen... don't interfere." Ojwin had sensed the threat that these two experts posed.

Timely

Hearing Ojwin mention himself, Linley couldn't help but sneer to himself.

Just then, when he wanted to kill them, Ojwin hadn't shown any mercy. Even Desri's divine clone had been destroyed! But now, he said that he didn't want to kill Linley, just Olivier? Clearly, he was somewhat afraid of Tarosse and Dylin.

"You want to kill Olivier but not kill Linley?" Dylin deliberately paused for a moment.

Towards Olivier, Dylin didn't feel too much affection. But Linley was different. Originally, his escape with the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions to the Yulan Plane was partially due to Linley. In the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley had saved his son yet again. Most importantly, Linley had given him a divine spark without asking for anything in return.

Dylin naturally had to protect Linley.

"This Olivier doesn't have anything to do with me." Tarosse laughed merrily as he looked at Ojwin.

Ojwin relaxed.

"But what does that have to do with my decision as to whether I want to interfere or not?" Tarosse said with a wicked laugh. "You ask me not to interfere, and thus I won't interfere? If others heard this story, they'd think that I, Tarosse, was afraid of you. If you know what's good for you, you'd best hurry up and fuck off. I can spare your life this once. Otherwise, well..."

Tarosse stretched out a single hand. Within it, a long, green whip appeared. This long green whip looked just like a green snake, and it naturally emitted a frigid aura. Even the air around it seemed to have been somewhat frozen. Tarosse casually snapped the long whip, emitting a clear cracking sound.

"Are you going to leave? Or do you want me to make you leave?" Tarosse

didn't view Ojwin with any respect at all.

Ojwin swept Tarosse and Dylin with his gaze, before staring at Olivier. His eyes seemed to want to devour Olivier alive.

Ojwin paused a moment.

"Fine. Since that's the case, I'll give you two face. I..." Ojwin said, but suddenly, the fingers of his right hand swept towards Olivier, and a white beam of light suddenly split the air, causing space to begin to fold. The white light shot directly towards the nearby Olivier.

"Crackle..." Wherever the light from his fingers passed through, space began to emit a rumbling, crackling sound.

The speed of this light was extremely fast.

"Hrmph." Tarosse narrowed his eyes, letting out a cold, disdainful snort.

"Whap!" That long green whip struck out like a serpent, while at the same time elongating from the original length of three or four meters to thirty to forty meters. The thickness of the whip was like that of the tail of a giant python, and it struck directly against that ray of light. Faintly emitting a green light, it circled around that white light, dispersing it.

"Lord Tarosse, thank you," Olivier said in a low voice. Olivier knew when to be grateful to someone.

However, Olivier also knew that he didn't have much of a relationship with Tarosse and Dylin. The reason why they were willing to help was for Linley's sake.

Olivier looked at the nearby Linley.

Linley grinned at him. "Olivier, since Lord Tarosse is willing to act, we won't have any more problems today."

"But of course. I'm Lord Tarosse, you know." Lord Tarosse laughed loudly and delightedly, while at the same time, he continued to snap his long green whip out. His body was floating and flashing about like a shadow, casually engaging in blows and counter-blows with Ojwin.

Ojwin, after a short testing period, became certain that this Tarosse was a

powerful combatant even amongst Gods.

Given Ojwin's cautious nature of never engaging in something he wasn't confident in achieving, he normally would never engage in a fight with Tarosse like this. However... his son had died. Throughout these countless years, aside from his goal of reaching the peak of training and increasing his strength, his highest priority was raising his son.

Ojwin's son was the reason for his existence.

"Tarosse, you are forcing me to do this!!!" Ojwin's face slowly grew ferocious.

"What is it? If you have some powerful techniques, bring'm out!" Tarosse flew high into the air, while Ojwin chased after him. Once these two Gods really went all out, the shockwaves from their attacks would reach and harm Linley and the others. It might be enough to cause Linley to be badly injured, or even die.

Ojwin's subordinates.

"You can go for now," Ojwin's voice rang out in the minds of those two lucky survivors. Four Demigods. Ojwin's son and the black-robed man had both died, thanks to Linley and Olivier. Only two remained.

"The situation is bad. Let's leave, quickly." The two lucky Demigod survivors glanced at each other, then immediately fled at high speed per Ojwin's orders.

Linley, Olivier, and Dylin were still paying close attention to the battle between those two Gods in mid-air.

"Hey, they fled." Dylin was the first to notice.

"Where'd they go?" Only now did Linley realize that those two Demigods had disappeared into the horizon.

Linley's face was extremely ugly to behold. He said frantically, "Desri's divine spark! Desri's divine spark is being held by that silver-robed man." Once the divine clone was destroyed, the original body wouldn't be able to be gifted by heaven with yet another light-style divine spark.

However...

The original body could still fuse with that light-style divine spark yet again.

The original body would be able to fuse it extremely quickly, allowing him to soon return to his full level of strength. But... if he did this, Desri would never be able to train in any other Laws again.

“Oh? No rush.” Dylin suddenly moved, intending to charge after that silver-robed man.

“Whoosh!”

In mid-air, a fiery red human figure suddenly came out from Ojwin’s body. This fiery red body was actually wielding a fiery red lance, and it stabbed directly at Dylin. Dylin immediately became entangled by the fiery red figure, and wasn’t able to shake him off right away.

“This Ojwin has two bodies!” Linley was greatly astonished.

Linley and Olivier exchanged glances, their eyes filled with shock. Ojwin didn’t just have a divine light clone; he also had a divine fire clone. The two divine clones battled against Dylin and Tarosse, and for now they fought to a standstill.

Ojwin’s strength truly was astonishing.

Although Linley wanted to chase after that silver-robed man, after having executed the ‘Hymn of the Wind’, then helped Olivier block Ojwin’s killing strike, Linley’s spiritual energy had been almost completely used up. Even his soul had been shaken.

Actually, Linley had enough spiritual energy to utilize the ‘Hymn of the Wind’ twice, with some energy left over.

But the thing was, Olivier had killed Ojwin’s son, and Ojwin had naturally gone crazy.

That attack of his had truly been too vicious. Fortunately, Linley had that damaged Sovereign artifact, which allowed him to just barely take the blow without dying.

“Desri’s divine spark.” Linley felt helpless. He wanted to chase, but he didn’t have any confidence in being able to overcome that silver-robed man.

Linley still clearly remembered the scene of that silver-robed man killing Desri. That illusionary blade blow... it was too powerful. Linley had the feeling

that the silver-robed man was most likely the most powerful of the four experts Ojwin originally commanded.

“With Tarosse and Dylin joining forces, it shouldn’t be too much of a problem for them to deal with Ojwin.”

In terms of spiritual strength, Linley’s divine clone was far inferior to his original body’s. After all, his original body had fused twenty million soul essences.

Linley’s original body had already stopped fleeing.

Linley’s original body stretched out his divine sense. During this short period of time, even Saints had only flown less than a thousand kilometers. Linley’s divine sense instantly located every single fleeing family member and friend. “Everyone. The danger has passed. Everyone, come back to Dragonblood Castle.”

The members of Dragonblood Castle who had been fleeing, mentally agonized, instantly felt great joy upon hearing Linley’s divine sense message.

All of them hurriedly returned.

In the air above Dragonblood Castle. Tarosse and Ojwin had begun to go all out.

“Just this little bit of power you have, haha...” Tarosse’s loud laughter rang out.

“Whooooosh.” Tarosse’ long green whip coiled about like a serpent, while at the same time, the temperature of the surrounding area dropped dramatically, and one blue crystal after another appeared out of nowhere. They hovered in mid-air in an area of several square kilometers. Under the light of the sun, they seemed so beautiful.

Within an area of several square kilometers, the surrounding water elemental essences had come under Tarosse’s control.

Ojwin’s face changed.

Instantly, his entire body began to emit a dazzling, holy light, and the greatsword in his hands, covered by that holy light, began to tremble slightly.

In the area around the greatsword, tiny, thread-like fractures in space could be seen.

“Hrmph.” Tarosse sneered coldly. An invisible ripple surged forth from his head and was directly absorbed by each of those blue ice crystals.

“Crackle...” Every single hovering blue ice crystal began to emit a blue light. The rays of blue light emanating from those blue ice crystals connected with each other, and each time the rays of light intersected, the power grew greater, until finally... they all came together at one point.

“Shatter!” Ojwin could tell that the situation was dire. He immediately chopped down with his sword towards one of the ice crystals.

“Bang!” The ice crystal shattered. But then, in the blink of an eye, yet another ice crystal formed. This amazing formation wasn’t impacted whatsoever.

“Crunch!” At the center of the intersecting energy streams, one of the blue ice crystals suddenly emitted a ray of black light.

The target was Ojwin.

Ojwin let out a low growl from his throat. A white horn began to slowly emerge from his forehead, while at the same time, Ojwin delivered a full-strength sword chop towards the ray of black light shooting towards him. The greatsword and the ray of black light collided head-on.

The ray of black light shattered.

“Bang!” Ojwin vomited out a mouthful of fresh blood. With a ‘crunch’, even the bones in his arms shattered.

Ojwin stared viciously at Tarosse, then immediately transformed into a ray of light, streaking towards the western horizon. Even the fiery red form that had been entangling Dylin fused back into Ojwin, who instantly disappeared into the western horizon.

“Olivier. I, Ojwin, swear that I will definitely kill you!!!” Ojwin’s angry roar shook the air above Dragonblood Castle.

Seeing Ojwin retreat, Linley and Olivier both let out a sigh of relief.

Tarosse and Dylin flew over.

“Where does this Ojwin come from? He really is quite powerful. If he were to fight against me alone using all his strength, I probably would at most be able to fight him to a draw.” Tarosse sighed in approval. Tarosse had also realized that this Ojwin actually had a second divine God clone.

Dylin nodded slightly as well.

“But that divine fire clone clearly isn’t as strong as his divine light clone.” Dylin sighed. “When fighting against me, that divine fire clone was only able to entangle me. A pity. I just reached the God-level. I am not yet capable of utilizing God-level Laws to maximum effectiveness.”

Upon reaching a certain level of enlightenment, one would become a God.

But more insights alone didn’t represent that one had become better at using them.

“Two divine clones, both at the God-level. This Ojwin is very hard to go against.” Linley felt that this was a rather thorny problem as well.

“Two divine clones being at the God-level isn’t all that special.” Tarosse shook his head disdainfully. “Upon becoming a Deity through one’s own power, the first divine clone can naturally reach the God-level. As for the original body... it can go find a divine spark and just go fuse it. This Ojwin should have been in the Gebados Planar Prison for a long time. First, he would let his original body reach the Demigod-level. Most likely, he was lucky and was able to acquire a divine God spark. That gives him two divine God clones, as easy as that.”

While they chatted, multiple figures suddenly flew over. It was the cold and grim War God ‘O’Brien’, the High Priest ‘Catherine’, and Cesar.

“Linley, congratulations.” The War God’s serious, rocky face squeezed out a smile.

Seeing the War God, Linley sighed in his heart.

“War God. Do you already know about what happened in your O’Brien Empire?” Linley asked.

“I know a bit. I don’t know the specifics yet.” The War God shook his head. “I didn’t expect that as soon as I left the Necropolis of the Gods, I would have

received such terrible news.”

“Oh, right. I didn’t have the chance to ask yet. How did so many experts suddenly escape from the Gebados Planar Prison?” Dylin asked puzzledly. “Even that area I fled from in the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts was just a weak spot in the walls of reality. It was very hard to find.”

“It was me,” Olivier spoke up. “I did it accidentally. I opened that interdimensional gateway by accident.”

“You opened the interdimensional gateway?” Dylin, the War God, and the rest were all greatly shocked.

The weak spot in the walls of the reality was just a long, large crack that would occasionally release a few drops of water. But opening the interdimensional gateway was akin to a massive landslide that would release a flood of water, releasing an astonishingly high number of experts.

“Hey?” Linley looked at Dylin in confusion. “Lord Dylin, how did you know that we were in danger?”

Linley could tell that Dylin had transformed into his true form to hurry over here. Even Tarosse had been slightly slower than Dylin, while the Demigods like the War God, the High Priest, and Cesar had been much slower. They had only arrived after the battle was over.

Foundation

“It was Lord Beirut who informed us,” Dylin replied.

The War God also spoke. “When we returned from the Necropolis of the Gods to the Yulan Plane, soon after we entered the Yulan continent, Lord Beirut suddenly said... that you, Linley, were in danger. He said that if Dylin and Tarosse hurried over, they might be able to rescue you in time.”

Dylin and Tarosse both nodded slightly.

“If you had been just a bit slower, Dylin, things really would have gotten quite dangerous.” Tarosse sighed.

Dylin laughed, “Dangerous, how? I expect that Lord Beirut arrived here long before we did. Most likely, at the most critical, dangerous moment, if we hadn’t arrived yet, Lord Beirut would have helped rescue Linley.”

“Lord Beirut?” Tarosse frowned. “Most likely, Lord Beirut wouldn’t even care if every single human on the Yulan continent died. Would he necessarily save Linley? I find it quite surprising that he even warned us.”

Tarosse had a very clear memory of Beirut’s ruthless viciousness.

“Not necessarily so.” Dylin didn’t share the same opinion.

“So that’s how it all went down.” Linley secretly sighed. No wonder after he had mentally reached out to Bebe, Bebe hadn’t told him if Beirut would be able to come... so Beirut had gone to the Necropolis of the Gods and wasn’t even in the Forest of Darkness.

Nobody noticed...

A few kilometers away from Dragonblood Castle, a translucent human figure was hovering in mid-air, absorbing all the sunlight that shone down on him. When something absorbed all light, then it naturally would become invisible.

“That kid, Tarosse.”

The invisible man snorted self-mockingly. “It seems the actions that I took during the Apocalypse Wars all those years ago had truly terrified him. He really thinks I’m as ruthless and as vicious as that?” And then, the translucent person disappeared.



*

At the borders of the Forest of Darkness.

“Bebe, don’t go. You won’t be of any use at Dragonblood Castle. Can you beat a full God?” The three Violet-Gold Rat Kings were persuading Bebe, but Bebe had made up his mind. He hurriedly flew towards the south, his heart filled with panic.

But just at this moment.

“Bebe, I’m fine,” Linley’s voice rang out in Bebe’s mind.

“Boss.” Bebe instantly halted, overjoyed.

The three nearby Violet-Gold Rat Kings were extremely mystified as Bebe halted in mid-air and spoke spiritually with Linley. Only after a long while did the conversation end. “Boss, I’m heading to your place right now.” Bebe truly wanted to see Linley right now. Nobody could stop him.

“Bebe...” A gravelly voice rang out.

Bebe raised his head, his beady little eyes instantly filling with a hint of unhappiness. “Grandpa Beirut, you only came back now.”

“Lord Father.” The three Violet-Gold Rat Kings behaved very properly.

Beirut smiled as he reached out, wanting to hug Bebe. “Bebe, come here.” But Bebe dodged aside. “Hmph. Grandpa Beirut, I learned from the Boss that you knew that the Boss was in trouble. Why didn’t you personally intervene? If you personally intervened, that Ojwin bastard would have died, no question about it.”

Bebe was extremely dissatisfied.

Ojwin had nearly killed Linley.

In Bebe's mind, although Beirut made him feel extremely proud and he truly liked his Grandpa Beirut very much, to Bebe, nobody was more important than Linley, who had grown up along with him since they were children. In much the same way, in Linley's heart, Bebe was also extremely important.

How many years had Linley and Bebe travelled alone, just the two of them?

A human youth with no parents, and a magical beast with no parents. They had joked with each other, adventured together, and slowly grown up together. The bond between them was tough and unbreakable.

"Bebe. Me, personally kill that Ojwin?" Beirut laughed with resignation. "I can't personally get involved in everything, right? As for killing Ojwin and getting revenge, it's best to let Linley handle that. It's enough for me to save his life."

"It was Tarosse and Dylin who saved my Boss' life." Bebe turned his head around unhappily, ignoring Beirut.

Staring at Bebe, Beirut didn't know what to say.

He, Beirut, was an extremely famous person, even amongst the high-level figures of the countless planes of the universe. His ruthlessness and viciousness was the stuff of legend. Even towards his own children, Beirut could be ruthless. But... towards Bebe, Beirut's heart was filled with doting love.

It was much like how parents could be stern with their children, but would be indulgent towards their grandchildren.

Beirut was exceedingly strict with his children, but meeting this descendant of his Beirut clan, Bebe, the second Godeater Rat to ever exist in the countless planes of the universe, he simply couldn't be strict.

"Tarosse and Dylin?" Beirut shook his head. "Bebe, actually, I already arrived at Dragonblood Castle long before they did, traveling at high speed. If they hadn't been able to make it in time, I would have intervened." Beirut coaxed Bebe, as though he were coaxing a little child.

Bebe looked somewhat suspiciously at Beirut. "Truly?"

“Of course it’s true. Since when has Grandpa ever lied to you?” Beirut’s smile was so very benevolent.

Bebe immediately began to grin.

“Right, Grandpa Beirut, I want to pay a visit to Dragonblood Castle,” Bebe immediately said.

“Fine.” Beirut beamed at him. “You should go take a look, but Bebe, you need to remember that you are very close to your final transformation and reaching adulthood. After making a visit, come back quickly,” Beirut instructed him solemnly.

“Got it, Grandpa Beirut,” Bebe replied.

“Harry, go alongside Bebe,” Beirut instructed, not entirely at ease.

“Yes, Lord Father,” the Violet-Gold Rat King, Harry, said.

“Grandpa Beirut, Harry doesn’t have to come, right. If I meet with any Deities that come to act against me, Harry won’t be able to protect me.” This is what Bebe said, because as Bebe saw it, the Violet-Gold Rat King, Harry, was nothing more than a Saint-level magical beast.

Hearing this, Harry couldn’t help but exchange glances with his two brothers, the other two Violet-Gold Rat Kings, Hart and Harvey.

“Harry, go with him.” Beirut couldn’t be bothered to say much more.

And then, Bebe and Harry headed off towards Dragonblood Castle together.

To the War God and the High Priest, the sudden descent of so many experts into the Yulan continent was an extremely disastrous piece of news. Still, they were forced to accept it. Linley, Olivier, Dylin, Tarosse, Cesar, the War God, the High Priest... this group of people were clustered together in the main hall of Dragonblood Castle.

Just as they were chatting amongst each other...

“Whoosh!” A human figure suddenly flew over at high speed. It was Fain.

Just now, because of Ojwin’s arrival, Linley had ordered his family and friends to immediately flee in every direction. Now, they were slowly making their way

back. The first one to arrive was Fain. When Fain landed in the main hall, he saw the War God, O'Brien, and was instantly stunned.

"Bang!" Fain's knees crashed to the ground.

"Master!" Fain's eyes were already filled with tears. "My fellow disciples are all dead, and the honorary disciples are dead as well. The entire War God Mountain has been destroyed! Your disciple has failed Master's trust!" Fain sobbed bitterly. The pain he felt in his heart, upon seeing his master, the War God, completely burst out.

The War God hurriedly moved towards him, personally raising his first disciple to his feet.

"Fain, this has nothing to do with you. Nothing to do with you." The War God let out a single sigh.

War God Mountain had held all of his life's work, but with so many Deities having descended, he understood... that his disciple, Fain, merely a Prime Saint, didn't have any chance to defend at all.

"Master!!!" From mid-air, multiple human figures flashed forward. It was Dixie and the others.

Dixie and the others also directly knelt down before the High Priest.

"Rise, all of you," the High Priest said with a sigh. Her situation was actually much better than the War God's, because the people who had taken over the Yulan Empire had attacked the imperial palace. In addition, the disciples of the High Priest weren't centered on any particular location, and so only the two who were in the imperial palace had died.

Most of the High Priest's disciples were still alive.

However... the Yulan Empire, which the High Priest had guarded for ten thousand years, had been taken over.

Many people hurried over, one after the other, including Linley's original body, which directly merged into his divine clone.

"Linley." As soon as she came back, Delia embraced Linley, feeling worried for him. "You are okay. That's wonderful." Delia's eyes were filled with unshed

tears. When Ojwin had arrived, all of them had been forced to hide in that pocket dimension.

Afterwards, they had fled in every direction.

Linley's original body was worried that the enemy would focus on his aura and focus on seizing him, so he hadn't permitted any others to flee with him in the same direction.

At that time, everyone's heart was filled with terror. But now, everyone could set their minds at ease.

"Everything is fine now." Linley felt somewhat relaxed as well.

Before this, an enormous weight had been crushing down upon Linley, who had been the only one to bear it. But now, Dylin and Tarosse had come. With the two of them... unless that Lord Adkins personally acted against them, Linley's side was now more than capable of protecting themselves, at least.

"Linley, do you know who it was that destroyed my War God Mountain?" The War God looked at Linley.

The War God's eyes held a trace of an unwillingness to accept this.

Linley sighed as he spoke. "War God, forget it. The people who destroyed your War God Mountain and took over the O'Brien Empire are an extremely powerful force. Their leader is a Highgod. His name is 'Adkins'." Ever since learning that Adkins was a Highgod, he had never again entertained the notion of the War God seizing back the O'Brien Empire.

"Adkins!!!" Dylin let out a shocked cry.

Having stayed in the Gebados Planar Prison, Dylin knew how terrifying Adkins was.

"Highgod?" Tarosse, Cesar, the War God, the High Priest, and the others all had changed looks on their faces. It was already very hard to go from being a Demigod to a full God, but the difficult level of advancing from God to Highgod was even more ridiculous. To them, a Highgod was invincible.

After all...

Sovereigns wouldn't pay attention to ordinary Deities. Sovereigns couldn't be

bothered to act against them, and so Highgods naturally became the top of the mountain.

“So Adkins made it out as well. That makes sense. He belongs to Bluefire City.” Dylin let out an emotional sigh. “Who knows if Lord Bluefire was able to flee out as well.” Dylin also knew of the terrifying power of ‘Bluefire’, one of the five great Kings.

A King amongst the most powerful of Highgods!

Although Adkins was powerful, in front of Bluefire, he had to lower his noble head and submit to him.

“Haha...” The War God laughed self-mockingly. “So a Highgod is actually interested in occupying my O’Brien Empire.” The War God’s laughed contained helplessness in it. Although the War God had made improvements in the Necropolis of the Gods, he was still just a Demigod.

“Linley, do you know who took over my Yulan Empire?” the High Priest’s gentle voice rang out.

Linley still remembered what Muba had told him. He immediately replied, “High Priest, the person who destroyed the imperial palace of the Yulan Empire and took it over was a full God named Oerph.”

“A full God?” The High Priest frowned.

Everyone present had improved over the course of this trip to the Necropolis of the Gods, and Dylin had broken through from peak Demigod-level and entered the God-level. The High Priest had been lucky enough to acquire a single ‘God-level divine spark’. As for Cesar and the War God, although they hadn’t acquired divine sparks, they had acquired divine artifacts.

“A God who was able to survive in the Gebados Planar Prison is no ordinary God,” Dylin said with a frown. “I imagine that for now, it’s best for us to not make too many enemies. For now, let’s make this Baruch Empire our base. Together, at least we’ll be able to protect our foundation, the Baruch Empire.”

The War God and the High Priest hesitated for a moment, then nodded as well.

Desri's Divine Spark

Linley and the others understood one point; if one wanted to occupy a large territory, one had to have an equivalent amount of power!

The side occupying the Yulan Empire was led by a full God, Oerph. However, how many Gods did Oerph's side have? Was it just Oerph? For now, they couldn't be sure.

It must be known that the Yulan Empire, in size and population, vastly exceeded that of the Baruch Empire.

The Yulan Empire and O'Brien Empire remained the two largest empires of the Yulan continent.

Oerph's side definitely was not weaker than Ojwin's, for them to dare take over the Yulan Empire. Even Ojwin had two divine God clones and was able to fight Tarosse to a standstill. How could Linley's side dare to go irritate that Oerph?

"Catherine, for now, hurry up and fuse that God-level divine spark," Tarosse instructed. "Dylin, you need to train hard as well and gain insights on how to apply the Laws in your attacks, so as to raise your combat ability in a short period of time."

The High Priest and Dylin both nodded.

"Lord Beirut just opened the Necropolis of the Gods. He shouldn't open it again in the near future, therefore... the current situation with many Deities causing chaos will continue here in the Yulan continent for a fairly long period of time," Tarosse said. "As for us, what we need to do is to quietly train. If others don't bother us, we won't bother them. If others do want to deal with us though, then we don't need to be merciful to them either."

Tarosse's eyes had a cold look flash past them.

“Enough. I’m going to pay a visit to the imperial capital of the Baruch Empire. If Ojwin is there, I’ll kick him out,” Tarosse said. Actually, during their battle just now, Tarosse hadn’t used his full force.

After all, for Tarosse to be capable of becoming the controller of the lower eleven floors of the Necropolis of the Gods meant that Tarosse had extraordinary abilities of his own.

“Lord Tarosse, I’m worried about one thing,” Linley spoke out.

“Speak.” Tarosse laughed as he looked at Linley.

Linley frowned. “Will that Adkins charge over to kill us at this place?” After having experienced Ojwin’s attack, Linley began to worry. Originally, he thought that Ojwin, having taken over his empire, wouldn’t attack Dragonblood Castle.

After all, Linley had never attacked him.

Who would have imagined that Ojwin had indeed attacked. This caused Linley to worry that one day, if Adkins had the desire, he too would come to deal with them. That would be terrible.

“Don’t worry.” Dylin laughed. “Linley, Highgods have their own pride. If you don’t go irritate a Highgod, a Highgod generally won’t lower themselves to deal with you. Generally speaking, even full Gods won’t lower themselves to deal with you, much less Highgods.”

In the world of Deities, there was this custom; only Deities of the same level and status would fight each other.

For example, as long as a Demigod wasn’t so hotheaded as to go irritate a God, the God wouldn’t go kill him. But of course, if one violated the God’s will or irritated him somehow, the God wouldn’t show mercy either.

For example, Beirut had given the order that Deities and Saints were not permitted to engage in slaughter or cause destruction in the Eighteen Northern Duchies. If Deities came over despite that, then Beirut would naturally reveal some of his power, like how he directly killed those Demigods with one palm slap!

Highgods were definitely capable of killing Demigods with a single palm slap.

After all, the difference in power was enormous.

“That’s good.” Linley felt relieved as well.

At the same time, he thought back to the scene of how, when Ojwin had arrived, Ojwin hadn’t actively attacked him either. Clearly, he disdained from doing so, and instead had his subordinates attack... this was the situation in places where experts were common. For example, if two sides were engaging in warfare, the leaders would fight the leaders, while the soldiers would fight the soldiers.

“Tarosse, be careful when dealing with Ojwin.” Dylin smirked. “Don’t end up getting beaten by Ojwin instead.”

“What a joke!”

Tarosse immediately snickered. “What do you take me for? A new God like you who is easily bullied?” After speaking, Tarosse gave Dylin no face at all, immediately flying out of Dragonblood Castle’s main hall and towards the imperial capital at high speed.

“Jerk,” Dylin cursed softly.

Linley looked at the experts nearby, a smile hovering on his face. Now that everyone was fine and that Dragonblood Castle returned to its normal tranquility, Linley felt a sense of contentment in his heart. He raised his head towards the sky, staring at it through the main hall’s door. “Bebe is about to arrive!”



*

“Boss, how about you come live with me in the Forest of Darkness?” Bebe suggested. “Don’t worry, Grandpa Beirut definitely won’t stop me from bringing you all over. When the time comes... you, me, Taylor and the others will all live in the Forest of Darkness. I don’t think anyone would dare go to the Forest of Darkness.”

This was Bebe’s idea!

After Ojwin's attack, Bebe was beginning to worry as well.

"Don't worry. There are no longer any problems." Linley laughed. "Tarosse and Dylin have already arrived, and they are all full Gods. With them present... at least Gods aren't able to threaten us now. As for that Adkins, as I see it, he has no reason to come deal with me, a Demigod."

Bebe thought about it, then agreed that Linley made sense.

If Adkins wanted to kill Linley, even if Linley decided to live in the Forest of Darkness, Adkins could wait for when Beirut wasn't present, then head over... in addition, would he, a Highgod, lower himself to deal with a Demigod?

"But I have to say, this time things really did get quite dangerous. It was an extremely close one." Linley sighed with feeling.

If it hadn't been for Dylin acting at just the critical moment, himself and Olivier probably would have been finished.

"What was the danger?" Bebe rebutted. "Actually, Grandpa Beirut arrived at Dragonblood Castle before they did. Only, my Grandpa Beirut couldn't be bothered to act if not necessary. If Dylin and the others hadn't made it in time, though, Grandpa Beirut definitely would have intervened."

Linley couldn't help but feel surprised.

"If Grandpa had not intervened at the critical moment, even in death I would no longer recognize him as my grandpa," Bebe said somewhat angrily.

"Your Grandpa Beirut is also a Highgod after all, and I've heard that he is a Sovereign's Emissary. Given his status... how could he so casually intervene?" Linley spoke out on Beirut's behalf. Bebe let out two sniffs, then no longer spoke. After all, Bebe still liked Grandpa Beirut very much.

He could feel Beirut's love for him.

But Bebe, having never met his parents, naturally was closest to Linley.

Linley secretly said to himself, "So Lord Beirut really did arrive early on. Only, he didn't intervene... it seems that Lord Beirut simply watched as Desri's divine clone perished." Linley was beginning to understand.

Beirut was a very proud person.

Desri's life and death, Olivier's life and death, Beirut probably wouldn't care about at all.

It was only because of Bebe that Beirut was somewhat willing to take care of Linley.



*

Within the Forest of Darkness.

"I've told you to work hard on training in the Elemental Laws of the Earth, the Elemental Laws of Fire, and the Elemental Laws of Water, these three Laws. But you... if you keep acting like this, even after a hundred million years, you still won't be able to become Highgods!" Beirut stared at the two Violet-Gold Rat Kings in front of him.

The two Violet-Gold Rat Kings didn't dare to make a sound.

"Alas. I suppose I can't blame you." Beirut shook his head and sighed. "You are more proficient in the Elemental Laws of the Wind and the Elemental Laws of Darkness. Training in the other three types of Laws, you are indeed too slow, too slow!"

"Father," one of the two Violet-Gold Rat Kings, Harvey, spoke out, "I've trained for over a million years, but... I haven't reached the Deity level in the earth, fire, or water elements. Honestly, I feel so tired when I train in them. It is completely different from when I train in the Laws of Darkness or the Elemental Laws of the Wind. It feels so relaxing when I train in those."

"Forget it. Do what you want."

Beirut shook his head. "Actually, I already have many things. I shouldn't be so greedy."

"That child, Bebe." A hint of a resigned smile was on Beirut's face. "In his heart, I'm not as important to him as that Linley. Hehe... he doesn't realize that even if he didn't ask me for help, just based on how Linley had taken care of him for so long, I wouldn't just stand there and watch as Linley died. However, I have limits as to how much I can help him."

Even someone as powerful as a Highgod wasn't capable of teleportation.

For example, Beirut. Although his divine sense might tell him that tens of thousands of kilometers away, someone was trying to kill Linley, at such a distance, despite being fast, it would take him some time to get there. If he, Beirut, wasn't able to make it in time... he would be helpless to act as Linley was killed.

"Hart, Harvey, the two of you, as well as your older brother, Harry. I don't want to say anything else. You can choose your own path. If you truly are unable to take the path that I have arranged for you, then you can do as you please. Only, don't regret it in the future."

"Yes, Father."

Hart and Harvey exchanged glances, a hint of delight in their eyes.

Seeing this, Beirut couldn't help but let out a sigh.

Sometimes, the road that the elders had arranged clearly was the correct one, but if the children such as Hart and Harvey didn't like it, what could he do?



*

Dragonblood Castle.

A human figure flew through the air at high speed, landing within Dragonblood Castle. Soon, under the guidance of a maid, the person was led to Linley's training area.

"Oh, Miller. Come in," Linley's voice rang out from within the western gardens.

A few days ago, Tarosse had already forced Ojwin to retreat. Leading his subordinates, Ojwin had fled away from the borders of the Baruch Empire.

Tarosse, Dylin, the War God, and the others all lived in the east gardens. Dragonblood Castle was an extremely large place, and there was no problem at all finding places for people to live. With so many experts all in one place, even Ojwin didn't dare come again. And although Olivier was very self-confident, he

knew when to advance and when to retreat.

Now that Ojwin had sworn to kill him, Olivier naturally remained in Dragonblood Castle.

However...

Desri did not. The day of the battle, Desri's original body had fled with the others. Linley had also mentally spoken to him to return, but who would have imagined that although the others had returned, Desri hadn't come back to Dragonblood Castle. He returned to his secret mountain village instead.

"Lord Linley." Miller immediately bowed upon entering, then said urgently, "Lord Linley, please make a trip with me. Right now, Lord Desri is in very bad shape."

"What's wrong?" Linley frowned.

Miller laughed bitterly. "Ever since a few days ago, Lord Desri returned, then shut himself into his study and refused to allow anyone to disturb him. At the time, we all felt the look on Lord Desri's face was off. Madame Pennslyn went to speak with him as well, but she was cursed out and forced to leave by Lord Desri."

"Cursed?" Linley was shocked.

"Right. Lord Desri has a very good temper. He has never cursed the Madame before. In addition, the Madame also sensed that Lord Desri seems to be in very bad shape and is very frustrated," Miller said hurriedly.

"Let's go. I'll make a trip with you." Linley didn't hesitate.

Linley hadn't imagined that this setback would change Desri so much.

From his own perspective, if Linley had lost his divine wind clone, Linley wouldn't be so explosive and despondent. He would just grit his teeth, then begin training in another Elemental Law. After all, at least he would have been alive.



Within the mountains. The mountain residence. Linley and Miller were walking together.

“Third Bro, you came.” Seeing Linley, Reynolds revealed a hint of a smile.

Reynolds was much more mature than he had been in the past as well. However, at present, Reynolds was still only an Arch Magus of the ninth rank. He hadn’t been able to make it into the Saint level yet.

“Linley, go take a look. Desri isn’t willing to see anyone right now. From the looks of it, he doesn’t seem to be training either. I don’t know what he’s thinking about.” Pennslyn walked over, a bitter smile on her face.

Linley nodded slightly.

Linley understood something. “It seems Desri hasn’t told his friends and family about the destruction of his divine clone yet.” Under Pennslyn’s guidance, Linley immediately headed off, arriving in front of a closed study. The door to the study opened with a push. Seeing Desri seated cross-legged there, Linley was very shocked.

Was this the same graceful, refined Desri he had known?

Desri's Decision

Of gentle temperament, with a smile ever-present on his face. This was the image of Desri that Linley had in his mind. But right now, Desri's hair was disheveled, and his entire body emanated a brutal aura. Even when Desri noticed Linley's arrival, he hadn't changed his aura at all.

"You came," Desri said calmly.

Linley secretly sighed.

The destruction of his divine clone had apparently truly been a major blow to Desri's psyche.

"Desri, it's useless to feel regret over the destruction of your divine clone. Right now, what you can do is work hard and think about your future path. The way you are right now, so frustrated that you aren't even talking to family and friends, keeping everything bottled up inside, will make your family and friends feel worried about you," Linley urged.

Desri was silent for a moment.

"When I came back, my mind was in a state of chaos. I didn't want to speak with them," Desri spoke.

Linley nodded slightly.

Desri and Linley were different. After all, Desri had worked hard for over five thousand years to become a Deity. The results of his five thousand years of effort had disappeared in one day. Nobody would at first be able to accept something like that with perfect calm.

"Desri, what's your decision?" Linley sighed as he asked. "Are you going to train in other Elemental Laws to become a Deity on your own, or find a divine Demigod spark and fuse with it to become a Deity?" By this point, Desri had no other options.

Desri let out a self-mocking laugh.

“Train in other Elemental Laws?” Desri looked at Linley. “Linley, I was most skilled at the Elemental Laws of Light, but even so, it took me a very long period of time to become a Deity. If I were to change to other Elemental Laws, it would take me over ten thousand years. Tell me, how can I possibly become a Deity on my own again?”

Linley was silent for a moment.

Linley understood that every person had their own strong points and specialties. For example, if Linley were forced to train in the Elemental Laws of Darkness, which he knew nothing about, even if he spent ten times or a hundred times the amount of effort, his achievements in the Elemental Laws of Darkness still wouldn't reach the level of his Elemental Laws of the Wind.

Half the effort for twice the results; double the effort for half the results. There was a huge difference between the two.

“Desri, I know that you have the most aptitude for the Elemental Laws of Light...” Linley said solemnly. “That divine spark of yours was seized by that silver-robed man serving Ojwin. Don't worry. I will definitely come up with a way to seize that divine spark back for you.”

If Desri's original body were to fuse with his own divine spark, then he would be able to succeed in a very short period of time.

But Linley also understood that it was hard to say as to whether or not that silver-robed man would show himself again.

“If I'm not able to find your divine spark, then I will come up with a way to find another light-style divine spark,” Linley said.

As Linley saw it... originally, when Ojwin had attacked, Desri had given him great face by not immediately retreating, which resulted in his divine clone being destroyed. Desri originally had a future in the light-style Laws, but now, his only choice was to choose fusing with a divine spark to become a Deity again.

He, Linley, had to help him.

“No need,” Desri said with unwavering determination.

Linley couldn't help but feel startled.

What did this Desri want? Could it be that he himself, relying on his power as a Prime Saint, would go seize a divine spark?

“I don't want to train in the Elemental Laws of Light any longer.” Desri looked at Linley and sighed. “Linley, after multiple battles, I've discovered that training in spiritual attacks is quite disadvantageous in battles. I want to train in mysterious truths that are of use in close combat.”

“Close combat?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

He hadn't expected that Desri would actually decide to change his path of training.

But it made sense. After becoming a Deity, Desri had engaged in two major battles, the first time against Beaumont, the second time against the silver-robed man who Ojwin commanded. Desri had realized... that solely relying on spiritual attacks was greatly disadvantageous in battle.

Although the soul was extremely important, close quarters, physical attacks were more effective.

“If that's the case...” Linley came to a decision. With the flip of his hand, Linley retrieved a black divine spark out of nowhere, which was currently emanating a deathly aura.

Desri couldn't help but look at the divine spark. “Linley, what is this?” But Desri could tell what it was as well.

Linley nodded slightly. “Right. This is the divine spark that I got when we killed Beaumont. This divine spark's nature is of the Edicts of Death. In training, aside from the Seven Elemental Laws, there are also the Four Edicts. The Edicts of Death include both strong spiritual attacks as well as strong close combat abilities. Fuse with it, research it, and break through. You should be able to have some accomplishments.”

Desri hesitated slightly.

Actually, right now, Desri very much wanted this divine spark. Only, divine

sparks were simply too precious.

Linley had been the one to kill Beaumont, and so the divine spark naturally went to him.

“Take it.” Linley was naturally able to tell what Desri was thinking. He tossed the divine spark directly to Desri, who unconsciously caught it. As his hand clasped around the divine spark, Desri’s eyes began to shine.

Now that he had a divine spark, becoming a Deity again was nothing more than a matter of time.

“Thank you,” Desri only said these two words to Linley.

Linley smiled. “Desri, as I see it, it’s best if you come to Dragonblood Castle to train. Currently, Tarosse and Dylin are both there. It is fairly safe there... as for this place, I’m worried that Deities might discover that you are fusing with a divine spark. They might come and steal it from you.”

Desri nodded in agreement.

In the current Yulan continent, there were many Deities present.

Even though he was training within the mountain, Desri wouldn’t be able to avoid the divine sense of a Deity. Most likely, the vast majority of Deities would be willing to kill Desri, a mere Prime Saint, for the sake of acquiring a divine spark.

When Desri came out, Pennslyn, Reynolds, and the others all let out a sigh of relief. This time, Desri clearly explained what happened to Pennslyn. Only now did Pennslyn know... that her husband had actually lost his divine spark.

No wonder he had been like that.

For the sake of safety, Pennslyn and the others all decided to go with Desri to Dragonblood Castle as well.

Dragonblood Castle’s interior was extremely spacious. It wouldn’t even be a problem if thousands of people came. Linley was very happy as well... because this meant that Reynolds would also be living at Dragonblood Castle. The two bros would once again be able to often drink and chat together.

Meanwhile, after Ojwin’s forces had been pushed out of the Baruch Empire,

the other Deities who lay hidden in the Yulan continent, seeing that even the full God, Ojwin, had been sent fleeing, didn't dare to dream of taking over the Baruch Empire for themselves.

The Baruch Empire slowly returned to normal.

Linley's side remained in Dragonblood Castle, training contentedly, but Ojwin's forces, who had been sent fleeing, couldn't be so relaxed.

In a small town near the borders of the O'Brien Empire, the exalted God, Ojwin, was hiding here for now. Currently, the O'Brien Empire was Lord Adkins' territory. No matter how daring Ojwin was, he wouldn't dare try to take Adkins' territory from him.

"Recently, his lordship has been in an unstable mood."

"Kingsley died. No wonder his lordship is acting like this."

A silver-robed man was chatting with a black-robed man. In recent days, almost no one dared to go disturb Ojwin. They would wait for Ojwin to give them orders, and then they would carry them out.

Ojwin was currently seated in front of his desk, drinking one cup of wine after another, his gaze unsettled. Clearly, he was thinking about something.

"Olivier..."

The more Ojwin thought about it, the more his body naturally emitted that baleful aura. He truly wanted to kill Olivier!

"If I don't kill Olivier, I'll never be at ease." Ojwin's fiery rage continued to smolder. "But that Tarosse's strength is simply too astonishing. Even if I were to fight against him at full strength, I would probably still be at a disadvantage. With both him and Dylin both remaining in Dragonblood Castle, how will I kill Olivier?"

Ojwin was a man of great ambition.

He was able to endure, while at the same time, wasn't willing to subordinate himself to others.

Through the countless years he had spent in the Gebados Planar Prison, Ojwin had only two goals he had pursued; to reach the greatest heights of power and

authority, and to protect his son.

He didn't casually decide to offend others. In the Planar Prison, he had known quite a few experts, most of whom he was on good terms with. He was able to gain quite a bit of fame in Bluefire City, while at the same time, Ojwin continually pursued the goal of becoming a Highgod!

A Highgod was simply far more powerful than a God could ever be.

Now that his son was dead, Ojwin wanted to seek revenge. At the same time, he still had the goal of becoming a Highgod.

"First, revenge." Ojwin stared towards the southwest. "But by myself, it is impossible for me to go to Dragonblood Castle and kill Olivier when he is being protected by Tarosse and Dylin. It seems, I'll have to make this choice..."

Ojwin didn't like subordinating himself to others.

But now, he decided to do so.

"Oerph has something of a grudge against me. If I go serve Lord Adkins, at least that Hanbritt who serves him is on good terms with me. In that place, I'll be able to quickly establish myself. It shouldn't be too hard for me to gain revenge by relying on Lord Adkins' power."

Ojwin's gaze turned as cold and as sharp as a knife.

"Olivier. I will definitely kill him! I will destroy his soul and scatter his spirit!!!"
Ojwin ground his teeth.



*

The imperial capital of the O'Brien Empire. The imperial palace.

The imperial clan who had been in the imperial palace had been exterminated long ago. This was now the place where Lord Adkins lived. Adkins had a few hobbies. He liked wearing extravagant clothes, he likes to sample some precious, rare foods, and he liked to watch beautiful women dance...

He held a wine cup in his right hand, as jade-white as that of a woman's. He took a gentle sip of the wine, smiling calmly as he watched the many women

dancing within the flowers in front of him.

Right now, in the rear flower gardens, the youth with short silver hair was currently leading the way for Ojwin.

“Don’t be hasty. Lord Adkins is currently enjoying himself. At a time like this, Lord Adkins hates it when others disturb him,” the youth with short silver hair explained.

Ojwin nodded and laughed, “I’ve heard as well that when Lord Adkins was in Bluefire City, he liked to enjoy himself. Only someone as exalted as Lord Adkins was capable of enjoying himself like that in a place like the Gebados Planar Prison.”

The silver-haired youth laughed as well.

Others had been tormented in the Planar Prison, but someone as mighty as Adkins enjoyed his time there.

“Come in.” A voice rang out in their minds.

The silver-haired youth immediately led Ojwin into the rear flower gardens. Upon arriving in front of Adkins, Ojwin immediately knelt on one knee with respect. “I pay my respects to the exalted, mighty Lord Adkins!” Ojwin lowered his head.

Adkins, seated on his chair, glanced sideways at him.

“Ojwin? Right, I heard that a while ago, you were in the Baruch Empire,” Adkins said with a smile.

“My strength was inferior to another’s, and so I had to depart the Baruch Empire.” Ojwin still didn’t dare to lift his head.

Although he was now joining Adkins’ side, Ojwin didn’t dare to ask Adkins for help. He knew... that to a Highgod, whether or not he accepted another God in his entourage didn’t make much of a difference at all.

“You can rise,” Adkins said calmly. “From today onwards, you can stay in this imperial palace as well. If there’s anything I need, I’ll send you orders.”

“Yes, Lord Adkins.”

Ojwin felt relieved.

He knew... that now that he was serving Adkins, at least Adkins would protect him.

“Ojwin, you can go for now,” Adkins said.

“Yes, Lord.” Ojwin left respectfully.

Adkins glanced at the nearby silver-haired youth. “Hanbritt, from what I know, when those people who had gone to the Necropolis of the Gods came back, that Beirut should have returned to the Forest of Darkness. How about this... you send a subordinate to make a trip to the Forest of Darkness. You don’t need me to tell you what the purpose is, right?”

“Yes, Lord,” the silver-haired youth, ‘Hanbritt’, said respectfully.

Adkins stared towards the northeast, and then he laughed. He drained the remaining wine in his cup in one gulp.

The Millennial Cycle

The massive trees rose high into the skies, and brambles and vines could be seen everywhere. Some particularly enormous rattans hung from large tree branches, and vicious, brutal magical beasts were hidden everywhere within this primal forest. The Forest of Darkness had existed for simply too long. The ground was covered with an extremely thick layer of leaves.

A man who had resplendent golden hair was walking atop the leaves, making 'crunch' sounds with each step.

"Whew!"

The golden-haired man's chest heaved as he let out a long sigh.

"This mission... jeeze..." The gold-haired man felt very resigned. He had received Hanbritt's orders to go to this place, the Forest of Darkness, to pay a visit to Lord Beirut.

From Hanbritt, he had also learned...

This Beirut was a Highgod!

"I'm a Demigod. Lord Beirut could kill me with a flip of his hand." The golden-haired man felt somewhat worried in his heart. "I don't know if that Lord Beirut has any enmities with Lord Adkins. Even if he does, I pray that he won't vent his spleen on a minor figure like myself."

He exited the dense forest, arriving at a wide, empty grassy area.

In the center of this grassy area was a metallic castle.

"Kuchai comes to pay his respects to Lord Beirut!" the golden-haired man said loudly, standing in front of the metallic castle while bowing respectfully.

"Is there something you need?" A gravelly voice rang out directly into the golden-haired youth's mind.

Kuchai immediately raised his head, but he didn't see anyone nearby, only that cold, metallic castle in front of him. Kuchai understood that Lord Beirut disdained to meet him, and so had only reached out with divine sense. Kuchai hurriedly bowed and said, "Lord Beirut, I was lucky enough to escape from the Gebados Planar Prison, and I have heard of the Necropolis of the Gods. I don't know if I can enter the Necropolis of the Gods?"

Right.

What Adkins had ordered him to do was for him, a Demigod, to investigate what Beirut's attitude towards opening the Necropolis of the Gods again was.

"Enter the Necropolis of the Gods? Yes, you can!" Beirut's gravelly voice rang out.

The golden-haired youngster's eyes were instantly filled with delight.

"Only, the Necropolis of the Gods is only opened once a millennium. If you want to enter it, come again after waiting a thousand years." Beirut's reply instantly made Kuchai somewhat flabbergasted.

"Enough. You can leave now," Beirut said calmly.

"Lord Beirut, can't you open it earlier?" Kuchai said respectfully.

"I told you to leave!" Beirut's voice rang out once more.

Kucha's heart shivered. He knew that the consequences of irritating a Highgod were extremely grave. No longer daring to say anything else, he immediately paid his respects, "Thank you, Lord Beirut." And then, Kuchai immediately left the metallic castle.

Within the metallic castle.

Beirut stroked his black beard, letting out a snicker. "This Adkins. He actually sent a Demigod to investigate. Could it be that he thinks that coming personally is too much trouble? Hmph. Fine, then, Adkins. I'll toy with you a bit." Beirut's eyes had a hint of ridicule within them.

And then, Beirut broadcast out his divine sense in all directions like a wave.

"The Deities who are still here at the Yulan continent, the Necropolis of the Gods is opened only once every millennium, and it has just been opened not

too long ago. Those of you who wish to enter the Necropolis of the Gods must wait a thousand years... also, there is a limit to the number of people who will be granted entry. Only the strong will be allowed in.”

A hint of a mocking smile on his face, Beirut sent this message to every single Deity within the Yulan continent.

“It seems the coming days will be amusing, now.” Beirut’s smile was very bright.

Beirut’s message rang out in Adkins’ mind, along with the others. Adkins, who had been within a side hall of the imperial palace, teasing and cavorting with a bewitching beauty, suddenly came to a halt. “Baby, you can go back for now. Tonight, I’ll come looking for you again.”

“Yes, milord.” The golden-haired beauty smiled, then retreated.

Adkins began to consider Beirut’s divine sense message.

“Lord Adkins.” The silver-haired elder entered the side hall as well.

“Barnas, you came.” Adkins smiled and nodded. “You should have heard the message just now from Beirut as well.”

Originally, Adkins had three Gods under his control. Now, of course, with Ojwin on his side, he had four. But the person whom Adkins trusted the most was this man in front of him, Barnas. The likes of that silver-haired youngster, Hanbritt, was very nervous in front of Adkins.

But when Barnas and Adkins chatted, it was as though they were just friends.

“According to what Beirut said, and based on what we know, this once-per-millennium rule should be true. To us, a thousand years is nothing much... Lord Adkins, let’s just wait a thousand years. After a thousand years, we’ll enter the Necropolis of the Gods,” the silver-haired old man said.

Adkins frowned, his elegant, slender nose wrinkling. “A thousand years...”

“If I have to wait, I’ll wait. I’m enjoying myself in the mortal world right now anyhow,” Adkins said with a calm smile. “Only, that fellow Beirut really is quite cocky. He relies on the power of the Sovereign backing him up, and even goes as far as to say the number of slots is limited for entering the Necropolis of the

Gods. Jeeze. Hmph!”

Adkins let out a cold, disdainful snort.

He had a very bad view of Beirut, but Adkins wasn’t completely confident in his ability to kill Beirut. After all, Beirut might have a Sovereign artifact.

“Haha...” The silver-haired old man laughed. “Lord Adkins, the powerful will enter, right? As long as he lets people in, who in the entire Yulan continent is more qualified than you, milord? The limited list has no impact on you whatsoever, milord.”

Adkins laughed and nodded.

He was a Highgod.

Beirut was the caretaker of the Necropolis of the Gods, and naturally wouldn’t go inside it himself. Aside from Beirut, who in the entire Yulan continent was as powerful as him, Adkins?



*

Within the imperial palace of the Yulan Empire, within an enormous hot tub that was dozens of meters long.

A tall, thin, brown-haired youth was lying naked in the hot tub. This sort of hot tub was something that only the most highly ranked nobles could enjoy. On the other side of the hot tub, there were many people constantly adding firewood to the fire below it, maintaining its temperature.

The hot air simmered.

The brown-haired youth was like a spirit within the mists.

“A thousand years? Then I’ll wait. The environment of the Yulan continent is not bad at all. It’s much better than the Gebados Planar Prison, at least, where one would never know when a life-threatening problem would occur.” The brown-haired youngster let out a sigh.

Within the Yulan continent, the likes of Highgods such as Adkins, the Gods who had taken over the various alliances and others empires, the Gods who had

hidden themselves elsewhere, and the Demigods who served those Gods, were willing to remain in the Yulan continent due to their desire for the treasures held within it.



*

Within Dragonblood Castle.

Linley continued to live a quiet life of training. Generally, Linley would rest for one day out of every seven, and he would spend some time with little Arnold, or go chat with Reynolds, Dylin, and the others. But of course, the rest of the time, Linley was hard at work training.

His divine clone lived within Dragonblood Castle, while Linley's original body remained within the pocket dimension, focusing on training in the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World'.

In truth, it didn't make a difference which one was where. After all, the soul of the two were the same.

Within the pocket dimension.

"The most important thing is to strengthen the soul of the original body. As for that divine clone, all it really needs is to refine that Golden Soul-Pearl." The Golden Soul-Pearl that Linley had acquired from the Grand Warlock was actually formed from twenty million soul essences.

Linley had allowed his divine clone to absorb those twenty million soul essences.

And...

Within Beaumont's ring, there had been millions of already successfully refined soul essences, as well as nearly a hundred million unrefined soul essences. Linley was planning to utilize the Coiling Dragon ring to absorb them all within his original body.

Beaumont originally had intended for Chiquita to help him refine those souls. Although Chiquita was innately capable of refining souls, his strength was far

lower than that of the Grand Warlock's. No matter how innately gifted he was, his speed in refining these souls was only on par with the Grand Warlock's at most.

In just a few short months, Chiquita had only been able to refine a few million souls.

Beaumont would normally just give Chiquita a portion of the souls. After Chiquita finished refining them, he would give him another portion. The vast majority of the souls were all stored within Beaumont's interspatial ring.

The Coiling Dragon ring swallowed all of the soul into itself in one go, including the soul essences.

Instantly...

Countless soul essences were now floating around within Linley's Coiling Dragon ring, and those countless golden threads were being absorbed into Linley's soul. His original body's soul was currently growing at an astonishing rate. The more powerful the soul grew, the faster it absorbed as well.

Towards the later stages, Linley's soul improvement speed was simply astonishing.

Only, the amount of soul essences he was consuming was also astonishing.

Nearly a hundred million soul essences!

"Those twenty million soul essences had allowed my soul to grow more than ten times as powerful as it had been previously. A hundred million soul essences..." Linley couldn't help but sigh in amazement. Actually, Linley could tell how much more powerful his soul had become, just based on his visualization speed for the Throbbing Pulse of the World.

Originally, when he had become a Deity, the natural laws of the universe had descended.

Linley's soul had been bathed within the natural laws of the world, and there was an instant... where Linley's soul had suddenly changed. This was actually a benefit every single person who became a Deity on their own would experience.

That transformation caused Linley's visualization ability to increase more than ten times. After having drained those twenty million soul essences, his visualization speed had increased yet again. The two complimentary boosts had increased his speed a hundredfold, allowing him to, in three short months, advance from the 64 Fused Waves to the 32 Fused Waves level.

From the 32 Fused Waves to the 16 Fused Waves, he had taken one year and three months.

Over the course of Linley's absorption of those hundred million souls, his visualization speed had been constantly increasing.

"My visualization ability has increased dramatically. The amount of time I will need to break through to the 8 Fused Waves level should be much less now, as well."

His original body's soul was clearly many times more powerful than the soul of his divine clone, even after the divine clone had also absorbed a Golden Soul-Pearl. Actually... a reason for this was because Linley wanted to complete his insights on the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World' as quickly as possible. And the second reason was that his original body, upon once more reaching the Deity level, would have its soul split in two yet again.

Thus, the stronger his original body's soul was, the better.

Within the garden of Dragonblood Castle.

Linley, Dylin, Tarosse, the War God, and the others were all gathered together. Not long ago, they too had heard Beirut's instructions.

"A thousand years?" Tarosse sighed. "Even Adkins is staying in the Yulan continent. Clearly, his target is the Necropolis of the Gods. There will definitely be many experts taking part in that next opening in a thousand years. Everyone, are you planning to go in a thousand years later as well?"

"Of course." The War God was the first to speak.

On this trip to the Necropolis of the Gods, the War God had not acquired a divine God spark. This caused the War God to feel rather disgruntled. After all, his old foe, the High Priest, Catherine, had successfully acquired a divine God spark.

“Linley, Olivier, what about you two?” Tarosse looked at Olivier and Linley.

“A thousand years later?” Linley laughed, not replying.

“Might go in. Might not.” This was Olivier’s reply.

Tarosse stared. “Olivier, what sort of an answer is this? ‘Might go in, might not’. Those were the only two options to begin with. You might as well have given no answer at all.”

“What I meant was...” Olivier said seriously. “If in a thousand years, I am still in the Yulan Plane, I’ll go to the Necropolis of the Gods. If by then, I have already gone to other planes, then naturally I won’t be able to enter the Necropolis of the Gods again.”

“Go to other planes?” The War God was rather puzzled. “In other planes, you’ll be nothing more than a Demigod with no background. Do you think you’ll be able to make a good life for yourself in the Higher Planes or the Divine Planes?”

The countless material planes and Higher Planes had all been in existence for far too long.

The Higher Planes had powerful forces, clans, and even some empires. Without any connections or background there, it was better to stay in the Yulan continent. For example, the Yulan continent had the Necropolis of the Gods, something that many experts desired to enter.

“Linley, why don’t you say whether or not you’ll go in?” Dylin looked at Linley.

“What’s the point of discussing it now? A thousand years is too far off into the distance...” Linley let out a sigh. He hadn’t been training for even a century yet. A thousand years? That was indeed too long.

Dylin, Tarosse, and the War God were instantly speechless.

Only now did they remember that Linley had only spent a few decades before reaching the Demigod-level. Comparatively speaking... a thousand years later, who knew what Linley would be like?

Two Powers Join Forces

The O'Brien Empire. Within a manor.

This was the place where Ojwin currently resided. Today, Ojwin had ordered for an exceedingly sumptuous banquet to be prepared, especially for the sake of his old friend, Hanbritt. Ojwin and Hanbritt sat down opposite each other, eating while chatting.

"Ojwin, I have the feeling that today, there's something on your mind. Speak plainly, what is it?" Hanbritt grinned as he spoke.

Ojwin chuckled as well.

"I can never fool you, old friend." Ojwin let out a sigh as he spoke, a hint of grief in his eyes. "Hanbritt, you should know that my son is dead. I've never been able to forget about this."

Ojwin let out a bitter laugh. "Honestly speaking, this sort of psychological torture, I... I'm going crazy."

Hanbritt knew how deep the bonds were between Ojwin and his son.

"That's right. I haven't had a chance to ask you. How did your son, Kingsley, die?" Hanbritt asked curiously. "Did he die at the hands of that expert who forced you out of the Baruch Empire?"

"No."

Ojwin shook his head. "If he had died in the hands of that expert named Tarosse, I would be able to hold on to my temper. After all, I'm only slightly weaker than him. I'd still be able to make myself calm down and keep on training until the day comes when my power is greater than Tarosse's, allowing me to get revenge."

"But, the person who killed my son is a Demigod!"

“Demigod?” Hanbritt was very surprised.

Ojwin couldn't refrain from cursing and nodding, “Right! Nothing but a Demigod. It really fucking drives me insane. Just a Demigod who I could kill with the flip of my hand, but I don't have a chance to kill him right now.”

“Ojwin, are you saying that you want me...” Hanbritt was able to guess what came next.

Ojwin looked sincerely at Hanbritt. “Hanbritt, we've been friends for a very long time now. I definitely have to avenge my son's death. But the opponent is a bit too strong for me. I imagine... if you were to assist me, and if the two of us were to join forces, even though he is being protected by Tarosse, we will definitely be able to easily kill that Olivier.”

Hanbritt couldn't help but hesitate.

“How many Gods does the enemy side have?” Hanbritt asked.

“Two. One of them is that Tarosse. The other... seems to be called Dylin or something. But it seems he is just an early God. His power is a good deal lower than yours,” Ojwin explained.

Hanbritt nodded slightly.

But Hanbritt had the feeling that since Ojwin was weaker than Tarosse, while Dylin was weaker than himself, Hanbritt, the two sides... should roughly be on par with each other.

“Are you unable to go ask Barnas or Gatenby to assist?” Hanbritt suggested. “If you can get one of them to come, with the three of us working together, victory will be assured, and very easy at that.”

Adkins originally had three Gods under his control; his most trusted Barnas, the silent, taciturn Gatenby, and Hanbritt. In terms of power, Hanbritt was actually the weakest, while Barnas and Gatenby possessed astonishing power.

“Barnas holds me in absolute contempt,” Ojwin said angrily. “As for Gatenby, who knows how long it would take in order to convince that block of wood.”

Hanbritt understood those two people very well. He nodded.

“Hanbritt, don't worry. I'm not asking you to go and fight that Tarosse to the

death. The purpose is to go and kill that Demigod, Olivier... how about this. When we get there, I'll immediately use my two bodies to tie up Dylin and Tarosse, while your mission will be to, in that short period of time, kill Olivier. What do you say?" Ojwin suggested.

Hanbritt, listening to this suggestion, felt that this indeed didn't pose much of a risk.

"Ojwin, although your proposal is easily made, in reality, carrying it out will still be quite difficult. Regarding this... I still have to consider whether or not it is worth it for me," Hanbritt said intentionally.

Ojwin laughed coldly in his heart.

He understood that if he didn't pay a price, Hanbritt definitely wouldn't help. And indeed...

Once he took out a good divine artifact, Hanbritt agreed to help out. Ojwin and Hanbritt came to an agreement. That night, they directly headed to Dragonblood Castle, preparing to immediately kill Olivier in the shortest time possible.



*

Dragonblood Castle.

Sundown. It was already growing dusk.

Linley, Dylin, and Tarosse were walking side by side towards the main hall, while at the same time, chatting about their training.

"Linley, I believe your training method is somewhat erroneous," Dylin said with a frown.

"Erroneous?" Linley was somewhat puzzled.

This was how Linley had previously trained in order to develop the 'Hymn of the Wind'.

"I can tell that you are pondering how to utilize the 'Profound Mysteries of

Sound' of the Elemental Laws of the Wind along with your Bloodviolet sword, so as to generate a more powerful attack, right?" Dylin said, and Linley nodded.

Dylin continued, "By doing this, it is true that you can raise your attack power in a short amount of time. But from a training standpoint, you are wasting time."

"By doing so, you are just focusing on minor points. You are focusing on Bloodviolet, and the purpose of understanding the Profound Mysteries of Sound is to use it alongside Bloodviolet. Once you don't have Bloodviolet, you won't be able to use your insights with any other weapons. That's no good. Also, by doing this, it will be very hard for you to truly master and perfect your understanding of the 'Profound Mysteries of Sound,'" Dylin said seriously. "I urge you to start from the basics."

"Training in the Elemental Laws, we must start from the basics, then slowly go deeper... go one step at a time. That way, no matter what weapon you use, you'll be able to utilize a powerful attack based on the Profound Mysteries of Sound."

Linley was startled, then he laughed.

"Lord Dylin, I understand." Linley sighed. "Only, not too long ago, with so many experts descending onto the Yulan continent, I felt a tremendous amount of pressure, which is why I began to train in this sort of short-term power-enhancing method. All of you are back now, but I didn't take that into consideration and continued to train in that manner."

"It seems that I really do need to change to start from the basics, and start to gain my insights one step at a time."

Linley nodded.

"It is good that you understand." Dylin laughed as well, and as they spoke, they entered the main hall.

"Hey?" Linley glanced into the main hall. "Olivier still isn't here. Lord Dylin, Lord Tarosse, wait here. I'll go call Olivier to come over. Tonight, let's have a get together."

As Linley spoke, he entered the east gardens, heading towards a secluded

manor.

The sky was quite dark. Two human figures slashed through it, hurrying towards Dragonblood Castle. It was Ojwin and Hanbritt. Ojwin's heart was filled with a murderous intent. He truly wanted to kill Olivier as soon as he got there. He couldn't help but get excited.

"Hanbritt, I've already described that Olivier's appearance to you. When the time comes, we'll both use our divine sense to cover the entire Dragonblood Castle. As soon as we discover Olivier, you'll immediately attack, while I'll fly over alongside with you, in case that Tarosse blocks us," Ojwin said with his divine sense.

Hanbritt nodded, a hidden hint of killing intent in his eyes. "Don't worry. He's just a Demigod. This time, I will definitely use a full force attack. I'll definitely be able to instantly kill that person named Olivier."

"We're here. Dragonblood Castle is just up ahead." Ojwin's breathing grew ragged.

"Later, when I give the order, we'll simultaneously spread out our divine sense and also simultaneously charge down. We have to make it fast," Ojwin said.

Hanbritt didn't argue.

He definitely wanted to kill Olivier in as short a time as possible. The shorter the timeframe, the less of a chance they would have to do battle with Tarosse.

Within the manor.

Olivier had just now stopped his training.

"Let's go. Everyone's waiting for you," Linley said with a laugh.

The two were walking shoulder-to-shoulder as they spoke.

"I don't know why, but for some reason, I've been in an unsettled mood today. Even when I was training, I had to spend a lot of time before I could calm down and absorb myself in training." Olivier frowned while sighing. "I really don't understand why I feel so nervous."

Linley let out a laugh. "Stop thinking wild thoughts. If you really are nervous,

then just come into my pocket training dimension.”

“It’s already crowded enough in there. I won’t add to it.” Olivier laughed.

The two were walking on the path within the east garden. Just at this moment, two divine senses suddenly encapsulated the entire Dragonblood Castle. This was the divine sense of full Gods. Linley and Olivier couldn’t sense it at all, and they continued to talk and laugh while walking.

In the same instant the divine senses swept out...

Two figures descended from the sky, charging at high speed towards their target, Olivier!

“Not good!!!” Tarosse and Dylin were both Gods. They sensed the opponent’s divine senses. Naturally, they spread out their own divine sense, and realized that from mid-air, there were two Gods charging straight towards Linley and Olivier.

Two Gods!

Tarosse and Dylin both felt great shock.

“Swish!” “Swish!”

Tarosse and Dylin both raised their speeds to their limit, hurrying towards Linley and Olivier while at the same time, using their divine sense to contact the two. “Quick, come to the main hall, quick!!! That Ojwin is coming for you!” Their voices rang out in Linley and Olivier’s minds.

Linley and Olivier both reacted very fast, simultaneously charging towards the main hall.

However...

Ojwin and Hanbritt were just a thousand meters away in the air, and they were charging down at a very high speed. Dragonblood Castle was quite large as well; from the main hall to the east gardens, the distance was also nearly a thousand meters.

“They came to kill Olivier.” While flying at high speed, Linley could guess what was going on.

In terms of speed, Linley was quite a bit faster than Olivier.

“BOOM!” Suddenly, from behind Linley, an ear-splitting rumble could be heard. The strength of the rumbling vibrations alone caused the nearby earth to shatter, and even the nearby walls were instantly shaken into tiny pieces. Fortunately, there were no serving women or any other ordinary people on the pathways.

“Olivier!” Linley turned to look.

A terrifying roar rang out, and Linley felt as though the entire world had suddenly began to faintly tremble.

“Dylin...” Linley saw that Dylin had opened his mouth. Ojwin and that other expert were actually being drawn towards him by an extremely powerful devouring force.

“Ojwin, this is that so-called ‘weakling’ early-stage God you were talking about?” Hanbritt used his divine sense to angrily curse at Ojwin.

“I had no idea either!” Ojwin felt miserable in his heart as well.

He had never imagined that Dylin was this terrifying. Just then, when the two had charged down, Ojwin’s plan was... even if Tarosse and Dylin came to block them, he himself would split into his two divine clones and be able to tie them up for a short while.

But just as they were about to kill Olivier, that terrifying devouring force had suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

Even himself and Hanbritt combined were somewhat unable to resist that devouring force of Dylin’s.

Ojwin instantly transformed into two people; his divine light clone, and his divine fire clone. Ojwin’s two divine bodies, along with Hanbritt, made for three Deities. Their combined forces were able to just barely stalemate against that devouring force of Dylin’s.

“He really lives up to the name of Heaven Devouring Beast!” Linley mentally sighed in praise.

Divine beasts were extremely powerful. As soon as they reached adulthood,

they would naturally become Demigods. One could imagine how strong their innate gifts were.

For him to dare to refer to himself as a 'Heaven Devouring Beast', Dylin's devouring power was hundreds of times more powerful than those three sons of his. He was now a full God. Generally speaking, any Gods that were swallowed by him would die a certain death.

"I was saved by them yet again." Olivier arrived by Linley's side, still feeling some terror, while at the same time he looked at Dylin with an amazed sigh. "Linley, this Dylin's power is perhaps a little too terrifying. What sort of ability is this? What Elemental Law does it belong to?"

Linley didn't know what to say either.

What sort of Elemental Law did it belong to? Who knew?

"Bebe is a divine beast as well. For him to be named a 'Godeater Rat', then... what would his natural ability be?" Linley felt curious.

Unwilling to Admit Defeat

The exploding sound, along with Dylin's roar, shook Dragonblood Castle.

"What's going on?" The War God, High Priest, Cesar, Delia, Wharton, Gates, and the others all hastened over. They saw Dylin, Ojwin, and Hanbritt facing off. Instantly, they all moved carefully to stand near Linley.

Delia warmly gripped Linley's hand, saying in a soft voice, "Linley, that Ojwin came again?" Delia was a little worried.

Last time, when Ojwin had attacked, Linley had ordered Delia, Wharton, and the others to hide in the pocket dimension. Thus, Delia and the others had never seen Ojwin. But, as Delia viewed it, the attacking Gods had to be from Ojwin's side.

"It is him. He brought a helper as well. However, Lord Dylin and Lord Tarosse are more than enough to deal with them," Linley comforted softly.

Delia nodded.

The two raised their heads to watch.

"Haha..." Tarosse flew over, laughing loudly. "Ojwin, I didn't expect you'd have the courage to come yet again. It seems you didn't take the words I said to you last time in the imperial capital to heart."

That green whip appeared in Tarosse's hands.

"Crackle crackle." That whip emanated a freezing aura.

Ojwin's two divine clones, along with Hanbritt, both felt terror in their hearts.

"Ojwin!!!" Hanbritt roared furiously through his divine sense. Hanbritt was truly angered now. This situation had developed in a way that was completely different from Ojwin's predictions.

Ojwin also had a bad feeling.

The two of them were just barely able to resist Dylin's devouring power. Only by joining forces, along with Ojwin using both his divine clones, were the two able to just barely resist. They were completely unable to move right now. If this situation continued... if Tarosse were to attack, the two of them would be sitting targets!

"Haha, eat a few hundred whip strikes first." Tarosse laughed loudly as he began to whirl his whip.

A few hundred whips?

The faces of Ojwin and Hanbritt, who were working hard to resist the devouring power, changed dramatically. How could they possibly be able to take the attack of this God head on?

"Whooosh."

The long green whip danced out like a massive serpent, transforming into brilliant green shadows. The temperature of the nearby area lowered to the freezing point, and a layer of frost appeared on the ground. The long green whip danced like a serpent's tail, striking viciously towards Ojwin and Hanbritt.

"Retreat!"

Ojwin and Hanbritt simultaneously gritted their teeth, exploding forth the energy within their bodies, risking injury to themselves as they forcibly broke through from the area of Dylin's devouring force.

"Boom!" An explosion occurred in mid-air, and a sudden tempest arose out of nowhere. Even some of the decorative plants and trees of Dragonblood Castle were destroyed. Ojwin's two divine clones, along with Hanbritt, stood there in the air above Dragonblood Castle, their faces ashen.

Dylin let out a soft curse. "Hrmph. If it wasn't for the fact that my divine power isn't pure and powerful enough yet, how could the two of you have escaped?"

In the air above Dragonblood Castle. Ojwin's two clones and Hanbritt hovered in mid-air.

"The two of you better fuck off and stay the hell away. Otherwise, I won't

show any mercy this time.” Tarosse continued to chortle as he raised his head to stare at those two sorry figures in mid-air.

Hanbritt looked back at Ojwin. He transmitted with his divine sense, “Ojwin, that Dylin, is the ‘weakling’ you spoke of? Hmph. I think we better go.” Hanbritt, having accepted a divine artifact from Ojwin, didn’t feel comfortable just leaving by himself.

Ojwin stared coldly down below, his heart filled with raging fury.

As he stared down at Olivier, who stood next to Linley, Ojwin’s rage caused his entire body to shake. With his divine sense, he said, “Hanbritt, this was my mistake. I didn’t clearly investigate the opponent’s strength. But... I absolutely must kill this Olivier. If I don’t, even in death, I won’t be satisfied.”

“Have you gone mad?” Hanbritt stared towards Ojwin rather unhappily.

Ojwin’s gaze was still fixed towards the ground below. He replied through his divine sense, “Hanbritt, don’t worry... that Dylin’s devouring force can only be aimed in one direction. How about this. The two of us will simultaneously attack from different directions. This time, I’ll tie up Dylin and Tarosse, while you go kill Olivier. Hanbritt, I’m begging you.”

After speaking, Ojwin looked seriously at Hanbritt.

Hanbritt hesitated a moment, and then let out a sigh.

“Fine. I’ll agree.” Hanbritt continued, “But if I encounter any danger, I will be the first to flee. Don’t blame me then.”

“Of course I won’t blame you.” Ojwin looked gratefully at Hanbritt. “Thank you.”

“Get ready,” Hanbritt said.

Ojwin’s divine light clone and divine fire clone simultaneously demonstrated their might. A brilliant holy light swept down, shooting towards Linley’s general area. This sort of holy light was actually a purifying light. Generally speaking, any Saint hit by this light would be injured.

This was the same technique that Ojwin had used to destroy the imperial palace of the Baruch Empire.

This attack had caused virtually all the people in the palace to die, leaving behind only Ankh and Cena as the lucky survivors, with Cena being badly wounded.

“Not good.” Seeing this, Linley didn’t hesitate at all. He immediately smashed his fists into the ground, and a strange energy force suddenly appeared and spread in the air above the dozens of people present. It was like a translucent barrier, immediately covering Linley, Wharton, and the others in its protective embrace.

Earth-style forbidden-level magic – Pulsating Guard!

The Pulsating Guard spell was a large-scale protective magic spell. It could generally be used to protect an entire city. For example, if the opponent used ‘Heavenly Meteor’s Descent’ to create countless boulders to smash down towards a city, one could use the ‘Pulsating Guard’ to protect against it.

Upon reaching the Deity level, forbidden-level magic spells could be cast in an instant.

And in terms of power, these spells were now much more powerful than the ones Saints could cast. Linley’s ‘Pulsating Guard’ defense was controlled within just a few dozen meters. The holy light was thus successfully defended against by the ‘Pulsating Guard’.

“Swoosh!” “Swoosh!” One white, one red. Two rays of light streaked downwards. Ojwin had never planned on using that holy light to kill anyone; that was just something he was using to create chaos. His two divine clones shot down at what seemed like the speed of light...

And at the same time, Hanbritt moved in an angular way, charging towards Linley’s direction.

“I’ll go block him! Tarosse, I’ll let you handle Ojwin’s two divine clones. Don’t let him get through.” Dylin immediately used his divine sense to speak to Tarosse.

“No worries.” Tarosse continued to laugh gaily.

Dylin raised his speed to the limit, transforming into a blur as he went to stop Hanbritt. At the same time, a ray of red light, carrying a destructive aura, wildly

attacked Dylin, and the lance Ojwin was wielding also shot out like a devouring fire dragon.

Dylin was instantly greatly shocked. “Has Ojwin gone crazy?”

Dylin could tell that this divine fire clone of Ojwin’s was using his divine power wildly, without any care at all. It must be understood... a Deity’s divine power accumulated very slowly. Generally speaking, in battle, they wouldn’t be willing to so wildly utilize it like this. If they did so, they wouldn’t be able to maintain the expenditure for long before their divine power was all used up, at which point, the enemy would be able to easily devastate them.

“Swish!” Dylin’s third eye instantly shot out an invisible ripple.

Ojwin’s divine fire clone, in terms of power, was inferior to his divine light clone. Upon being struck by that invisible ripple, Ojwin’s divine fire clone immediately came to a halt. Dylin then immediately formed his two hands into claws. With those divine artifact gloves atop his hands, he clawed straight towards Ojwin’s head.

“Clang!”

Dylin and the divine fire clone collided viciously.

Dylin was tied up by the divine fire clone, and so that Hanbritt naturally charged towards Olivier. Olivier didn’t have any chance to flee. His speed was far inferior to Hanbritt’s.

“Haha...” Hanbritt’s eyes had a hint of excitement flash through them as he flew down.

“Too early to be so happy.” A lazy voice rang out in Hanbritt’s mind, and suddenly, a black-robed man appeared in front of Hanbritt. This black-robed man was wielding a long, thin, blood-red saber, and directly chopped towards him.

Wherever that long saber passed by, space disintegrated.

“Bang!” Hanbritt’s right hand, flashing with blue light, slammed against the edge of that saber. Instantly, he was knocked flying away. Hanbritt’s hand was also covered by a divine artifact. He, too, used his hands as his weapons.

Hanbritt was greatly shocked. “This Tarosse also has a Destruction-style divine clone!”

Currently, the green-robed Tarosse wielding the whip was still busy with Ojwin. However, this Tarosse with the long, narrow blade was able to force Hanbritt to retreat in one blow.

“Ojwin, let’s go, quick!” Hanbritt let out a nervous divine sense message to Ojwin, and then immediately fled towards the northern skies, no longer doing battle.

“Aaaaah!”

Ojwin’s divine light clone and divine fire clone both had fierce looks on their faces. They both let out howls of anger and unwillingness to accept this result. They truly weren’t willing to admit defeat. Ojwin had his divine fire clone go deal with Dylin, and had already accepted that he might lose one of his divine clones.

Even at the price of losing one of his divine clones, he still wanted to kill Olivier! This was because... he wished to avenge his son’s death!

But this Tarosse had divine clones as well. And in terms of power... the situation was different from Ojwin’s. The Destruction-style divine clone that Tarosse had hidden, in terms of power, was actually not one whit inferior to Tarosse’s divine water clone.

Letting out a furious howl of unwillingness, Ojwin’s two divine clones transformed into two rays of red and white light, simultaneously fleeing into the northern horizons.

“It’s finally over.” The vast majority of people in Dragonblood Castle let out sighs of relief.

The guards and maids, who had been hiding, were terrified by this battle. Battles on this level... ordinary people like themselves could be killed just as collateral damage, and even their souls would be destroyed.

“Tarosse, why do you keep hiding your real power? At a time like this, you didn’t at least force one of them to stay behind?” Dylin said somewhat unhappily. “Don’t tell me that you don’t have that ability. You definitely have

more abilities that I am unaware of!”

Dylin and Tarosse had lived together on the Yulan continent ten thousand years ago. They were once good friends.

Dylin’s innate abilities. Tarosse’s innate abilities. They each knew about the other’s.

“Haha, don’t blame me.” Tarosse’s two divine clones combined into one again, and he laughed as he looked at Dylin. “Dylin, why did you only use your ‘Devour’ power a single time? If you used ‘Devour’ a second time, you probably would have devoured Ojwin’s divine fire clone.”

Dylin glanced at Tarosse. “Use it again? Easy for you to say. If I used it again, my divine power would be completely exhausted! What a motherfucking shame. Just then, when I used it the first time, I didn’t succeed. I was originally hoping to kill both of them at the same time just then.”

This innate ability was simply too terrifying and monstrous.

At the same time, though, the amount of energy it consumed was simply astonishing. The number of times it could be used didn’t have too much of a correlation to how powerful one was.

For even the weak, it could be used two or three times. Only, each time, the power would be fairly weak as well. For the strong, it still could only be used two or three times, but each time, the power would be astonishing.

“You are always so greedy. If it weren’t for the fact that five thousand years ago, you got greedy and used your Devour ability to try and get some Demigod-level divine sparks for your children... you wouldn’t have angered Lord Beirut, resulting in him throwing you into the Planar Prison,” Tarosse said with a laugh.

Dylin snorted coldly, no longer saying anything else.

He naturally felt uncomfortable when thinking back to five thousand years ago.

As Dylin and Tarosse chatted, they walked towards Linley and the others. Linley, the War God, and the others, from this battle, had an even greater appreciation for the difference in power between them and Gods. Given their

current level of power, if they were to face any Gods by themselves, they would be doomed.

“Lord Tarosse, Lord Dylin, thank you!” Olivier walked forward and said solemnly.

“It’s fine. But you little rascal, in the future, stop causing so many problems,” Tarosse said with a calm laugh.

Turned Back

Since Ojwin and Hanbritt had been repulsed, the people within Dragonblood Castle became much more relieved. Linley, Dylin, and Tarosse all went to the main hall, chatting and laughing while enjoying the sumptuous dinner feast.

Linley's group were all in a fine mood.

But, Ojwin was in a terrible mood!

In the gray, clouded skies.

Ojwin and Hanbritt were flying shoulder to shoulder back towards the O'Brien Empire.

Hanbritt glanced at Ojwin. "Ojwin, don't be so unhappy. Both Tarosse and Dylin were more powerful than you had predicted. Just the two of us, go and kill Olivier under their watch? It is virtually impossible."

Ojwin was silent.

"To kill Olivier, the only options are to do so when he leaves Dragonblood Castle, or... when Tarosse and Dylin leave Dragonblood Castle," Hanbritt recommended. "Ojwin, for now, just give it up. When the time comes, if we can ask Lord Adkins to act, or perhaps Barnas or Gatenby to help us, we will have complete assurance of victory."

Whether it was Lord Adkins who acted, or the alliance of Barnas, Gatenby, Hanbritt, and Ojwin, either scenario would result in an easy storming of Dragonblood Castle and the slaying of Olivier.

However... to convince Lord Adkins to act?

"What sort of a person is Lord Adkins? I'm afraid to even speak in front of him." Ojwin laughed mockingly at himself. "As for Barnas and Gatenby, the two are very hard to make friends with. Unless I spend sufficient time and energy on them, it's virtually impossible to get them to help."

“It’s good that you understand this. Thus, for now, endure,” Hanbritt said.

Ojwin was silent.

Endure?

How could he endure and ignore this enmity with the person who had killed his son? Ojwin constantly thought of killing that Olivier.

Hanbritt glanced at Ojwin. He couldn’t help but sigh in his heart, “This Ojwin seems to be possessed. It is best that I destroy any hope or fantasies he might be entertaining,” Hanbritt spoke. “Ojwin, to kill that Olivier, we have to locate his position, and thus must use our divine sense to find him. But at the same time that we do so, we will be discovered. It is impossible for us to kill Olivier under the gazes of Tarosse and Dylin. Thus, you should give up.”

“What did you just say!!!” Ojwin’s eyes widened, and he stared at Hanbritt in shock and joy.

Hanbritt started. “I... I didn’t say anything...”

“What you said just now. Using divine sense to search...” Ojwin was so excited his eyes were shining.

Hanbritt was utterly confused. “Right. If we use divine sense to search for Olivier, Dylin and Tarosse will definitely discover us. Our ambush will thus be unsuccessful. What about it?” Hanbritt didn’t understand why Ojwin had become so delighted.

“Haha...”

Ojwin laughed loudly.

“Huh?” Hanbritt was somewhat confused.

Ojwin took a deep breath, his eyes revealing the excitement he was suppressing. “Hanbritt, when we use our divine sense to search for Olivier, Tarosse will be able to locate us. Then... what if we don’t use our divine sense? Haha, I actually didn’t even think of this. I’m too stupid. Haha...”

Ojwin laughed loudly in excitement.

Hanbritt began to understand somewhat. “Ojwin, if we don’t use our divine

sense, there's no way we'll be able to find Olivier in a short period of time."

"Don't worry." Ojwin's eyes revealed a hint of coldness. "It is very simple. I just need to infiltrate Dragonblood Castle. Dylin and Tarosse can't always be spreading their divine sense out, right? Within Dragonblood Castle, as long as I spend a little bit of time, I'll be able to find Olivier!"

Ojwin was incomparably confident.

"Be careful. Don't end up running into Tarosse and Dylin before finding Olivier!" Hanbritt said with a laugh.

"Don't worry. My luck can't be that awful," Ojwin immediately said.

The only danger of his infiltrating Dragonblood Castle alone was that he might run into Dylin or Tarosse before finding Olivier. If that happened, there would be no way he could kill Olivier.

"This method of yours does indeed have a chance at success, and the chance is rather high." Hanbritt nodded. "Only, this method is dangerous as well. Ojwin, all I can do is wait here and hope for your success. I won't be able to accompany you."

"No need." Ojwin understood the practicalities involved. "I alone will be enough."

After speaking, Ojwin smiled towards Hanbritt, then immediately turned and flew back towards Dragonblood Castle.

Watching Ojwin's disappearing back, Hanbritt sighed in his heart. "Ojwin's only weakness is that he cared too much about that son of his." Both Hanbritt and Ojwin were incomparably vicious. For example, Hanbritt had been the one to destroy War God Mountain.

Ojwin, in turn, had destroyed the Baruch Empire's imperial palace.



*

Dragonblood Castle. Linley and Delia's residence.

Linley and Delia were enjoying their own private little world. Linley was lying

in bed, with Delia in his arms, her ear pressed against Linley's chest, listening to Linley's heartbeat.

Linley stroked Delia's fragrant hair. Smelling the scent of her hair, he felt his heart at peace.

"Linley," Delia suddenly said.

"Hrm?" Linley replied.

Delia said, "Linley, recently, every day I've been afraid of a battle erupting. This sort of life..." Delia raised her head to look at Linley. "When will this end?"

Actually, Linley could also sense that many people in Dragonblood Castle were very nervous.

"What are you worried about?" Linley sighed. "In the past, when we were young, you were just an ordinary magus, and I wasn't a Saint yet. Didn't we still successfully pass through those days? A road filled with struggles and battles. And now, I have reached the Deity level, while you, Delia, in a few years, will have completely absorbed your divine spark as well and will also become a Deity. We weren't afraid back then. What have we to fear now?"

Delia thought back to those days of the past, when she was all by herself. At that time, Linley and Alice had been together, and then he had disappeared for nearly ten years.

And then Delia thought about how she and Linley were together now.

Delia laughed. Right. What did she have to worry about?

She already enjoyed this sort of quiet life very much. Linley and Delia, although both had to train, would often make the time to be together by themselves, and enjoy this sort of warmth.

"Linley, have you gone to see Alice?" Delia suddenly asked.

"Did you just say Alice?" Linley didn't feel too agitated when the subject of Alice was raised. He only had a feeling in his heart, a feeling that so much had changed, that 'the blue seas had transformed into mulberry fields'. "I haven't seen Alice. What, have you?" Decades had passed since Linley had last seen Alice, prior to her wedding.

“I saw her,” Delia said. “And it was right in the imperial capital, Baruch City.”

“The imperial capital? Alice is at the imperial capital?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

Delia nodded. “Right. We now have a Proulx Gallery in the imperial capital, and Alice is the manager of that Proulx Gallery. But of course, she’s just a branch manager. Alice hasn’t changed very much compared to the past, you know. She’s still quite beautiful.” Delia looked at Linley teasingly.

Linley only laughed.

He still remembered how, during the Apocalypse Day event, he had given Alice and Rowling into the care of Managing Director Maia.

“In addition, Alice still hasn’t gotten married.” Delia stared at Linley, carefully looking for any changes in his expression.

“What?” Linley was rather surprised.

It had been decades, after all. The puppy love they had shared in the past was insubstantial, like a dream. And on Apocalypse Day, that Kalan had died as well. Linley had thought that Alice would have married long ago.

“What, do you have any special thoughts?” Delia’s laugh was very evil.

“Not really. Only, I feel a bit moved,” Linley said with a laugh.

Delia no longer teased Linley. Nodding, she said, “Honestly, it was Jenne who told me that Alice had arrived in the imperial capital. Jenne used to spend a lot of time in the imperial capital, right? She’s quite a famous figure in the circle of nobles within the imperial capital these days. Naturally, she would encounter Alice during some of the banquets there.”

Just as Linley and Delia were engaged in private conversation between the two of them, husband and wife, a figure suddenly emerged from the earth beneath the rear gardens of Dragonblood Castle. It was Ojwin, who had snuck in.

“It is about time,” Ojwin said to himself.

Actually, Ojwin had been waiting a few hundred kilometers away from Dragonblood Castle. After three or four hours, he had come over. According to

Ojwin's calculations... it should have been dinnertime after the battle just now. He expected it should now be about midnight.

"By now, everyone should be back in their own rooms. Only a few roving patrols are around." Ojwin suppressed the excitement in his heart.

He began to stealthily move about within Dragonblood Castle.

Dragonblood Castle was extremely large, comparable to a small city. There were thousands of commoners living here, and each night, there were quite a few roving patrols. But of course, for a God of Ojwin's power, he was naturally able to easily avoid those roving patrols.

"Hey, bros, you guys go on up ahead. We're going to take a rest."

The nighttime guards were about to change shifts. One of the units headed towards their own residences, chatting amongst each other. When they reached the northern gardens where the guards and the serving maids resided, they naturally went their separate ways and headed towards their own rooms.

Suddenly, one of the guards who was heading towards his residence felt his head grow dizzy and his consciousness grow dim. A human figure appeared behind him. It was Ojwin.

"Tell me, where is Olivier," Ojwin spoke out.

Although Ojwin wasn't very proficient in techniques for controlling others, just by relying on his spiritual energy as a God, he was able to easily control an ordinary commoner.

"Don't know," the guard said woodenly.

Ojwin couldn't help but frown. "Then what about Tarosse and Dylin?"

"Don't know," the guard still said.

Ojwin couldn't help but feel some anger, but then he quickly understood. "It seems the ordinary people in Dragonblood Castle aren't familiar with these Deities at all. Only those personal servants will know them." Ojwin pondered his next steps.

"Let me ask you this. Have you ever seen a seemingly young man with white and black hair? He is often together with Linley," Ojwin said.

“Yes I have,” the guard said mechanically.

“Do you know where he lives?” Ojwin felt joy in his heart, and he hurriedly followed up on this line of questioning.

“East gardens. When on our patrols, I have seen that lord. He lives with several other lords in the east gardens. Lord Linley is often together with him,” the guard said. Ojwin’s heart was filled with wild joy. “It seems Olivier, Tarosse, and Dylin are all in the eastern gardens.”

“Lead me there,” Ojwin said.

“Yes.” The guard didn’t resist in the slightest.

The guard immediately led Ojwin out of the northern gardens towards the east gardens.

“Hey, Will, aren’t you going back to get some rest? What are you doing here in the east gardens?” Several roving patrolmen walked over from the east garden. Clearly, they recognized this guard, and they immediately asked him.

Ojwin was currently hidden nearby.

“Tell them that when you were on patrol, you lost something in the east garden, so you came to search for it,” Ojwin immediately said.

The guard said, “When I was on patrol, I lost something in the east gardens. I’m coming to look for it.”

The other guards all began to laugh. “Will, you sure are negligent. It is very dark now. Search carefully. If you can’t find it, come back and search again when it is day.” After speaking, these guards left and went back on patrol.

Although they had the feeling that Will’s manner of speech was somewhat different from the past, they didn’t harbor any suspicions.

After all, they could tell at a glance that this was indeed their old friend, Will.

“Continue,” Ojwin gave the order, and the guard immediately headed deeper towards the east garden of Dragonblood Castle...

Mental Message

The guard led Ojwin forward. After walking for a while, the guard suddenly halted.

“Why did you stop?” Ojwin immediately barked. Right now, Ojwin was using a small-scale Godrealm, causing no sound to transmit outside their bubble.

The guard replied woodenly, “I only know that those lords live in the rooms within. Normally, I am not permitted to enter. I don’t know which lord lives in which room.” The guard’s reply caused Ojwin to be surprised.

However, he understood why this was the case.

The rooms where the likes of Olivier lived was normally off limits to the guards.

“One of the rooms inside...” Ojwin could tell that there were six or seven little buildings within, each building having a courtyard. “That makes this complicated. I don’t know which one Olivier is in.” Ojwin frowned, considering.

War God, High Priest, Tarosse, Dylin, Cesar, Olivier. They all lived there. Within the two-floor building where Cesar lived, Cesar was currently seated in the meditative position, his eyes shut.

The Elemental Laws of Darkness that Cesar trained in was a type of profound mystery having to do with stealth.

To Cesar, the darkness was as comfortable to him as a mother’s embrace. Cesar could completely and easily fuse with the darkness, causing others to be completely unable to detect him. At the same time... Cesar could sense anything that was not part of that darkness.

For example, Cesar could sense that in the building next to his, there was a blazing hot aura.

It was obvious to him as a blazing comet within the darkness.

“Hrm?” Cesar frowned. “Why has someone drawn near so late at night?”

As the ‘King of Killers’, Cesar, a master of subterfuge, was the first to sense that someone was nearing their residences. In addition, Cesar could sense that there was more than one person present. “Such a weak aura. But unfortunately for you, you can’t escape my detection.”

Cesar didn’t use his divine sense either.

To Cesar, using divine sense was an utterly foolish sort of behavior. When you used divine sense, you allowed others to be able to find you as well.

Cesar disappeared into thin air. If a Deity-level was carefully inspecting the area, he might be able to just barely notice that the darkness within the room had changed slightly. Hidden within the darkness, Cesar quickly left his room and headed outside.

Right at this moment... Ojwin and that guard were standing not too far away.

“Him!” From a distance of just a hundred or so meters, Cesar could instantly tell who this person was.

Cesar was shocked, but then he laughed coldly to himself. “This Ojwin really is bold. He actually dares to come here late at night.” It must be said that Cesar’s stealth abilities truly were astounding. He was hidden just a hundred meters away from Ojwin, but Ojwin was completely unable to locate Cesar’s presence.

Cesar instantly used his divine sense, casting it towards the direction of Tarosse’s residence.

Tarosse didn’t have any ability to hide his presence, and so Cesar easily located him. “Lord Tarosse, Ojwin came. He’s right outside.”

Tarosse was greatly shocked, but then his mind became filled with rage. “This Ojwin. Two times in a row, I stayed my hand and didn’t go all out against him. Does he really think I’m afraid to kill him?” Tarosse immediately flew outside his residence.

Tarosse’s hiding skills were clearly inferior to Cesar’s. Only, Tarosse was extremely fast! His residence was only a hundred meters or so away from Ojwin. At such a close distance, as soon as Tarosse flew out of his room, he

immediately saw Ojwin and thus shot towards him at high speed.

“Right now, all I can do is find one of the servants who specially serves these Deities, then continue to investigate.” Ojwin was planning to go find another servant to interrogate.

“Huh?” Ojwin turned his head in shock.

A figure was shooting towards him at high speed. Ojwin’s face changed dramatically, and in his heart, he cursed angrily, “Bastard, him again!!!” Seeing Tarosse come, Ojwin knew that he had failed yet again. Although he was unwilling to admit defeat, he couldn’t do anything else now except immediately rocket into the air at high speed.

“Motherfucker, you want to flee?!” Tarosse’s bellowing voice shook the entire Dragonblood Castle.

Instantly, many people in Dragonblood Castle were shocked into wakefulness.

“Hisss...” An ear-piercing hiss seemed to shake the entire world. This sound was louder than the sound of the world exploding, and was far more ear-piercing as well.

“What is that?!”

Wharton, Gates, and the others all came out of their rooms upon hearing the bellow. They were all stunned by what they saw. In the air above Dragonblood Castle, an astonishing, enormous coiled green snake that was ten thousand meters long had appeared. The girth of its body, at least several houses thick, truly caused the hearts of the viewers to turn cold.

The massive green serpent coiled there in mid-air. Raising its head, it emitted that ear-piercing cry.

“No!” A human figure had been completely locked in, in mid-air. The person cried out in desperation and hopelessness.

That enormous serpent’s maw was open, and the space of what felt like the entire world began to tremble. That human figure was only able to resist for a brief instant before he was no longer able to endure that devouring force. Instantly, he was drawn into that enormous serpentine mouth and swallowed

into its belly.

The ten-thousand-meter-long enormous green serpent then transformed into a human figure. It was the green-haired Tarosse.

Tarosse flew down while cursing, “That Ojwin actually interpreted me being good-natured as me being afraid to kill him. Hmph. Ever since I left the Necropolis of the Gods, I haven’t killed anyone. This fellow didn’t pay any attention to what I said.”

A group of people were gathered below. Even Linley and Delia had hurried over.

“Was that Ojwin just now?” Linley hadn’t seen it clearly just now. He only vaguely saw a human figure be swallowed into Tarosse’s stomach.

Linley had once seen Tarosse’s true form on the third floor of the Necropolis of the Gods.

“It was Ojwin.” Cesar laughed. “That Ojwin actually snuck into Dragonblood Castle. He thought we wouldn’t notice him. However... before he even drew near me, I noticed his presence.” How could Ojwin possibly hide himself from Cesar, so skilled in the arts of stealth?

What a silly dream.

Although one was a God and the other was a Demigod, this was Cesar’s specialty, after all.

“Haha, Tarosse, you’ve shown off your ‘Devour’ ability as well.” Dylin laughed.

Dylin’s true form was that of the Suanni Lion, also known as the ‘Heaven Devouring Beast’. He naturally had a vast amount of space in his stomach. As for Tarosse, as a Deity-class beast, the ‘Ba-Serpent’, he also had the innate ability of ‘Ocean Devouring’. The Ba-Serpent had a space in his stomach to begin with, and what’s more, the Ba-Serpent’s body was naturally enormous.

In fact, his devouring ability, compared to Dylin’s, was actually slightly more powerful.

Given that Tarosse’s spiritual energy, in terms of pureness and quantity, was superior to that of Dylin’s, his ‘Devour’ ability was naturally far stronger as well.

“This Ojwin actually came again.” Olivier laughed ruefully. He truly had been frightened just now.

Linley laughed, “Olivier, you can relax now. That Ojwin is now dead. In the future, he won’t be able to come make trouble for you.” Ojwin’s death caused Linley to feel relieved as well. Actually, many people within Dragonblood Castle would be celebrating tonight.

“Don’t be happy so soon.”

Tarosse snorted coldly as he spoke. Opening his mouth, a divine spark that faintly glowed with red light floated out. “Ojwin died inside my body. This is his divine God spark.”

“A fire-style one?” Linley was shocked. Ojwin didn’t have just one body. If the Ojwin that had been devoured was the ‘combined’ Ojwin, there should be two divine sparks present.

“Right. Only the fire-style one,” Tarosse said. “You all know that he has two bodies. And just now, the one that I devoured and killed was only his fire-element divine clone. His divine light clone never came to this place!”

Linley sighed in his heart.

It was much like how, during Ojwin’s first attack, Linley and Desri had kept their original bodies within the pocket dimension. They were guarding against the chance of their divine clones being destroyed, in which case they would be finished.

“It seems that Ojwin was also worried about being killed, so he had also made preparations.” Linley couldn’t help but look at Olivier. The look of concern once more appeared between Olivier’s forehead. If Ojwin didn’t die, then Olivier wouldn’t be able to be relaxed.

“Olivier.” Linley looked at Olivier.

Olivier couldn’t help but look at Linley with a rueful smile. Linley said, “Olivier, right now, none of us know what that Ojwin is capable of doing. How about this. Come to the pocket dimension for your training. In that place, even if Ojwin used his divine sense, he definitely wouldn’t be able to locate you.”

To be honest, there were quite a few people currently present in that pocket dimension now.

“Then, fine.” Olivier didn’t refuse this time.

The pocket dimension alone was the safest haven within Dragonblood Castle.

“Everyone, don’t worry.” Linley turned to look at Wharton and the others. “This time, Ojwin lost a divine spark, which means he lost one of his lives. He only has his divine light clone remaining. He dared to risk it this time, but in the future, he won’t dare. He has no other divine clones.”

Everyone began to laugh.

Only, the War God, O’Brien, stared at the divine spark in Tarosse’s hands, his eyes gleaming.

That was a full God’s divine fire spark. He, O’Brien, trained in the Elemental Laws of Fire. A God-level divine fire spark was something that he, O’Brien, desperately needed. Only, the divine God spark was simply too valuable. He didn’t dare to ask for it directly.



*

“Aaaaaargh!!!!”

Deep in the night, standing above the vast ground, Ojwin furiously smashed his fists into the earth, releasing an unrelenting, furious howl from his lips.

“BANG!” “BANG!” ...

The earth split apart, but Ojwin still couldn’t vent the unrelenting anger in his heart.

“First time. Second time. All failures! My divine clone... the Elemental Laws of Fire?” Ojwin was filled with boundless rage. He knew that he would never again be able to train in the Elemental Laws of Fire. He only had one body left now; his divine light clone.

From now on, he could only train in the Elemental Laws of Light.

“That Tarosse and that Dylin, what ability was that?” Ojwin couldn’t help but feel his heart shake as he thought back to that terrifying scene.

When Tarosse had began to devour him, it had been a completely different sensation from when Dylin had used the ability. Tarosse had transformed into his true form, that of the Ba-Serpent. When he had used the ‘Devour’ ability, Ojwin had felt as though he had become completely separated from all other space, and that an irresistible force had surrounded him.

And then, he was immediately swallowed into the Ba-Serpent’s stomach.

At first, Ojwin had thought that upon entering the Ba-Serpent’s stomach, he could rip through the internal organs to flee. But who would have thought... that the stomach wasn’t a material dimension at all. And thus, entirely powerless, he had been killed.

This was the sort of innate ability only a divine beast possessed! Even most people who trained to the Highgod-level couldn’t possibly create such an immaterial dimension within their stomach.

This was why the likes of the Heaven Devouring Beast and the Ba-Serpent were reputed to be able to swallow mountains and oceans.

“There will come a day!” Ojwin ground his teeth. “There will come a day when I will definitely kill Olivier, and there will come a day when I become a Highgod and will come kill that Tarosse!” Ojwin’s heart was filled with extreme hatred towards Tarosse.

But until reaching the Highgod-level, Ojwin wouldn’t dare to irritate Tarosse again.

And then, Ojwin transformed into a ray of light, streaking into the western skies.



*

Ojwin’s divine fire clone had been destroyed. Indeed, he now no longer dared to cause trouble. Dragonblood Castle once more returned to its normal calm, and Linley began to train quietly as well. After many months had passed, when

winter was starting, Linley received a bit of good news.

On this day, Linley was currently absorbed in attuning with the Elemental Laws of the Wind.

Suddenly, a sound rang out in his mind. “Linley, I need to entrust you with something.”

“Lord Beirut?” Linley immediately halted his training.

“Bebe has already reached the stage of transforming into a Deity. This final transformational stage is extremely critical. Remember, starting today, no matter what, don’t reach out mentally to Bebe. Don’t disturb him,” Beirut mentally transmitted to Linley.

Beirut was capable of preventing others from engaging in using their divine sense to speak, but even Beirut was incapable of blocking Linley and Bebe from communicating, due to their connected souls. Thus, he had to deliver a message.

“Transforming into a Deity? Alright, I understand. In this period of time, I definitely won’t send a mental message to Bebe and disturb him.” Linley felt delighted for Bebe as well.

Bebe Becomes a Deity

Yulan calendar, year 10045. The entire Yulan continent was fairly calm this year.

Linley's original body remained within the pocket dimension, focusing on training in the Throbbing Pulse of the World. His divine clone remained within Dragonblood Castle, spending most of its time on training in the Profound Truths of Velocity, while occasionally analyzing the Profound Mysteries of Sound.

With respect to the Profound Truths of Velocity, Linley was very, very far off from the level of mastery.

Yulan calendar, year 10045, summer. The scorching sun baked the earth, and by the side of a pool of water in the east gardens of Dragonblood Castle, Linley and Cesar were currently seated in a pavilion, enjoying the weather.

"I have to say that the War God really has excellent luck." Cesar let out a sigh.

"Are you referring to the divine spark?" Linley instantly understood what Cesar's sigh was in reference to. Last year, when Ojwin had attacked late at night, he had been killed by Tarosse, who had acquired a divine God spark. In the end, the War God still went to ask Tarosse for that divine God spark.

The result had been... Tarosse had actually agreed.

"A divine God spark! If someone has a God-level divine darkness spark, can I get it, please?" Cesar sighed, his eyes filled with a hint of jealousy. "If I just continue training like this by myself, who knows how long it will take before I can reach the God-level."

The longer one trained, the harder it became towards the end.

"I heard that the War God paid a price in order to acquire this divine God spark," Linley said.

“You call that a price?” Cesar looked at Linley.

Linley nodded. “How is it not a price? Tarosse said that after this ‘Descent of the Gods’ event is over and resolved, the War God will need to go with him to the Infernal Realm and be under his command for the next hundred thousand years. Only after a hundred thousand years will he regain his liberty.”

“Hmph.” Cesar let out a disdainful laugh. “Linley, after hearing Tarosse’s request, O’Brien didn’t think about it for a few days, did he?”

“No.”

Linley was certain about this. “The War God was quite direct. He agreed right away.”

“I’d agree to this sort of request as well.” Cesar wrinkled his nose. “First of all, to advance from Demigod to God, given O’Brien’s level of talent, it’s hard to say if he could accomplish it in a hundred thousand years. You must understand, O’Brien became a Deity through fusing with a divine spark!”

Linley nodded in agreement.

He had indeed fused with a divine spark to become a Deity. But those divine sparks were formed by the universe when others became Deities, and wouldn’t completely be fused with O’Brien’s soul. There were impediments when training as well. To reach the God-level, the amount of time it would take would also be far longer than the amount of time experts who became Deities on their own would take.

“So first of all, it will be very hard for him to become a God on his own power. In addition, aside from the Necropolis of the Gods, where else could he, a Demigod, procure a God-level divine spark?” Cesar continued, “For the sake of a divine God spark, all he has to do is listen to someone else’s orders for a hundred thousand years.”

“More importantly...”

Cesar’s eyes held a hint of anticipation. “He is heading to the ‘Infernal Realm’. All he has to do is listen to Tarosse’s orders in the ‘Infernal Realm’. When a person newly enters the Infernal Realm, he would be unfamiliar with the place. Only under the guidance of an expert would one have a good shot at survival,

and be capable to quickly adapt to this Higher Plane, the Infernal Realm! Others who want to find such a leader will find it hard to do so, and yet O'Brien, immediately upon entering the Infernal Realm, will have Tarosse's protection. That is a huge advantage for him."

Linley couldn't help but feel startled. Hearing Cesar's words, he felt they made sense.

"Going to the Infernal Realm means leaving behind his homeland." Linley sighed.

The current Linley still had quite a bit of affection towards the Yulan continent.

"Hmph," Cesar said. "What a joke. Only an exciting life is interesting. At the Deity-level, staying in these ordinary material planes no longer have much of a point for us. Actually, ever since returning from the Necropolis of the Gods, I've been planning to go to the Higher Planes."

"You are leaving?" Linley was somewhat surprised.

"This time, when I returned, I found out that many Deities had descended." Cesar laughed. "It seemed as though life here would be quite interesting, so naturally, I decided to stay a bit longer. If it weren't for these Deities, I would have left for the Higher Planes long ago."

"After all, standing at the top is a very lonely thing. Linley, life is only meaningful when it is colorful and interesting." Cesar sighed. "Linley, you haven't lived for very long yet. If you live for another century, you'll start to have this sort of feeling as well. Think about it, Linley. If in the Yulan continent, you are so powerful as to be invincible, wouldn't you eventually grow tired of that quiet life?"

Linley thought about it for a moment, and his heart trembled.

Standing alone at the top of the Yulan continent, living a tranquil life... just thinking about it made Linley feel some revulsion. In his mind, he quickly began thinking about everything he had experienced.

"An interesting, colorful life with ups and downs. Only that is meaningful." Linley had to admit this was true.

He himself wasn't willing to live an ordinary, common life. Although he knew that the Four Higher Planes and the Seven Divine Planes had countless experts there, if as a result he decided to live an ordinary life and remain hiding on the Yulan Plane like a frog in a well, this would be too laughable.

"After this affair concludes, I will leave and go to the Infernal Realm. Linley, come with me," Cesar urged. "In the Infernal Realm, there are experts from countless planes. All sorts of races, and also, the Four Supreme Warrior clans have all gone to the Infernal Realm. Don't you want to go visit your ancestors?"

The Four Supreme Warrior clans? His ancestors?

The very first Dragonblood Warrior of the Baruch clan, Baruch! And the second, the third... all of his ancestors who had already gone to the Infernal Realm.

Linley couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation as they discussed this, but then he immediately said with a laugh, "Cesar, stop enticing me. I'm in no rush. I'll stay here with Delia for a while. When the time comes that we, husband and wife, feel bored, perhaps we'll make a tourist trip to the Infernal Realm."

"Tourism trip?" Cesar didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "What do you take the Infernal Realm for?"



*

Yulan calendar, year 10045. Early winter. Snow flew everywhere.

Within the pocket dimension.

The pocket dimension was divided into two layers. The lower layer had Olivier and Desri there in training, while the upper layer had Barker, Haeru, and two of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. Linley himself was also seated in the meditative position on the bed on the upper layer, training in the Throbbing Pulse of the World.

The profound mysteries of the Laws were all interconnected, from the simple to the profound.

Precisely because this was the case, Linley utilized this sort of visualization technique to train. But of course, Linley wasn't visualizing wildly, but was doing so in accordance with his insights into the 'Elemental Laws' themselves. Occasionally, he would have a new spark of insight, causing him to make a breakthrough via his visualization.

Linley's original body had already completely finished absorbing those hundred million soul essences.

Last time, when he had absorbed twenty million soul essences, Linley's visualization speed had dramatically increased. From the 32 Fused Waves to the 16 Fused Waves, he had only taken one year and three months. After absorbing a hundred million additional soul essences, his visualization speed increased several times over.

The amount of time that he needed thus also shrank by several times.

In addition, Linley had already been training in fusing the 16 Fused Waves to the 8 Fused Waves for two years at the time of Beaumont's death.

Now, yet another year had passed.

Three years time.

Seated in the meditative position on the stone bed within the pocket dimension, Linley's eyes opened, a hint of a smile on his face. "The Throbbing Pulse of the World truly is extremely complicated. At last, I have broken through to the 8 Fused Waves level." Linley was currently feeling extremely pleased.

"Only, why is it that I feel as though even prior to the level of complete mastery, the Throbbing Pulse of the World is hundreds of times more complex and vast than the insights I have gained into the 'Profound Truths of Velocity'?" Linley couldn't understand it.

Based on what Linley knew.

Training any of the profound mysteries of the Elemental Laws to the level of complete mastery would result in one becoming a Demigod.

As for the Profound Truths of Velocity, actually, the Profound Truths of

Velocity wasn't just a simple profound mystery; it was the result of the fusion of the 'Fast' and 'Slow' mysteries. Reaching complete mastery in the Profound Truths of Velocity was equivalent to reaching mastery in both the 'Fast' and the 'Slow' mysteries. Naturally, it would be different from reaching the level of mastery in a single mystery.

"I won't over-think it." Linley immediately closed his eyes and continued training.

But this time, ten days later, before he had a chance to train for long...

"Boss, Boss!"

A familiar voice rang out in Linley's mind. Linley instantly stopped his training, and sent back a spiritual message in surprise and delight. "Bebe, you, you succeeded?"

"Right, I succeeded. Boss, I'm already a Deity!" Bebe's delighted voice rang out in Linley's mind.

Linley felt a surge of excitement and joy in his heart. Bebe, who had grown up by his side, had already become a Deity as well.

"Wonderful." Linley didn't know what he should say.

"Boss, I'm immediately heading out from the Forest of Darkness. Wait for me." Bebe had finally reached the adult phase as a Godeater Rat. Having become a Deity, Bebe immediately, excitedly, flew straight out from the metallic castle within the Forest of Darkness towards Dragonblood Castle.

Beneath the setting sun, Dragonblood Castle seemed to be covered with a dusky red layer of sunlight.

Within the rear gardens of Dragonblood Castle, the War God and the High Priest were seated opposite to each other with a stone table between them. The War God and the High Priest were both fusing with divine sparks, only... neither the War God nor the High Priest would spend all of their time fusing with divine sparks.

"After this Descent of the Gods event is completed, I will accompany Lord Tarosse to the Infernal Realm. And you?" the War God asked.

The High Priest felt rather moved.

She and the War God had actually struggled for many years. Not long ago, she had succeeded in the Necropolis of the Gods and acquired a divine God spark. Now, the War God had acquired one as well.”

“You can go. As for myself...” The High Priest laughed. “The Necropolis of the Gods is more and more dangerous as the levels progress. It had been extremely dangerous for me just to acquire even this God-level divine spark. If I want to acquire a Highgod spark, who knows how long it would take. A hundred thousand years? A million years?”

The High Priest sighed. “After this event is concluded, most likely the many Deities will all leave the Yulan continent. I don’t want to be here by myself. When the time comes, I will choose to go to the Life Realm.”

The Four Higher Planes were the Infernal Realm, the Celestial Realm, the Netherworld, and the Life Realm.

The Infernal Realm was made by the Overgod of Destruction. The Celestial Realm was made by the Overgod of Fate. The Netherworld was made by the Overgod of Death. As for the Life Realm, it was naturally created by the Overgod of Life.

“You’ll go to the Life Realm?” The War God was somewhat astonished. He then let out a laughter filled with mixed emotions. “If that’s the case, then who knows how long it will be before we meet again.”

“If we have the chance, we’ll meet again,” the High Priest, Catherine, said calmly. Her face hidden behind that mask, it was hard to say what the expression on the High Priest’s face was.

These two Deities who had been opponents for thousands of years were now both silent.

“Wow, O’Brien, Catherine, what are you two doing here? Ah, secretly dating?” A voice suddenly rang out in the rear gardens. Instantly, both the silent War God and the High Priest were greatly startled.

Especially because these words made them feel very awkward.

A seemingly skinny youth, with inch-long hair and a sleeveless shirt had suddenly appeared. This youth had sparkling, crystalline skin that was very bright, and a pair of eyes that were black and lively. Those eyes seemed capable of speech, and they were intentionally staring at the War God and the High Priest in a meaningful manner.

The youth instantly pointed at the High Priest, a delighted, surprised look on his face. “Ha, Catherine, you’re blushing!”

The High Priest didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. She was wearing a mask. Nobody could possibly see her facial expressions. Since nobody could see her facial expressions, it was of course possible that her face was indeed red.

“Bebe, stop making trouble.” Linley immediately walked into the rear garden.

“Wow, Boss!” Bebe immediately ran over excitedly.

Profound Mysteries, High and Low

“Uhh...” Bebe suddenly halted, staring at Linley’s shoulder in confusion.

Linley began to laugh as well. “You still want to stand on my shoulders?” In the past, Bebe often stood on Linley’s shoulders. But now Bebe was in human form, although, at 1.7 meters, he wasn’t that tall.

Despite being short, he still couldn’t stand on Linley’s shoulders like before.

Linley stared carefully at the human formed Bebe. Bebe looked very slender and delicate. Only, his eyes were as lively and roguish as ever. Bebe chortled, and then rubbed his inch-long hair, raising his head and saying, “Boss, how’s my hair style? I spent a lot of time thinking about it before becoming a Deity.”

Linley didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry.

“While flying over from the Forest of Darkness, I actually made a little something,” Bebe said in an intentionally mysterious manner.

“Oh?” Linley looked at Bebe. With a flip of his hand, Bebe retrieved a tattered straw hat out of nowhere and then, with a very practiced manner, flipped it onto his head before grinning delightedly. “Boss, this straw hat really suits me, right?”

Seeing how Bebe currently looked, Linley began to laugh. “Suits you, suits you!”

Bebe looked solemnly at Linley. “Boss, let’s go chat somewhere else. Let’s not disturb them.”

“Not disturb them?” Linley was somewhat startled, but then he immediately understood. Turning his head, Linley looked at the nearby War God and High Priest. The two clearly didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. They wanted to curse Bebe, but seeing how he was acting, they didn’t know what to say.

“Sorry.” Linley hurriedly waved at them.

“Quickly take that little fellow away.” The High Priest was trapped between laughter and curses.

“Alright, let’s go,” Linley said hurriedly. “Then... you guys continue.” While speaking, Linley led Bebe out of the rear garden, but while following Linley, Bebe turned to stare at the High Priest and the War God, letting out a loud shout, “My Boss says, you guys continue!”

Linley could only glance helplessly at Bebe.

The two walked shoulder-to-shoulder into Dragonblood Castle.

“Boss, now that I’m also a Deity, you are no longer necessarily my match,” Bebe said self-delightedly.

Linley laughed, “Bebe, the more powerful you are, the better. If you are more powerful than me, that’s naturally a wonderful thing.” Linley suddenly thought about the innate abilities of divine beasts. He asked, “Bebe, you are only the second Godeater Rat in the countless planes of the universe. Then...what is your innate ability?”

“If others asked me, I definitely wouldn’t tell them,” Bebe said. “But since it’s you, Boss, who is asking me, I’ll give you a hint. Focus on the words, ‘God Eater’.”

After saying these words, Bebe no longer said anything.

“God Eater?” Linley was puzzled. Could it be that he could devour and swallow Deities? It shouldn’t be that simple.

“Oh, right. Boss, Grandpa Beirut, Harry, and his brothers are going to be arriving soon. I was just a bit impatient so I hurried over here first,” Bebe said.

Linley was somewhat surprised. “Lord Beirut, Harry and his brothers are coming as well?”

Indeed, that night, Beirut led his three children to Dragonblood Castle.

Within the study.

“Bebe, you, Harry, and the other two can leave for now,” Beirut said with a calm smile. Bebe and the others all obediently left, leaving behind only Beirut and Linley in the study. Linley looked at Beirut, feeling rather puzzled. “What

does Beirut wish to discuss with me in private?”

Although puzzled, Linley’s attitude was still very meek.

“Sit first.” Beirut sat down, pointing at a nearby chair. Linley sat down as ordered.

Stroking his beard, Beirut chuckled while sighing, “Bebe has finally become a Deity. I can finally relax a bit. Linley, Bebe really is attached to you. I asked him to stay with me, but he refused. In the future, I hope you can take good care of him.”

“Of course.” Linley nodded.

Even without Beirut’s prompting, Linley would wholeheartedly take care of Bebe. Linley would never forget how Bebe had blocked that deathblow of the Armored Razorback Wyrms in the Foggy Valley. Bebe had saved him multiple times. Linley would never forget these events.

“Linley, you have reached the Deity level, but you must have many questions regarding the world of Deities.” Beirut laughed. “Even O’Brien and Catherine... how many Deities have they fought against?”

Linley was delighted in his heart.

He knew far too little about the world of Deities. He didn’t even know much regarding battles and training methods. He felt like a blind man without any guidance, utterly helpless.

“I know that you train in the Elemental Laws of the Wind and the Laws of the Earth.” Beirut laughed calmly. “So, I’ll begin giving you a primer based on your training. First of all, you should know that each type of Elemental Law contains many different types of profound mysteries.”

This was common knowledge. Of course Linley knew this.

“However, the profound mysteries inherent in each Elemental Law are not equal in terms of power.” Beirut sighed. “The Elemental Laws contain low-level mysteries, mid-level mysteries, and high-level mysteries! However, all the mysteries, high or low, can allow one to become a Deity!”

Linley nodded.

“Linley, the Elemental Laws of the Earth that you train in should belong to the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ type of profound mysteries, correct?” Beirut looked at Linley.

“Yes.” Linley wasn’t surprised at all. If Beirut didn’t even know this, that would be bizarre.

Beirut laughed and said, “Normally speaking, a person would only gain insight into higher level profound mysteries upon reaching the God-level, or perhaps the Highgod-level. Many earth-style Gods have yet to gain insights into the Throbbing Pulse of the World, but you, a Demigod, have already done so.”

Linley frowned.

Beirut said with a laugh, “Let me explain it to you like this. Let’s say the Elemental Laws of the Earth include nine different types of profound mysteries. Of course, that’s just a hypothetical; I don’t train in the Laws of the Earth, after all.”

“Nine types?” Linley was rather surprised.

Based on what he knew, the Elemental Laws were virtually boundless. There should be many different types of profound mysteries contained within them... but Beirut was using ‘nine types’ as a hypothetical example. Since that was the case, then clearly, the actual number of profound mysteries shouldn’t be too far off from nine.

“Don’t think that nine profound mysteries is a small number.”

Beirut noticed Linley’s confusion. Laughing, he said, “Every person’s growth, ability, and experiences will determine what they are skilled at. For example, you, Linley. In the Laws of the Earth, you are very sensitive to the Throbbing Pulse of the World and can sense it clearly.”

“Thus, the Throbbing Pulse of the World is the first type of profound mystery of the Laws of the Earth that you train in, and you are very fast in training in it as well. However, if I were to ask you to train on the ‘Gravitational Field’ profound mystery of the Laws of the Earth, would you be able to do so?”

Linley was utterly lost.

Gravitational Field? When he was attuning to the Laws of the Earth, he had never even sensed such a thing. How could he possibly train in it?

“This is a question of effectiveness. It will be very easy for you to train in one type of the Laws of the Earth, but the successive profound mysteries within it will not be so easily learnt. For example, of our nine profound mysteries, perhaps you only need a thousand years to master the first. The second, you would probably need a hundred thousand years. As for the third, you might need a million or ten million years... and thus, as you keep compiling them, it will be extremely hard for you to master all nine profound mysteries. Otherwise, Highgods wouldn't be so rare.”

Linley now understood.

It was much like how, in the mortal world, a person might be an expert at finance, but terrible at human relations. To let a person skilled at human relations to go learn finance would be very hard.

Linley had found it fairly easy to training in the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’.

However, the other profound mysteries within the Laws of the Earth wouldn't be so easily understood by Linley. It was much like how in the past, Haydson, with a simple step, could move dozens of meters, as though he teleported.

Linley knew that it couldn't possibly be teleportation.

However, to this very day, Linley still had no idea how Haydson had accomplished that feat of moving dozens of meters in a step.

“Haydson was able to understand it, but I have yet to. I was able to understand the Throbbing Pulse of the World, but he was not.” Linley understood Beirut's meaning. Understanding the Laws was partly reliant on talent, partly on life experiences, and also on sparks of insight.

Many variables determined one's direction.

“As for the laws of becoming a Deity...”

Beirut laughed. “I'll use your training in the Elemental Laws of the Wind for my next example. Let's say the Laws of the Wind also have nine types of profound mysteries. If you were able to reach the level of mastery in one of

them, then you would become a Demigod.” Linley knew this part.

“But to become a God? For example, Linley, the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ mysteries that you trained in, if you were able to reach mastery in both of them, you still wouldn’t become a full God. At this point, you would have two ways to become a God.”

“The first method is to train in yet another profound mystery. In other words, if you reach the point of mastery in three of the profound mysteries, you would become a God.”

“The second method is for you to fuse the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ mysteries into one. Upon succeeding, you would then become a God,” Beirut explained. At this point, Beirut came to a halt, knowing that Linley wouldn’t be able to understand it.

“The Laws of the universe determine whether or not you fulfill the requirements for becoming a God. They care about whether or not you have reached a certain level of insight into the Elemental Laws.”

Beirut sighed. “Actually, let’s say that you have gained full insights into all nine Elemental Laws. Would that be considered complete mastery?”

“If I gain insights into all nine, I should be a Highgod, right?” Linley said.

“Right. It’s true that you would be a Highgod.” Beirut nodded. “However, you wouldn’t be at the level of complete mastery. Forget it, there’s no need to discuss this for now. It’s far too early.”

Linley laughed and nodded.

“When Deities do battle, there’s great differences between Deities of different levels. Generally speaking, Gods are able to kill Demigods. But of course, there are always exceptions.” Hearing Beirut say this, Linley’s eyes lit up.

Beirut explained, “The divine sparks of Gods are able to summon a ‘Godrealm’ that can suppress a Demigod’s. Under his Godrealm, your speed will slow down drastically. In addition, the divine power of a divine God spark is more pure. Just based on these two things alone, the outcome of any battle is virtually preordained.”

Linley nodded.

Within Ojwin's Godrealm, he had sensed his speed lower measurably. Originally, Linley's speed had been much faster than those two black-robed men, but within the Godrealm, he was actually slower than them.

"Thus, when a Demigod is to battle a God," Beirut explained with a laugh, "The first option is to ambush. To use the most powerful attack you have before the enemy has utilized the Godrealm and to kill him."

"Kill by ambush?" Linley said, puzzled. "Full Gods shouldn't be so easy to kill."

"Right," Beirut said. "Even via ambush, in the instant you draw near to him, he will definitely react. If you want to be able to kill him in a situation like that, then you must have... a profound mystery that is much more powerful than his!"

"Because, your divine power isn't as pure as his. Thus, you have to overcome him via a better weapon and the Laws!" Beirut explained.

Linley understood.

So what if one was a God?

A God might have, for example, mastered three profound mysteries, but if those three profound mysteries were low-level, then the God wouldn't be excessively powerful when using any one of those three profound mysteries. Thus, those types of Gods had to rely on their Godrealm and their pure divine power to kill Demigods.

"But of course, even if that God trained in low-level profound mysteries, once they fuse those low-level mysteries they have gained, then you would have no chance." Beirut sighed. "The fusion of two low-level mysteries is definitely not one bit weaker than a high-level mystery!"

Linley nodded.

For example, the 'Fast' and 'Slow' mysteries that had fused into the Profound Truths of Velocity was not one whit inferior to the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World'.

"In other words, only the most outstanding of Demigods are capable of

defeating weak Gods!” Beirut concluded. “But of course, if one has an exceedingly outstanding divine artifact, or if there are some special factors in play, victory might be possible.”

The Invincible Highgods

“Victory might be possible?” Linley was stirred.

After speaking, Beirut just sat there, looking at Linley with a hint of a smile tugging at his lips. When Linley noticed the expression on Beirut’s face, Linley suddenly understood. He laughed self-mockingly, “Lord Beirut, are you trying to tell me that I should try to avoid battling Deities of a higher level than myself?”

Beirut stroked his beard, starting to laugh. “Right.”

Linley felt a sense of resignation.

Was he an outstanding Demigod? Linley didn’t feel confident in saying that.

Was his opponent a weak God? That was also hard to determine.

Thus, although in theory, a Demigod was capable of killing a God, in reality, the chance of success was very low. Unless that God was already badly injured and on the brink of death, a God in normal circumstances would virtually never be beaten by a Demigod.

Beirut stood up, walking to the door of the study.

“Creaaak!” The study door opened by itself, allowing the night wind to blow in, rustling against Beirut’s black robes.

Beirut hesitated a moment, then turned to look at Linley. “Linley, there are some things that I originally wanted to tell you after you grew more powerful. However, it is hard to say if you and Bebe will remain on the Yulan continent or not in the future. Thus, I’ll tell you all of it today. Although this might come as discouraging to you, at least this way, you won’t go on any wrong paths.”

Linley immediately stood up.

Discouraging? Go on any wrong paths? He had never been afraid of taking difficult paths. Ever since he was an ordinary youth, up til this very day, since

when had he feared any discouragement?

“Beirut, please speak,” Linley said respectfully.

Beirut smiled and nodded. “You should know the requirements for becoming a Highgod.”

“Yes. Gain insights into all of the profound mysteries of a Law.” Linley nodded while responding.

Beirut sighed, “Yes, when you gain full insights into all of the profound mysteries, you will become a Highgod. However, each Elemental Law is a complete whole, much like how your ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ mysteries can fuse into one. If an Elemental Law has nine profound mysteries in it, then...”

Beirut’s eyes began to shine as he stared at Linley. “Any two of those nine profound mysteries can fuse together. Any three can fuse together... and in fact, all nine of the profound mysteries can be fused into one!”

Linley was flabbergasted.

All of them could be fused?

“It is very hard for one to be able to simply gain insights into all nine profound mysteries. To fuse any two or any three of them into one becomes even harder.”

Beirut sighed. “Linley, the true path of training isn’t necessarily ‘the more the better’ when it comes to gaining insights into the Laws. It is ‘fusing the more profound mysteries the better’. For example, the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ mysteries are all low-level mysteries, but when the two are fused into the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’, it is comparable with high-level mysteries. If you were able to fuse three low-level mysteries into one, the power would far surpass that of high-level mysteries.”

Linley’s eyes were shining.

“If you are able to fuse all nine profound mysteries into one, it would represent that you have truly understood an Elemental Law! That is the highest level of attainment for a Highgod!” When saying this, Beirut’s entire attitude was different.

In his heart, Linley sighed unceasingly.

Gain insights into nine profound mysteries and become a Highgod? That accomplishment was far from the actual peak. To merge all nine mysteries into a whole; that was a true peak.

“Nine types of profound mysteries into one?” Linley’s voice couldn’t help but turn into a whisper. “Lord Beirut, how many experts of this level do the planes of the universe have?”

“How many?”

Beirut laughed as he looked at Linley.

“In ten trillion Deities, only one will become a Highgod! But the invincible Highgods who are capable of fusing all of the profound mysteries in an Elemental Law into one... even I don’t know how many Highgods would be needed to produce a single such Paragon.” It was hard for even Beirut to say. “All I can tell you is that even in the infinite universe, the number of experts on this level can be counted by hand!”

“Counted by hand?”

Linley’s heart shook.

The universe had existed for an extremely long period of time, resulting in the number of Deities each material plane produced to be an astonishingly high figure. In the countless planes and especially in the Higher Planes, it was hard to calculate how many Deities there were. But even in the Higher Planes, the number of truly peak, perfect Highgods was actually countable by hand!

“Lord Beirut, within the Gebados Planar Prison, are there any experts who have fused all of the profound mysteries of a Law?” Linley said with curiosity. “I heard that there are five powerful Kings there.”

Beirut snorted. “There are not. Definitely not! Even the five Kings of the Gebados Planar Prison have fused only a few profound mysteries of the laws. To fuse all of the laws and become a Paragon? Who can calculate how low the chance is of a material plane to produce one?”

“Lord Beirut, you are that certain?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

Not even the five Kings had reached the state of perfection. Linley wasn't surprised about that. What he was surprised about was how certain Beirut was. Could it be that Beirut could investigate the strength of others?

"Of course I'm sure." Beirut nodded and laughed. "This is because, upon a Highgod capable of fusing all of the profound mysteries in an Elemental Law appears, even the Sovereigns... will fight over the chance to invite that sort of genius to work for them." Beirut sighed in praise.

"After all, only people like them are at the peak of Deityhood... only they are the true peak Highgods! Experts like them, even if a hundred or a thousand Highgods come to fight against them, those Highgods would all die."

Linley's heart was somewhat shaking.

Standing at the very top of the pyramid of Highgods. Invincible presences!

"Invited by Sovereigns?" Linley said in surprise. "Why would Sovereigns invite them? Can it be that their strength is capable of threatening even Sovereigns?"

Beirut laughed, "Linley, you don't understand. Sovereigns are indeed powerful, far beyond Highgods in power. However... Linley, you must understand, in the boundless universe, the vast majority of planes are material ones. For example, our Yulan continent is in a material plane."

Linley nodded.

Material planes were the foundation of the universe.

"Sovereigns, on the other hand, cannot casually enter a material plane. Sovereigns possess an enormous divine presence, enough to cause a material plane to collapse!" Beirut said solemnly.

Linley's heart shook. Sovereigns were indeed far too powerful.

"Linley, the material planes were created by the Laws of the universe. They are not permitted to be destroyed," Beirut said solemnly. "The Four Overgods have issued a strict order. If any causes a material plane to collapse, then the culprit, even if a Sovereign, would be turned into ash!"

Linley was secretly astonished.

"Thus, Sovereigns do not dare to enter material planes, nor can they enter

material planes!” Beirut said.

Linley nodded.

“Thus... these Highgods who have fused all of the profound mysteries in a Law can be described as invincible against anyone below the Sovereign-level! If they were to flee to a material plane, even the Sovereigns wouldn’t be able to do anything to them. If a Sovereign was to recruit them, they would be able to accomplish many things for Sovereigns, things that the Sovereigns couldn’t do for themselves.”

Linley nodded, beginning to understand.

Highgods could enter material planes, but Sovereigns could not!

“But of course, that’s extremely far off in the future for you.” Beirut laughed.

Linley laughed as well.

“I’m telling you this because I hope that you, Linley, when training, will begin to sense the similarities and capacity for fusion of any two profound mysteries. After fusing two of them, fuse the third... only by training in such a manner will you have hope. Otherwise, if you were to completely finish gaining insights into all of the profound mysteries, then try to merge all nine into one at once, it will be far too difficult,” Beirut said seriously.

To boil a frog alive, all you had to do was slowly increase the temperature.

Linley nodded, sighing in his heart in praise. “Just the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ mysteries fusing into the Profound Truths of Velocity required me to be able to sense that they had similarities early on. It was so hard to fuse even two profound mysteries. To fuse three or four...” Linley’s heart shook just thinking about it.

Fuse all of the mysteries in an Elemental Law?

Indeed, this was harder than rising to heaven.

“Genius figures such as this are quite attractive to Sovereigns.” Beirut sighed. “Only, these figures are simply too rare, while Sovereigns... there are seven of every type. There are 49 in the Seven Elemental Laws. For the sake of acquiring the services of a Highgod Paragon, they have even struggled against each

other.”

Beirut, as a Sovereign’s Emissary, naturally knew many secrets.

Linley stared, speechless.

Even Sovereigns would struggle and compete for the sake of such geniuses.

“If one could reach such a level, one could truly feel proud of one’s self.” Linley felt some envy of those experts. Only they were truly peak level experts.

“Beginning to sense the fusibility from the beginning. Only then will your future accomplishments be great.” Beirut laughed self-mockingly. “For example, myself. In the past, I didn’t know these things. By the time I reached the Highgod level and wanted to fuse them, it was too late. Fuse several mysteries of the Laws into one at the same time? It is too hard.”

Linley couldn’t help but feel grateful towards Beirut.

Although Beirut had only given him slight guidance, to him, this was as good as pointing out a brand new path for him.

Two paths. If one embarked on the wrong path from the beginning, at the end, the difference between the two paths would be immeasurably great.

Most likely, after reaching the Highgod level, he would become like Beirut, completely unable to fuse anything.

“Enough. I’m leaving now. Your future path, you’ll have to walk yourself.” Beirut laughed.

“Thank you, Lord Beirut.” Linley bowed gratefully.

Watching Beirut leave, Linley’s heart began to blaze. It was much like how, when he was young, the War God was the peak, invincible figure in Linley’s mind. But now... the peak in Linley’s heart had become those invincible Highgods who had completely fused the mysteries of an Elemental Law into one!

This was Linley’s new goal!



*

Time passed quickly and stealthily. In the blink of an eye, year 10046 of the Yulan calendar arrived.

This year was a very fulfilling year for Linley. Having a new goal, he began to train in earnest. The entire Dragonblood Castle was in a constant state of energy, with the various Deities constantly gathering together. Lord Beirut had returned to the Forest of Darkness long ago.

The elder of the three Violet-Gold Rat Kings, Harry, had returned to the Forest of Darkness as well. As for the second and third brothers, Hart and Harvey, they remained at Dragonblood Castle.

According to what Hart and Harry had said, they liked noisy, active places. Linley thus naturally had warmly welcomed the two brothers.



*

Late autumn in year 10046 of the Yulan calendar.

The O'Brien Empire's imperial palace took up an extremely spacious area. Aside from Adkins' palace, even his four Gods had residences within the imperial palace. But of course, Ojwin and the others had their own private estates as well.

The number one God under Adkins command, Barnas, was extremely powerful and also had Adkins' trust.

Within the imperial palace. Barnas' residence. Barnas was currently painting atop a long sheet of paper, while Ojwin, Hanbritt, and a golden-haired man were standing by his side, their attitudes quite meek.

After all, Barnas was simply too powerful, and Barnas had a Highgod-level divine artifact! Adkins had personally bequeathed it unto Barnas. Most likely, even when joining forces, Ojwin and the other two wouldn't be able to beat Barnas.

"Speak. What is it?" Barnas continued to paint, not glancing at the other three

men at all.

Hanbritt and Ojwin didn't dare to make a sound. It was the golden-haired man who spoke instead. "Mr. Barnas, Ojwin dearly loved his son, who was killed. In addition, Ojwin's divine clone was destroyed by enemies as well. It is hard for Ojwin to accept this sort of humiliation. Only, he didn't want to make trouble for Lord Adkins, which is why he has never dared to mention it to Lord Adkins. During the past period of time, I've come to the decision that brother Ojwin is a friend worth making. Tomorrow, I will make a trip with him to help him gain revenge."

"Gatenby..." Barnas put down his brush, glancing at the golden-haired man and sighing.

Barnas actually somewhat valued Gatenby. As for Hanbritt, he looked down upon him. As for Ojwin... Barnas felt that Ojwin was too scheming, and thus had never liked him.

"Ojwin." Barnas looked at Ojwin.

"Mr. Barnas." Ojwin's attitude was extremely humble. For the sake of Gatenby's assistance, during the past two years, he had spent quite a bit of effort before finally getting Gatenby to agree to help.

Barnas laughed calmly. "I'm quite aware of your affairs. If all three of you go and yet still lose, you will have lost face for Lord Adkins. How about this. I'll go alongside you, and we'll tear out Dragonblood Castle by its roots."

Ojwin was instantly wildly overjoyed.

Barnas' power was definitely incomparably great. Even though Ojwin had gotten a taste of Tarosse's power, he felt certain that Barnas was not any weaker than Tarosse. After all, Barnas had a Highgod artifact.

Barnas said calmly, "I, too, want to test for myself how powerful that God named Tarosse is."

Four Mighty Gods

In the air above the O'Brien Empire.

"Boom!"

A terrifying sonic boom could be heard, and energy blasted in every direction. Four indistinct human figures were flying at high speed towards the east, shoulder to shoulder. The four figures had reached a terrifying level of speed, and they weren't trying to hide themselves. Sonic booms exploded forth while at the same time, a terrifying, wild aura exploded from their bodies.

In the ground below, there lived countless civilians as well as hidden experts.

One middle-aged man who had been laughing while giving some pointers to some youngsters raised his head to stare at the skies in shock, his face changing. "This is... four Gods? Could it be from Adkins' side?"

"Master, Master."

Those youths were calling out in confusion.

"All of you, keep training," the middle-aged man instructed casually, then left. While walking away, he felt a hint of confusion. "Four Gods heading out together, and not trying to hide their movements at all. It seems they are about to undertake something major." The middle-aged man couldn't help but feel curious.

With a flicker, he disappeared from the road.

Barnas, Gatenby, Hanbritt, and Ojwin flew shoulder-to-shoulder in a straight line. Their long robes fluttered as their sonic booms reverberated in the air. As Barnas had put it, "When acting, we have to have an imposing manner. There's no need to act as though we are about to sneak attack them. This will cause our Lord Adkins to lose face."

How could Ojwin and the others refute Barnas, now that he had spoken?

Naturally, the four heroically flew towards Dragonblood Castle. Wherever they passed, hidden Saints and Deities all noticed them, who quickly used their divine sense to contact their friends, causing many experts to quietly follow.

Fortunately, Barnas and the other three were actively emanating a tyrannical aura. Otherwise, there would be no way for these Deities and Saints to follow them.



*

Within Dragonblood Castle.

In the empty area of the western gardens, a violet sword shadow fluttered about like a dream. Linley's body swayed at high speed along with his sword, and occasionally, a humming sword song could be heard. Wherever Bloodviolet crossed, spatial folds would be seen, followed by occasional spatial collapse. Other times, the only thing left behind would be tiny cracks in space.

As he continued to train, Linley's understanding of the 'Profound Truths of Velocity' grew deeper and deeper, while Bloodviolet's power was slowly brought out as well.

Linley had discovered that Bloodviolet's humming sword song was actually secondary. Bloodviolet's true power still lay in its fierce sharpness. As Linley and Bloodviolet became more attuned, even though Linley's understanding hadn't increased much, the power of his Dimensional Decapitoator clearly increased significantly.

"Huh?"

Linley, who had been absorbed in his training, suddenly came to a halt staring towards the north in surprise. "What a terrifying aura, and no attempt to hide it at all." Linley could clearly sense that in the north, a powerful aura was moving at high speed towards Dragonblood Castle."

Not just Linley.

Even the War God and the High Priest, who were absorbed in fusing with their divine God sparks, and Tarosse, Dylin, Cesar, Bebe... all Deity-level experts

present sensed it.

“Mr. Barnas. Dragonblood Castle is up ahead.” Ojwin felt extremely excited right now.

He finally had the chance to get revenge.

“For this day, I have waited two years.” Ojwin’s face was somewhat red, and his eyes stared towards Dragonblood Castle like sharp knives.

The silver-haired Barnas stared calmly at the distant Dragonblood Castle. “Oh, that’s Dragonblood Castle? On the way over, the four of us actively emanated our auras. There’s quite a few people behind us.” Barnas was quite certain about this.

Ojwin, Hanbritt, and Gatenby were all awaiting Barnas’ command.

“We definitely cannot cause Lord Adkins to lose face. This time, we have to deal with them in a beautiful fashion, Hanbritt,” Barnas said calmly.

“Mr. Barnas.” Hanbritt respectfully awaited the order.

“You act directly to destroy Dragonblood Castle. Those ordinary people aren’t qualified to take part in battle,” Barnas gave out the cruel order, and Hanbritt’s eyes lit up. He immediately flew in front, and with a cold smile on his face, extended his two hands.

“Rumble...” In an instant, the world began to shake.

A wild surge of wind elemental essence came roaring towards Dragonblood Castle from every direction, creating an enormous, millstone-like green vortex in the air above Dragonblood Castle. This enormous green vortex was filled with faint golden wind blades, blocking out the light of the sun.

The entire Dragonblood Castle was covered by that ice-cold green light.

“Swoosh!” “Swoosh!” In the air above Dragonblood Castle, many human figures suddenly appeared. It was Tarosse, Dylin, Linley, the War God, the High Priest, Bebe, and the rest of the Deities. The actions of the enemy were on simply too grand of a scale. Everyone in Dragonblood Castle could sense this aura.

Linley, the War God, and the others all raised their heads, staring at the sky.

In the air, the enormous green vortex was clearly filled with incredible power. If this power were to shoot down, even Supreme Warrior Saints would most likely die. Only Deities would be able to survive.

“They plan to destroy Dragonblood Castle and kill all the ordinary people in it.” Linley’s face was ashen.

Dragonblood Castle, below them, held too many of his family and friends. Linley definitely wouldn’t allow this to occur.

“Ojwin again. And this time, he brought two more people.” Tarosse sneered as he looked at those four figures, and Dylin let out a disdainful laugh as well. “Tarosse, it seems last time, Ojwin didn’t mind the pain he suffered at all. He still dares to come.”

“Then let’s just destroy his remaining body as well and be done with it.” Tarosse laughed calmly.

Right now, perhaps only Tarosse and Dylin were still capable of laughing so calmly.

Within Dragonblood Castle, Wharton, Taylor, Gates, Delia, and the others all raised their heads, staring at those four figures, their hearts shaking. In their eyes, those four full Gods that were emanating that heart-palpitating aura were like four invincible demons.

Powerful, irresistible!

“Let the ash fly.” Hanbritt smiled, then pressed downwards with his right hand!

The massive green vortex that had been above Dragonblood Castle suddenly began to sink downwards, while at the same time, the countless faint golden wind knives began to descend downwards like locusts. In the field of vision of Linley and the others, nothing could be seen besides those infinite faint gold wind knives.

“Clang!” “Clang!” “Clang!” ...

Metallic collision sounds could be heard. On the surface of Dragonblood Castle, a green-white semi-translucent barrier appeared. The countless faint

golden wind blades slashed down against the semi-translucent barrier, but the barrier wasn't damaged at all.

"Good heavens." The thousands of people within Dragonblood Castle stared up at the enormous barrier that covered the entire sky.

They could all clearly see those countless faint golden wind blades shoot down upon the semi-translucent barrier. Many of the guards and serving women in Dragonblood Castle began to sweat. Deity-level combatants were reputedly capable of instantly destroying the heavens and the earth. This indeed wasn't just a myth.

"Haha, Lord Adkins is a revered Highgod. Can it be that you think killing these ordinary people will gain face for your Lord Adkins?" Tarosse's voice rang out loudly, shaking the surrounding area of several dozen square kilometers.

The countless wind blades came to a halt.

Hanbritt, his face ashen, retreated to Barnas' side. He had summoned his strength for a long time, but Tarosse had in but a few moments created that semi-translucent barrier to resist him. His power was clearly inferior to Tarosse's.

Barnas stared at Tarosse. "Tarosse? Your power isn't bad. I'll give you a chance. You can leave now, and I can spare your life."

Tarosse and Dylin were both startled.

"You silver-haired old man, have you gone silly?" Tarosse let out a laughter born from the utmost of rage.

Barnas laughed calmly, then with a flip of the hand, retrieved an ancient, unadorned spear. This spear was bronze colored, and had some bloody runes carved atop it. But this spear, in Barnas' hand, seemed to suddenly transformed that smiling, silver-haired old man into an invincible divine spirit!

Power!

"Rumble..." That spear alone emanated an aura that ripped through the surrounding space.

"Highgod artifact." Tarosse and Dylin's faces both changed.

“Since you don’t intend to accept my good intentions, then...” Barnas looked calmly at Tarosse. “Accept death.” Barnas suddenly moved, his body transforming into a blur, slashing through the sky in a moment. That ancient spear in his hands pierced directly towards Tarosse.

Space seemed to freeze, with only that spear remaining!

Irresistible power!

Tarosse’s face changed dramatically. Gritting his teeth, he instantly divided into two bodies. The green-robed Tarosse and the black-robed Tarosse simultaneously went to block this attack. A devilish green whip wrapped around towards the spear like a serpent, while an icy cold, black, long and narrow blade carried a destructive aura as it chopped towards the spear.

“BOOM!”

Barnas’ body shuddered slightly, but the green-robed Tarosse and the black-robed Tarosse fell down towards the ground.

The terrifying collision force created clearly visible ripples that blasted in every direction.

Linley, the War God, the High Priest, Bebe, and Cesar, the Demigods, could clearly sense the power emanating from this ripple, which pressed their bodies down towards the ground. Linley’s face changed dramatically. “Not good!” If this ripple were to strike Dragonblood Castle, Dragonblood Castle would definitely be transformed into rubble, and many people would die.

“Hmph!” With a flip of his hands, Dylin struck out with two palms, sending out a surge of destructive energy that dissipated the oncoming ripples.

“Swoosh!” Tarosse’s two bodies once more flew up into the air, standing shoulder to shoulder with Dylin.

The black-robed Tarosse messaged mentally, “Dylin, this old fellow is too powerful. His personal strength is on par with mine, but he has that Highgod artifact. Not just him. He has three Gods behind him as well. This time, we’re going to have some trouble!”

Dylin’s face was ugly to behold as well. “All we can do is go all out.”

Linley and the others landed on the ground. Wharton, Delia, and the others all immediately ran over. Wharton said in concern, "Big bro, the situation seems grim."

Linley felt worried as well. All he could do was whisper, "Don't worry. Lord Tarosse and the others should still have some methods." Bebe was next to Linley, unable to do anything either. After all, Bebe was only a new Demigod. There was nothing he could do in a battle like this.

"Linley, quick, lead everyone to flee for now," Tarosse's voice rang out in Linley's mind.

Linley's heart shook.

"This time, the enemy is too powerful!" Tarosse didn't feel any confidence at all either.

"Boss, the situation isn't good." Bebe was worrying as well.

"Today!" A sonorous voice rang out from above, as Barnas stared down at the people in Dragonblood Castle. "Not one of you will be able to escape. Prepare to accept the punishment of the 'Spear of Cortez'!" Countless spear images filled the air. Barnas, wielding the spear in his hand, stared down at the people in Dragonblood Castle like an invincible fiend.

"Rumble!" Countless spear shadows fell down like the rain.

Barnas actually separated into two figures, while Ojwin, Gatenby, and Hanbritt only had one body. The five figures shot down at high speed from mid-air. Ojwin, in particular, laughed with loud, wild glee, "All of you will die!!!"

Everyone in Dragonblood Castle felt despair.

"Flee!" Linley's face was ferocious. He 'shouted' with his divine sense to everyone!

Instantly, the War God, the High Priest, Linley, Delia, Bebe... everyone began to flee in every which way. They all wanted to flee the battlefield in the shortest time possible. Only by doing so might some of them be able to live for a while.

"Haha... why are you all fleeing? No rush!" A loud laugh could be heard.

Suddenly, four blurs appeared, shooting out from Dragonblood Castle into

mid-air. The formerly frightened Dylin and Tarosse were overjoyed, and they instantly charged over alongside those four figures.

Barnas' side had: Barnas' two divine clones, Gatenby, Ojwin, and Hanbritt, the latter three who only had one body.

Dragonblood Castle's side had: The four figures who had suddenly appeared, Tarosse and Dylin.

The six figures attacked the five figures, with three of them attacking Barnas' two clones... the battle started in an instant, then ended in an instant. Linley and the others, who had been fleeing in despair, now raised their head in confusion to stare at the sky... and by then, the battle was already over.

Barnas, Gatenby, Hanbritt, and Ojwin. The four of them were covered in blood.

"Highgod artifacts, four of them... all Highgod artifacts!" Barnas' face was utterly pale, but his eyes were filled with amazement as he stared at those four who had appeared out of nowhere. Judging from their appearances, those four clones belonged to two different people. Of the four figures, two wore violet robes, while two wore golden robes. Their facial features were extremely similar.

Just then, it had been six against five. Those two violet-robed figures had combined to attack one of Barnas' clones, destroying it and seizing the divine God spark.

"Barnas, today, we destroyed one of your clones. You can fuck off now." One of the violet-robed figures flipped the divine spark in his hand while laughing calmly.

"This... no..." Ojwin, seeing this, was totally stunned.

Just then, victory had been within his grasp. Not even Tarosse had been a match for Barnas, but who would have thought that the battle would have suddenly changed. These four clones that had suddenly appeared out of nowhere actually all had Highgod artifacts!

"Dragonblood Castle is a place under Lord Beirut's protection. Go tell Adkins that he had best not permit people to come here in the future. Otherwise, next

time, it won't be as simple a punishment as destroying one of your clones," the violet-robed youth laughed calmly as he spoke.

Ojwin, Hanbritt, and Gatenby immediately looked at Barnas.

Barnas' face was ashen. Staring at the four figures wielding Highgod artifacts, his heart grew cold, and then with a low growl, he said, "Let's return." Ojwin, although unwilling, could only stare at the four mysterious youths before following Barnas and departing.

"They came just to give us a divine spark." The four figures turned.

Tarosse, Dylin, Linley, the War God, and the others all went to welcome them.

They could instantly tell that the four figures were the divine clones of two separate people, because two pairs of the four were identical in appearance.

"Bebe, you decide how to handle this divine spark." The violet-robed youth tossed the God-level divine spark in his hands to Bebe. Bebe accepted it, while at the same time, staring in shock at those four figures.

He could feel their aura, and it was too familiar. Bebe stared, slack-jawed. "You are Hart and Harvey?"

"Oh, right."

The four figures merged into two youths, while at the same time, two violet-gold figures flew over towards them, fusing into the bodies of the two youths.

"But... you guys... you guys..." Bebe stuttered, unable to speak.

"Those are our original bodies. Our original bodies are naturally still at the Saint level," the violet-robed youth, 'Hart', said. "Our Lord Father was worried about you, so naturally, he had us stay here."

Linley, the War God, the High Priest, and the others all felt their minds in a state of chaos.

What the?

Those two Violet-Gold Rat Kings were actually full Gods.

Intimidation

As Barnas and the others retreated, the clouds parted and the sun once more shone down on Dragonblood Castle.

The group of people in Dragonblood Castle all stared disbelievingly at these two youths. Just then, that Barnas who had held down Tarosse and wanted to kill everyone, instead instantly had one of his clones destroyed by those two youths. What was most astonishing was...

The two youths in front of them were the two Violet-Gold Rat Kings!

“Hart, Harvey?” Linley said rather hesitatingly.

“Haha...” Loud laughter could be heard. It came from the nearby Tarosse, who laughed while walking over. “I’ve never understood how the three sons of someone as almighty as Lord Beirut, who were no younger than me and have lived for millions of years, could be at the Saint level the entire time. I’ve always suspected that you three brothers were hiding your true power. Now it seems that is indeed the case!

Hart and Harvey, the two brothers, both chuckled.

Linley, upon hearing this, instantly understood. In the past, he didn’t know how long Hart and Harvey had been alive for.

Now, from the sound of it, they had actually been living for millions of years. With such a long life, and with their father being Beirut, a Highgod and a Sovereign’s Emissary... if Harry, Hart, and Harvey truly had remained at the Saint level, it would indeed be bizarre.

“I truly feel envious.” Dylin sighed. “Hart, the two divine clones of you two brothers are both in possession of Highgod artifacts.”

“Yep.” The violet-robed Hart nodded.

“Our Lord Father gifted these two to us when we brothers originally became

Deities,” a golden-robed Harvey said.

Tarosse, Dylin, the War God, High Priest, Cesar, and the others all sighed and thought the same thing; there was just no way to compare with them!

To them, getting a Highgod artifact was like a dream.

But Hart and Harvey not only had Highgod artifacts, they had Highgod artifacts for each of their two clones.

“Custodial theft!” Linley suddenly thought of this phrase.

As Linley saw it, Lord Beirut definitely had used his authority to procure Highgod artifacts for his children. It made sense; Lord Beirut was the manager of the Necropolis of the Gods. It wouldn’t be too hard to procure a few Highgod artifacts on behalf of his children.

“No wonder my Bloodviolet was used to help set up that magic sealing formation.” Linley understood now.

To Lord Beirut, a Highgod artifact was no big deal.

No wonder, on the day of his wedding, Beirut had gifted them with a divine spark.

Delia laughed, “Everyone, don’t just stand there like a fool. Since Hart and Harvey have joined forces, they’ve already intimidate the enemy and scared them off. As I see it, from today onwards, Dragonblood Castle will be able to enjoy a peaceful period. This is a wonderful affair. We need to have a good celebration!”

Housekeeper Hiri chortled, “I’ll immediately give the orders for a feast to be prepared!”

Everyone in Dragonblood Castle was in an excellent mood. Everyone understood that for the sake of protecting Bebe, Lord Beirut definitely wouldn’t let anything threaten Dragonblood Castle. This time, just through Hart and Harvey making their moves...

The opponent’s forces had been intimidated!

There was no question about this at all.

Barnas' side had heroically come, broadcasting their aura everywhere as they attacked Dragonblood Castle, attracting many experts along the way. Those experts even used their divine sense to summon their friends, so that when the battle occurred, there were many Deities and Saints hidden far away from Dragonblood Castle, watching the battle.

Naturally, these experts clearly saw what happened during this battle.

The manner in which Hanbritt's attack had caused the world itself to change colors caused the many experts to exhale in shock.

Tarossee's easy blocking of Hanbritt's attack also made them secretly say to themselves that this God's power truly was formidable.

In particular, when Barnas attacked, all of the experts were shocked. Even the two Gods who had hidden themselves nearby were utterly amazed. Their hearts were shaken by the power of the Highgod artifact in Barnas' hands. Only... who would have imagined that Hart and Harvey would suddenly attack?

All of the experts present had been flabbergasted!

In the blink of an eye, Barnas' side had been badly wounded, while Barnas lost one of his divine clones!

Hart and Harvey's power caused everyone present to be astonished.

In particular, those words that they uttered; "Dragonblood Castle is a place under Lord Beirut's protection. Go tell Adkins that he had best not permit people to come here in the future. Otherwise, next time, it won't be as simple a punishment as destroying one of your clones."

At that time, the violet-robed youth, Hart, had intentionally spread his voice to an exceedingly great distance.

Those experts instantly understood that Dragonblood Castle was now under Lord Beirut's protection, and Lord Beirut clearly didn't even care about someone as powerful as the Highgod, Adkins. How then would those ordinary Demigods and Gods possibly dare to antagonize Dragonblood Castle?

These experts all spread this news widely.

Many of the experts hidden within the Yulan continent quickly learned that

Dragonblood Castle not only had many Gods protecting it, it was also under guardianship of Lord Beirut. Without question... no one below the rank of Highgod would dare to irritate Lord Beirut!

Dragonblood Castle's reputation, as well as information regarding its master, Linley, quickly became known to many experts.



*

O'Brien Empire. The imperial palace.

A cold wind howled, fluttering past the long robes of Barnas and the others.

Barnas, Gatenby, Ojwin, and Hanbritt were all standing together in a line respectfully to one side of Adkins. Adkins' face was gloomy. In his right hand, he was holding a goblet of blood-red wine. He swept the four with a knife-like gaze.

"Barnas, your clone was destroyed?" Adkins could instantly tell that Barnas was badly injured.

"Yes." Barnas nodded slightly.

"Bastard!" Adkins let out a furious howl, smashing the goblet in his hand to the ground. "WHAP!" The wine goblet shattered. That crystalline sound seemed to have struck Barnas, Ojwin, and the others on their heart. The handsome, suave Adkins now looked like a fierce, enraged panther.

"Come with me!"

Adkins' face was ferocious and fierce. "We are immediately heading to Dragonblood Castle. We will destroy them all!!!"

Barnas, Ojwin, Gatenby, and Hanbritt were greatly shocked. Only Ojwin had a hint of surprise and delight in his eyes. If Adkins personally attacked, then he would have a chance to avenge his son.

"Lord Adkins!" Barnas hurriedly said. "Lord Adkins, you cannot!"

Adkins angrily spun around to stare at him, saying furiously, "Grandpa Barnas, your clone was destroyed. That means you lost a life. How can we not avenge

this enmity?”

The nearby Hanbritt and Ojwin were both stunned.

Grandpa Barnas?

The nearby Gatenby, however, wasn't surprised at all. He had followed Lord Adkins for a fairly long period of time. He knew the relationship between Barnas and Adkins.

Before Adkins and Barnas had reached the Deity-level, the relationship between the two had been that of a young master and his housekeeper.

Barnas had always looked after Adkins. In fact, to be precise, Barnas had been the first to reach the Deity-level, and after having done so, he had always looked after Adkins. Adkins had a rather violent temper. Although he was extremely talented in training, because he had caused trouble and angered the Planar Overseer of the Yulan Plane of his era, Barnas and Adkins had both been locked into the Gebados Planar Prison.

In the Gebados Planar Prison, Barnas had taken care of Adkins the entire time. In the end, Adkins' power had overtaken that of Barnas and he had reached the Highgod-level.

However, in his heart, Barnas was still the closest, most trusted person Adkins knew.

Barnas had a bitter look on his face. “Adkins, don't be hotheaded!”

Hotheaded? If anyone else had said this to Adkins, Adkins would have killed him by now. But the person who said the words was Barnas.

“Lord Adkins, you didn't let me finish. My clone was indeed destroyed, but it was destroyed by the forces of Beirut. Dragonblood Castle is under Beirut's protection. If we go over there, that means we are openly becoming enemies of Beirut.”

“Hmph, a young fellow who has only trained a few million years!” Adkins' eyes emitted a cold light. “So what if he is a Sovereign's Emissary? I refuse to believe I cannot kill him!”

Adkins could be considered a genius. Even in the Gebados Planar Prison,

where experts were as common as the clouds, the only ones who could truly make him submit were those five Kings. As for this Beirut, just based on the fact that Beirut had only trained for a few million years, Adkins felt disdainful towards him.

Only Beirut's status as a Sovereign's Emissary made Adkins hesitate slightly.

Barnas urged solemnly, "Lord Adkins, do you know what those four figures wielded as their weapons?"

"What?" Adkins laughed coldly.

"All of them were Highgod artifacts!" Barnas said solemnly.

Adkins couldn't help but start. Highgod artifacts. That was something that a Highgod created only after whole-heartedly cultivating an artifact for countless years. Generally speaking, experts who had only recently reached the Highgod-level didn't have Highgod artifacts.

Although he, Adkins, was very powerful, despite the passage of many years, he only had three Highgod artifacts in total, one of which he had given to Barnas. He himself kept two.

But these four people had a total of four Highgod artifacts!

"Hmph. Nothing more than gifts from the Sovereign." Adkins sneered.

Barnas bitterly urged, "Lord Adkins, that isn't Beirut himself, just his subordinates. Those four figures were actually two people, each of which had two clones. Even those two people each have two Highgod artifacts. Lord Adkins, think about it. What about Beirut himself, then?"

Adkins, in his heart, began to hesitate now.

"All he can do is rely on the Sovereign behind him." Adkins' heart was filled with inconsolable fury.

What he feared was...

Beirut might be in possession of many precious Highgod artifacts, perhaps even soul-protecting Highgod artifacts. Or, if Beirut were to be in possession of a Sovereign artifact... even an ordinary Highgod who possessed a true Sovereign artifact would have terrifyingly powerful force when using it.

“Since Lord Beirut dares to act in such a way, clearly he has complete confidence in himself.” Barnas looked at him. “Lord Adkins, I’ve only lost a single clone. I’m not dead, after all. Lord Adkins, what really matters is you being able to acquire the treasures within the Necropolis of the Gods. That’s what matters. Right now, it’s best not to make an enemy out of Beirut.”

Adkins was silent for a moment.

“Fine. I will endure for this thousand years.” Adkins ground his teeth. “After I acquire what I need from the Necropolis of the Gods... at that time, I will make Beirut regret the ignorance and arrogance he put on display today!”

Barnas let out a relieved sigh in his heart.

He knew that Adkins was too arrogant and incapable of enduring. However, Adkins would still listen to Barnas’ advice.

Thus, Adkins did not go to Dragonblood Castle to seek revenge. He maintained his silence. Adkins’ silence caused many of the thousands of experts who had come to the Yulan continent from the Gebados Planar Prison to believe...

Adkins feared Beirut!



*

The Forest of Darkness. The metallic castle.

“This Adkins actually managed to resist and endure.” Lying on a recliner, drinking a cup of tea, Beirut had a hint of a smile on his face. “It seems the Yulan Plane is going to be quiet for a period of time. Only... Hodan in the north doesn’t want to be lonely.”

Beirut turned his head, staring northwards.

His gaze seemed to pierce through the veil of reality, seeing the Planar Overseer, Hodan, in the Arctic Icecap.

“Can it be that those experts all think that the Necropolis of the Gods is a treasure room where they can acquire divine Highgod sparks, Highgod artifacts,

and even Sovereign artifacts as they please? Haha... what a pity, the guardian of the Necropolis of the Gods is myself!”

Beirut was grinning like a fox, but his eyes held a hint of anticipation.

After all, having been in the Yulan Plane for so long, Beirut would also feel bored.

To occasionally be entertained was a good thing.

Sadista

The Yulan Plane. The Arctic Icecap. Deep within an iceberg that stretched into the clouds. This was the residence of the Planar Overseer, Hodan.

This iceberg peak had a total of eleven complicated hexa-star magic formations surrounding it.

As Beirut in the Forest of Darkness looked this way, Hodan was currently seated in front of a magic formation. The complex magic formation was glowing with light that rose into the skies, making the center of it seem illusory and dreamlike.

Hodan's face held irrepressible excitement on it as well.

"Coming." Hodan's eyes lit up. From within the center of the magic formation, an indistinct group of human figures could be seen. Slowly, the glow of the magic formation faded away, revealing a few dozen people within the magic formation. The aura these few dozen people emanated were enough to make one's heart shudder.

All of them were Deities!

The leader was dressed in a gaudy black robe with gold trim, looking like a gentleman heading to a banquet. The leader was the first to see Hodan, and he immediately smiled. "Hodan, it's been thousands of years. You've been working hard."

Hodan immediately bowed in respect. "Lord Sadista, it is my honor to be able to work on behalf of the clan!"

Sadista folded his arms over his chest, gently rubbing a ring on his finger that occasionally glimmered with red light. With a calm laugh, he said, "Hodan, you gave only a very brief summary to the clan. Explain clearly the current situation in the Yulan continent."

“Yes.” In front of this Sadista, Hodan was acting as if he were a meek servant.

“Lord Sadista, not long ago, there were some problems which occurred in the tunnels between the Yulan Plane and the Planar Prison, causing quite a few experts to flee out. Although Lord Beirut went to seal off the tunnel, many Deities still escaped.”

“Aside from a minority who left for the Higher Planes and the Divine Planes, most have remained in the Yulan continent. I fear that they are most likely intending to enter the Necropolis of the Gods!”

Sadista nodded slightly.

“Hodan, are there any Highgod-level experts?” Sadista asked.

“There is, one! His name is ‘Adkins’. Lord Adkins is currently living in the O’Brien Empire. This Lord Adkins clearly wishes to go to the Necropolis of the Gods,” Hodan said respectfully.

“Adkins?” Sadista frowned.

He didn’t care about any of the other experts, but since Adkins was a Highgod, Sadista had to be careful about him. Although Sadista had engaged in many battles within the Infernal Realm of the Higher Planes, Sadista knew that someone who was able to survive in a Planar Prison and even train to the level of Highgod meant that Adkins definitely wasn’t someone who could be matched by those members of powerful alliances and clans in the Infernal Realm who were given Highgod sparks but were not experienced in using them.

One of Sadista’s followers immediately said, “Lord Sadista, don’t worry. That Adkins definitely isn’t a match for you, milord.”

“Shut your mouth.” Sadista frowned.

His follower instantly didn’t dare to make another sound.

Hodan said respectfully, “Lord Sadista, not long ago, four Gods under Adkins’ command and the forces of the Baruch Empire’s Dragonblood Castle engaged in a battle.”

“Oh?” Sadista looked at Hodan curiously.

He didn’t understand why Hodan would mention Gods. However, Sadista

understood that Hodan wouldn't raise this for no purpose.

"However, Adkins' forces were defeated badly and retreated!" Hodan laughed. He could tell that Sadista was somewhat surprised, and he continued, "That Dragonblood Castle also has full Gods, and more importantly, it is a place under Lord Beirut's protection!"

"This time, Adkins' side suffered a huge loss, but Adkins didn't dare to go make trouble for Lord Beirut," Hodan said.

Sadista nodded slightly. "This Adkins can be considered to be intelligent, as he didn't go irritate Beirut. Only, now that makes things a bit tricky for us. If Adkins truly had been so arrogant as to go irritate Beirut, it would have been excellent if Beirut had disposed of him for us. Only now, things are troublesome."

"Uncle, is Beirut definitely capable of killing Adkins?" a youth behind Sadista said.

Sadista knew exactly how powerful Beirut was. Laughing calmly, he said, "Beirut's power is far greater than you can imagine. Do you know that ten thousand years ago, during the Apocalypse Wars of the Yulan continent, even the likes of the Bloodviolet Fiend who dominated the entire Infernal Realm as well as Twelve-Winged Angels of the Divine Plane of Light had participated... those individuals could all be considered amongst the most powerful of Highgods in existence."

"The Bloodviolet Fiend?" The youngster let out a shocked breath.

In the Higher Plane of the Infernal Realm, the Bloodviolet Fiend was already a figure of legend. In fact, many experts of the Infernal Realm all believed that the Bloodviolet Fiend was already powerful enough to be given the title of 'Asura'.

Asura!

This was a title of extremely great reverence within the Infernal Realm. Only the most powerful of Highgods would be awarded such a title.

"The results of those battles were, all of those powerful Highgods fell! Not a single one of them survived. The only one who survived out of all of them was Beirut!" Sadista let out an emotional breath. "Although I'm not too certain about the specifics of that battle, just based on that alone, it means that Beirut

should be even more fearsome than the Bloodviolet Fiend! Tell me, do you think there is any chance that someone as powerful as him wouldn't be able to kill this Adkins?"

Sadista's words caused everyone behind him to let out shocked breaths.

They were all only Gods and Demigods. In the clan, they weren't qualified to learn of the many secrets and hidden facts of the universe.

"Right. Hodan, this Yulan Plane should be one of the planes where the Four Divine Beast clans have a branch, right?" Sadista suddenly asked. "Are there any descendants of the Four Divine Beast clans in the Yulan Plane?"

"There are, and quite a few," Hodan replied.

Sadista's face changed.

"Hmph, so there still are some left!" Sadista's face instantly turned fierce, and his face seemed to instantly be covered with a layer of frost. "However many they are, kill them all! Not one is to be left alive!"

Hodan shook his head. "Lord Sadista, just now, I spoke of Dragonblood Castle. This is currently the main headquarters of the Four Divine Beast clans. Many Undying Warriors and Dragonblood Warriors are gathered there. In particular, there is one known as Linley. He has an extraordinary relationship with Lord Beirut."

"Linley?" Sadista frowned.

"Linley is a descendant of the Dragonblood Warrior clan, but he has a magical beast companion. The important thing is... that magical beast is a legendary 'Godeater Rat'. Aside from Lord Beirut, the one and only Godeater Rat in the countless planes of the universe! Lord Beirut is filled with love and affection towards that Godeater Rat. If you were to act against Linley, milord, then you would be openly making enemies of Lord Beirut," Hodan said hurriedly. "Milord, we need to consider the bigger picture here."

Sadista's face was cold and gloomy.

Hodan knew very well that Sadista deeply desired to kill the descendants of the Four Divine Beast clans.

“Milord, it is nothing more than a branch. It has no impact on the big picture. The most important thing is the Necropolis of the Gods,” Hodan said hurriedly.

Sadista knew, of course, what really mattered. Sadista also knew a little bit regarding Beirut’s background and history. If he were to make an enemy out of Beirut... that was something he didn’t wish to do. Sadista let out a long breath. “Then for now, we won’t act against those people. Linley actually managed to become friends with this Godeater Rat. What a stroke of luck for him.”

Sadista looked at Hodan, then said, “How long will it be before the next opening of the Necropolis of the Gods?”

“Roughly a thousand years,” Hodan replied.

“Fine.” Sadista nodded. “Hodan, stay here. Everyone else, come with me.” As he spoke, Sadista transformed into a blur, flying south and away from the iceberg. The dozens of experts behind him all closely followed Sadista.

Sadista led the group of experts out of the North Sea and to the Yulan Continent.

Although Sadista had brought a group of experts to the Yulan continent, he hadn’t caused any disruption at all. The Yulan continent remained as peaceful and tranquil as it ever had. In this sort of tranquility, time slowly flowed by like water, one year after another...



*

Dragonblood Castle.

It had been twenty full years since Barnas and the others had attacked. In the past twenty years, Linley’s original body had continued to train in the Throbbing Pulse of the World. After spending six full years, Linley had finally transformed the 8 Fused Waves into the 4 Fused Waves of the Throbbing Pulse of the World.

After another twelve years, he had managed to transform the 4 Fused Waves into the 2 Fused Waves.

But afterwards, Linley hadn’t been able to make any improvements at all. It

must be understood that to reach the 'all becomes one' step, the previous insights, proofs, and visualization techniques that Linley had used had all become ineffective. This was the final barrier.

In other words, it was a bottleneck.

From the 2 Fused Waves to the 1 Fused Wave, one could either make the breakthrough in an instant, or take thousands or tens of thousands of years without making any progress. Linley was very confident in himself, and he was in no rush. Instead, he relaxed and began to spend more time with his wife, Delia.

Aside from advancing in the Throbbing Pulse of the World, Linley's progress in the 'Profound Truths of Velocity' had been considerable as well.

What made Linley the happiest, however, wasn't his improvement. Rather, it was the breakthroughs that his family and friends had made.

"Delia was the first to reach the Deity level, followed by Barker, then Desri, then Zassler... Haeru was the slowest one." Linley looked at the black-haired youngster in front of him, laughing, "Haeru, congratulations."

Right. Haeru had finally become a Deity.

Several people in Dragonblood Castle had successively become Deities. In addition, the War God and the High Priest had finished fusing with the God-level divine sparks and become Gods. Everyone's power had improved. Naturally, everyone was delighted.

"It was all thanks to your benevolence, Master." In human form, Haeru remained as respectful as ever.

Linley laughed, "Haeru, no need to be so reserved around me. You can now go wherever you like." Next to Linley, Delia laughed. "I think Haeru will definitely go show off to those three dragons. Haeru, am I right?"

Haeru could only laugh honestly.

Whenever Haeru thought about the future, he couldn't help but feel delighted. Who would have imagined that he, a Blackcloud Panther, a magical beast of the ninth rank, would become a Deity.

After Haeru left, Linley paused for a moment, then said to Delia, “Delia, I’m planning to leave Dragonblood Castle for a time.”

“Hrm?” Delia was somewhat surprised.

Linley explained, “I’ve already reached a bottleneck in the Throbbing Pulse of the World. I want to go out for a while and experience the world for a bit. Perhaps that way, I will more easily reach a sudden insight and thus break through.” This Throbbing Pulse of the World was a fairly high-level profound mystery of the Laws of the Earth.

To break through truly was very hard.

“Then I’ll go with you.” Delia didn’t want to part from him.

“Haha, I’m not going to other planes, just for a stroll around the Yulan continent. I can engage in communication via divine sense with you at any time.” Linley laughed. Delia laughed as well. Now that Delia was also a Deity, given that the Yulan continent was only so large, Delia’s divine sense was enough to search for and find Linley.

“Alright.” Delia nodded and laughed. “When are you planning to head out?”

“Tomorrow,” Linley said.

“What about Bebe?” Delia asked.

“He’ll come with me.” Linley laughed. “In the past, Bebe and I had spent three years together in the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. That was the place where I first sensed the Throbbing Pulse of the World.”

The next morning, at dawn, just as the sun rose.

Linley didn’t tell anyone else about this trip. Only Delia knew about it. After bidding Delia farewell, Linley and Bebe secretly flew out of Dragonblood Castle, beginning a life of tourism and roving about in the Yulan continent.

“Boss, where shall we go?” raising his head towards the wind, Bebe asked.

“I’ve never paid a visit to the great plains of the far east. Let’s go there first,” Linley said with a laugh.

Linley and Bebe both transformed into streaks of rainbow light, disappearing

into the southeastern horizon.

The Mountain Range of Death

Linley and Bebe secretly left Dragonblood Castle. Nobody knew they were gone. At first, Wharton, Taylor, and the others didn't feel strange upon discovering that Linley wasn't in Dragonblood Castle. They thought that Linley was training within the pocket dimension.

Only after half a month did they discover from Delia that Linley and Bebe had already left.

As for the ordinary guards and maids of Dragonblood Castle, they only found out about this a long time afterwards.



*

Although after the 'dead cities' events, the population of the Rohault Empire had collapsed and it could no longer be termed an empire, there were still quite a number of people living within its borders. Especially in the past twenty years, the population of the Rohault Empire had increased significantly again.

The Rohault Empire. Within a quiet little town. In the center of the town was an exceedingly large manor, which had guards within standing ramrod straight. Even the maids didn't dare to giggle and joke around.

A gaudily dressed, cruel-looking, middle-aged man walked into the manor.

"Lord Anras!" the guards called out with great respect.

Anras nodded slightly, continuing forward. Soon, he arrived in front of a quiet little courtyard. There was a man dressed in a gold-threaded robe there sitting on a chair, holding a five-centimeter-thick book in his hands.

"Lord Sadista!" Anras bowed respectfully.

The man reading the book was Sadista. Sadista had spent the past twenty

years in the Yulan Plane in this quiet little town. However, nothing that occurred within the Yulan continent could escape the notice of Sadista. As for Anras, he was one of the three Gods under Sadista's control.

"Anras, what is it?" Sadista continued to read as he said calmly.

Anras said respectfully, "Lord Sadista, according to the news we received from Dragonblood Castle, Linley left Dragonblood Castle long ago." Sadista hadn't found it too hard to insert some people into Dragonblood Castle.

Sadista cared most about two locations; the imperial palace of the O'Brien Empire and Dragonblood Castle.

He inserted people into the O'Brien Empire's imperial palace to monitor Adkins' activities. After all, in the entire Yulan continent, Sadista was concerned about only two persons. One was Adkins, while the other was Beirut. But Beirut's 'metallic castle' didn't permit entry to others at all.

Thus, Sadista was unable to insert any spies. All he could do was take a step back and insert people into Dragonblood Castle instead.

Inserting people into Dragonblood Castle was partially because of Beirut, while partially because of the Dragonblood Warriors and the Undying Warriors.

"Whap!" He suddenly closed the book, raising his head to look at Anras. "Linley left Dragonblood Castle? Just by himself?"

"No. That Godeater Rat known as Bebe went with him," Anras said respectfully.

"Hmph." Sadista let out an unhappy snort. "This Linley is always with that Godeater Rat. Killing him will be rather difficult." Sadista had never planned to truly give up on killing those descendants of the Four Divine Beast clans.

"This Linley is less than a century old, and yet he is already at such a level. Even in the Four Divine Beast clans, he would be considered a top tier talent. In addition, this is before he's gone back to the ancestral halls of the Four Divine Beasts and undergone their baptism. If he undergoes the baptism within their ancestral hall, in a short period of time, a talent such as him will definitely become a major force for the Indigo Prefecture, and another major foe for our clan." Sadista's face was solemn.

Sadista knew about the legends of the Four Divine Beast clans.

“Linley is already so powerful despite not having returned to the ancestral hall of the Four Divine Beasts. When he does return, it will indeed be troublesome.” Anras nodded as well.

“If the Indigo Prefecture learns that the Four Divine Beast clans have a talent such as him in the Yulan Plane, they will definitely spare no expense to bring Linley back to them,” Sadista said coldly. “Those other people in the Dragonblood Castle, that Wharton and Barker and whatever, they are secondary. Even if they return to the Four Divine Beast clans, they will just increase the total population slightly. They won’t result in anything amazing. But that Linley...”

Anras secretly nodded.

Generally speaking, only after undergoing the ancestral baptism rites would the scions of the Four Divine Beast clans make rapid improvements. For Linley to be so powerful before undergoing the ancestral baptism rights meant that once he did undergo those rights, his future ability... would definitely be enough to cause Sadista worry.

After all, he had become a Deity within a hundred years on his own. This already spoke to Linley’s potential.

“However, our number one priority this time is still the Necropolis of the Gods,” Sadista said with a frown.

If they wanted to enter the Necropolis of the Gods, then they couldn’t offend Beirut.

If they killed Linley when he was with Bebe, Bebe would definitely memorize the aura of those who had killed Linley. When the time came... he would definitely be able to find out that it was Sadista’s group.

“No matter what, we can’t kill that Godeater Rat known as Bebe.” Sadista knew very well that this was the only one of Beirut’s progeny who had become a Godeater Rat. Beirut had even sent his two sons to Dragonblood Castle to protect Bebe.

From this, one could tell how much Beirut valued Bebe.

If they killed Bebe, then...

Beirut's rage was something that he, Sadista, couldn't withstand.

"In addition, Beirut's backer is no ordinary person. If we truly were to wreck our relations with Beirut, then most likely even our entire clan would suffer a huge calamity." Sadista was dimly aware of how terrifyingly powerful Beirut's background was.

"To kill Linley, we have to find the moment when Linley and that Godeater Rat, Bebe, are separated and not together. At that time, we would change our appearances, then seize the opportunity to kill Linley!" Sadista's eyes revealed a cold light. "Hmph. Even if that Linley and Bebe are spiritually connected, at most he'll be able to send a mental message of the appearance of his attackers. There's no way to send a person's aura."

Sadista wasn't worried at all of being discovered by Beirut given that situation.

Because...

Even someone as mighty as a Sovereign couldn't find out what had happened in the past or what would happen in the future. As long as Beirut was unable to find the murderer, what would he, Sadista, have to be afraid of?

"I want to see where that Linley is!" Sadista spread out his divine sense, instantly covering the entire Yulan continent. But of course, he intentionally used his divine sense to avoid the Forest of Darkness and the O'Brien Empire's imperial capital.

"The great plains of the far east!" Sadista let out a cold laugh, and then turned towards Anras. "Anras."

Anras immediately bowed.

"Anras, immediately go to the great plains of the far east," Sadista instructed.

"Yes, Lord Sadista," Anras replied.

Sadista nodded calmly. "When going to the great plains of the far east, don't intentionally go searching for Linley. I will occasionally search for Linley's position. Once I notice that him and Bebe are separated, I will immediately tell

you through my divine sense and instruct you to kill Linley. Remember, change your appearance first.”

“Yes.” Anras immediately changed his appearance slightly.

Someone as powerful as a Deity could use divine power to repair their body. Naturally, they could also use it to change their appearance.

“This Linley actually went running out of Dragonblood Castle for no reason. He’s asking to be killed. I was worried about him spending this entire time in Dragonblood Castle and not having a chance to deal with him.” Sadista sneered coldly to himself.

Linley and Bebe had already been in the great plains of the far east for three full months. During these three months, Linley and Bebe had only relied on their legs to travel, all the way from the Baruch Empire through the border with the great plains of the far east. They had travelled south the entire time, passing through mountains, rivers, and plains.

Three months later, Linley had already encountered many locals. Linley completely acted as though he was an ordinary person and lived an ordinary life.

In the southern parts of the great plains of the far east, they were quite close to the Burning Desert. There were some mountains nearby as well. Linley and Bebe were currently within the middle of one of those desolate mountain ranges.

“So this is the legendary ‘Mountain Range of Death’ which those locals spoke about.” Linley stared at his surroundings and let out a breath. “However, I haven’t discovered any reason for this place to be called the ‘Mountain Range of Death’.” Linley was dressed in a sleeveless shirt, and his powerful muscles made the shirt bulge out as well.

After three months of travel and tourism, Linley had once again found that sense of excitement he had in the past.

He liked this sort of interesting, unique experience.

Bebe was wearing his straw hat, chewing on a piece of a straw. Staring at his surroundings, he said, “Boss, this ordinary people call it the Mountain Range of

Death, but to us, of course it has no danger whatsoever.”

“It isn’t any danger to us, but at least, it should have something special.” Linley began walking forward again. “Come, let’s go further into the mountain and take a closer look.” Leaping a few dozen meters with one stride, Bebe immediately caught up to Linley.

The two walked forward, side by side.

The Mountain Range of Death, according to local legend, was an exceedingly dangerous place. This Mountain Range of Death, especially in the southern region of the great plains of the far east, the ‘Casale’ region, was very famous. Many people didn’t dare to enter this mountain range at all.

“Child!” “Child!” ...

A faint, desolate cry could be heard deep within the mountains.

“Oh?” Linley and Bebe exchanged a glance. Not hesitating at all, they immediately moved forward quickly, like two gusts of smoke towards the distant source of sound. They easily passed through any gorges or boulders that would have blocked their way.

Soon, Linley and Bebe arrived in front of the person who had emitted those cries.

“Someone dares to enter the Mountain Range of Death?” Linley and Bebe were both very surprised.

The person who cried out was a plainsman. Right now, the man was currently crying out desolately. His clothes were torn apart, and he appeared in terrible straits. Linley and Bebe, hearing his desolate cries, could both sense the pain and franticness of this man.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Bebe hopped right in front of that plainsman.

The plainsman, upon seeing Bebe suddenly appear, was greatly startled. But then, he said frantically, “Child, what are you doing in the Mountain Range of Death? Quick, leave. This place is very dangerous.” The plainsman, seeing Bebe, clearly took him to be a youngster.

“Boom.” With a flick of Bebe’s slender arm, a nearby, enormous tree with a

girth that would require two men to encircle it with their arms, instantly shattered. With another pat on the shattered tree trunk, Bebe transformed it into a straight line, sending it flying hundreds of meters away into another, unknown part of the mountain.

“And you are worried about me?”

The plainsman was scared silly. That enormous tree was incredibly heavy. Even the experts he knew, or even his clan’s leader, couldn’t possibly send such a heavy, enormous tree flying until it disappeared into the distance with a palm slap.

“Might I ask, what happened? Why are you in the Mountain Range of Death? Aren’t you afraid?” Linley walked over as well.

The plainsman looked at Linley, then looked at the youngster in front of him wearing a straw hat. He somewhat understood that he had met with true experts. The man, with a ‘thud’, sank to his knees. “Milords, I’m begging you, please save my child.”

“Speak, what happened?” Linley asked.

“My son disappeared in the mountain here,” the plainsman said hurriedly.

“If you knew it was dangerous, why did you bring your son in?” Bebe said unhappily.

The plainsman hurriedly explained, “Milords, you don’t understand. Although others believe the Mountain Range of Death to be deadly, in truth, it isn’t that scary. There’s only a single area within the Mountain Range of Death that is dangerous. The other areas are very safe. Those of us who live here all know about it, and so when we go into the mountains to cut trees for wood, we will all go into the mountains. As long as we don’t go near that dangerous area, it’s fine. In the past, when I went woodcutting, I would have my son by my side. But this time, when I turned to look, my son had disappeared. I don’t know where he ran off to.”

“I beg of you, milords, help me find my son.” The plainsman sobbed.

Linley nodded.

“Is your son a seven-or eight-year-old child dressed in red cotton clothes?” Bebe asked.

“You... how do you know?” The plains man stared, shocked.

Linley and Bebe glanced at each other, laughing. Their divine sense had spread across the entire mountain in an instant. Naturally, they were able to find that child.

The Profound Mysteries of Death?

Linley laughed and said, “Your child is currently about three or so kilometers south of us.”

“Three or so kilometers south?” The plainsman’s face changed dramatically. “Is that place Twin Horn Peak?”

“Twin Horn Peak?” Linley was a bit puzzled, but his divine sense did indeed discover that in a place located very close to the child, there was a mountain peak which was very strange. The top of the mountain peak was split apart, perhaps by the wind over the years, and had a lonely aura to it. These two mountain peaks did indeed seem like the two horns of a mountain goat.

Bebe said, “Yes, not too far from the child, there is indeed a mountain peak that seems like two goat horns.”

The plainsman immediately kowtowed, pressing his head against the ground. “Milords, please save my child. That Twin Horn Peak is the dangerous area of the Mountain Range of Death.” This father clearly was too worried about his son. He kowtowed until the skin on his forehead split open, staining the rocky earth with his blood.

The divine power around Linley’s body reached out, causing the plainsman to no longer be able to kowtow.

“We will save your child.” Linley rested his hand on the plainsman’s shoulder, and a surge of life energy from the Pearl of Life transmitted to the plainsman, instantly healing that minor wound on his forehead.

The plainsman realized that the wound on his forehead was cured, and become all the more certain that these two people in front of him were incredible experts. They might even be those legendary Saints. The plainsman looked towards Linley and Bebe, his eyes filled with hope.

“Wait a moment,” Linley said, and then he and Bebe simultaneously moved, disappearing from the plainsman’s vision.

The plainsman held his arms around his chest, his eyes filled with tears. “My child will definitely be rescued. Definitely.”

Mountain Range of Death. Twin Horn Peak.

“The wind here at Twin Horn Peak is so strong and so weird.” Bebe let out a breath.

Linley nodded slightly. Although it wasn’t strange for mountain wind to be so strong, the mountain wind here was extraordinarily great. The wild wind howled, filling Twin Horn Peak, but after entering the area, it no longer produced any sound. It was as though Twin Horn Peak was capable of devouring the wind.

Fortunately, the child was still a good distance away from Twin Horn Peak.

“His father is going frantic with worry searching for him, but the child is just taking a nap here.” Bebe and Linley stood next to the child wearing a red coat. This plainsman child’s face was ruddy, and he wore a felt hat, his little face streaked with tears.

It seemed as though after getting lost, the child had been terrified and had gone searching for his father.

But in the mountainous terrain, it was hard to tell directions. Even grown men who weren’t familiar with this place would easily get lost, much less a child.

“Hey.” Bebe gently tweaked the child on his nose.

“Um, umm...” The sleeping child wrinkled his nose. Because his breathing was interrupted, he woke up. At this time, Bebe naturally let go. Upon seeing Linley and Bebe, the child’s eyes were instantly filled with a look of delight.

“Big brothers, help me find Father, I can’t find him.” The child instantly began to cry.

“You little rascal. In the future, will you still run around wildly?” Bebe snickered.

“I was just chasing after a wild hare. I remembered the road. Only,

afterwards, for some reason, I couldn't find Father any more, no matter how I tried. I searched everywhere, but then it got dark. I searched for so long, and the night was really dark, and my tummy was really hungry, so I fell asleep." The child stared at Bebe with his big round black eyes while sobbing.

"Come, your big brother here will take you to look for father." Bebe took the child into his arms.

Linley and Bebe flew into the air. Although there was a distance of three kilometers by air from here to the child's father, if they were to actually walk, given the winding mountain paths, they would at least walk ten kilometers before reaching the child's father.

"I wonder how much suffering this child endured just now." Linley sighed in his heart.

"Wow..." The child's eyes turned round.

The child was in Bebe's arms and flying in mid-air. Clearly, this little fellow had never flown in mid-air before. Right now, he was uncontrollably excited and forgot about how pitiable he had been just now. "I'm flying. Wow. Big brother, you are so awesome."

Bebe grinned so widely, his eyes turned into merry little slits.

"Father, I see Father." The child immediately pointed down at a figure below. Clearly, the plainsman below had seen Linley, Bebe, and his child as well. That plainsman immediately waved at them with gratitude.

Linley and Bebe landed down.

"Go to your father." Bebe released the child to the ground.

"Father." The child immediately ran over.

The plainsman instantly began to cry from relief and joy. Hugging his son, he said, "Child, you scared your father to death. I told you not to run around, but you still ran around wildly." As he spoke, the plainsman continued to cry. For the sake of his child, he had been searching from yesterday until today, spending an entire night and half a day.

"I won't run around again," the child immediately said.

“Quick, go over there and thank those two lords.” The plainsman had heard that Saints were capable of flight. Those two in front of him were both capable of flight. Most likely, they were Saints. The plainsman immediately tugged his child over, kneeling down with gratitude as he spoke.

“Thank you, big brothers,” the child immediately said.

Linley and Bebe both laughed. Actually, on this journey, they had helped quite a few people.

“In the future, just listen to your father and everything will be fine.” Linley laughed. “Alright, we should go as well.”

The child hurriedly said, “Two big brothers, my name is Walsh. In the future, I will definitely look for you guys. I’ll come flying and look for you guys.” Linley and Bebe both began to laugh, and then, after bidding the two farewell, Linley and Bebe left.

Linley and Bebe headed towards that Twin Horn Peak. Twin Horn Peak clearly had some sort of secret in it. Linley and Bebe naturally would go investigate.

“That child just now was so adorable,” Bebe said, and Linley sighed, “Seeing that father and son makes me think of Cena.”

“Cena?” Bebe was somewhat surprised.

Linley nodded and said, “When the Great Botha Levee was broken open, Ojwin had arrived in the Yulan continent and destroyed the imperial palace of our Baruch Empire. At that time, the only two survivors of the entire imperial palace were Cena and Ankh. Everyone else died. Cena’s child, little Kass, died as well. Despite so much time passing, Cena still feels great pain in his heart due to this.”

Dragonblood Warriors had very few descendants. Although twenty years ago, Cena had taken a new wife, he still had no children.

In his heart, Cena continued to harbor hatred towards Ojwin.

Originally, when Ojwin had attacked and the Violet-Gold Rat King brothers had countered, the two of them actually had the chance to kill Ojwin. However, at that time Linley and Cena were both shocked by the appearances of those

mysterious experts.

How could they have dared to try and ask those experts to kill Ojwin?

After Ojwin's group left, Ojwin had remained in hiding within the imperial capital of the O'Brien Empire, giving Linley's side no chance for revenge.

"That enmity must be avenged." Bebe nodded. "In the future, when we have the chance, we definitely cannot let that Ojwin off the hook."

Linley nodded slightly.

Only, for now, he didn't have enough power to kill Ojwin.

"Here we are. Twin Horn Peak," Bebe said.

There was a gorge beneath Twin Horn Peak. The wild wind blew like the roaring of a wild beast, but upon entering the gorge, very bizarrely, no sound could be heard from the powerful mountain wind.

Linley and Bebe, being experts, feared nothing. They headed directly into the gorge, the wild wind not budging them in the slightest.

"There's quite a few skeletons in this gorge," Bebe said with a frown.

Linley nodded slightly. The gorge walls of this place weren't very flat. They occasionally protruded out and occasionally had crevices... the entire gorge was extremely bizarre, and the sound of a wild howling wind could be heard at the entrance to it. However, when Linley and Bebe entered deeper into the gorge, they couldn't hear any sound at all.

"Weird. Really weird." Bebe pursed his lips.

Linley's forehead was furrowed, and he was currently walking forward carefully and cautiously.

"So many corpses. Who knows how many people died here." Linley stared at the corpses within ten meters of him. Clearly, they had been here for a long time.

"Huh?" Linley suddenly felt his heart viciously contract, and even his head went dizzy.

"Someone is ambushing us?" Linley instantly recovered. Greatly shocked, he

immediately spread his divine power into his body.”

“Bebe, careful,” Linley immediately warned.

He was currently walking about with his original body. Ever since his original body had absorbed the golden blood drop, the power of his original body was actually greater than that of his divine body. Despite having such a powerful body, Linley just now had felt his heart clench and his head go dizzy. This was definitely an external attack.

Bebe looked around carefully as well. “Boss, nobody’s here,” Bebe transmitted mentally.

“I was attacked just now.” Linley was very certain. “It was an invisible attack.”

“How come I wasn’t attacked?” Bebe grew worried as well. This sort of invisible attack was extremely bizarre.

Linley and Bebe were on high alert for a long while, but didn’t discover anything.

“Hrm? That’s not right.” Linley experimentally retracted his divine power from his organs. Indeed, that feeling once more appeared, causing his heart to clench and his head grow slightly dizzy. However, Linley was able to maintain his clear-headedness. Linley spread out his spiritual energy, carefully searching.

Only now did Linley clearly sense...

After the wild, howling wind entered the gorge, because of the unique, bizarre shape of the gorge, the wind transformed. The wind elemental essences in this area were clashing against each other, creating a very strange sonic vibration. This sort of inaudible vibration was constantly broadcasting everywhere.

Linley could sense his heart clench and his body feel uncomfortable. Even his head had grown dizzy. All of this was due to this sound entering his body.

When Linley normally trained in the Profound Truths of Velocity, he would occasionally analyze the Profound Mysteries of Sound. After twenty years, although he hadn’t made any major gains, he at least had a general idea of these profound mysteries. Linley was certain... that sound was actually nothing

more than sound waves which entered a person's ears, which naturally allowed them to hear it.

But the strange sound waves of this valley were inaudible, yet could cause harm to the body.

Even a body as powerful as Linley's had been impacted. If an ordinary person had entered this place, naturally they would have died.

"Hrm? This is..."

A light suddenly flashed in Linley's mind.

"So sound waves actually have a profound mystery like this..." Linley felt great joy in his heart.

"Bebe, I'm about to immediately begin training for a time," Linley mentally spoke to Bebe, and then ignoring all else, his divine clone flew directly out of his original body, sitting down within the gorge in the meditative position, beginning to attune with this strange 'sound wave'.

Not just his divine clone; even Linley's original body sat down at the same time, analyzing and sensing the profound mysteries contained within this sound wave.

Bebe was somewhat astonished. "What did the Boss just gain an insight into?"

"The more insights the Boss gains, the better." Bebe was still rather happy. He then sat down as well. While Linley trained, Bebe decided to stay here and protect Linley.

Linley's sudden flash of insight and decision to train was something that was out of Sadista's expectations. Sadista had looked forward to Linley and Bebe separating, giving him the chance to order his subordinate to kill Linley. But the way things turned out... he didn't have any chance at all.

In his training, Linley lost all track of time.

His divine clone and his original body simultaneously attuned to the sound waves, both beginning to train and visualize. As for his divine clone, it focused on the audible sounds, while the original body focused on the inaudible sounds,

then the two cross-compared... Linley's insights into sound rapidly began to rise at an astonishing rate.

Time flowed on within the gorge. Quickly, Linley's two bodies became covered with a layer of dust and dirt.

Bebe quietly trained as well.

In the blink of an eye, two years passed.

Nobody dared to come to Twin Horn Peak. Linley's two bodies as well as Bebe remained there in the meditative posture, and within Twin Horn Peak, those invisible sound waves continuously broadcasted out.

"Haha..." The dust covering his body flew away.

Linley's two bodies merged into one. A smile was on his face. "Haha, I was wrong. I was wrong. In the Elemental Laws of the Wind, sound should be divided into two aspects; the first is the 'Profound Mysteries of Sound Waves', while the other is the 'Profound Mysteries of Music'. Only when the Profound Mysteries of Music and the Profound Mysteries of Sound Waves fuse into one can they be considered the Profound Truths of Sound!"

Homeland

“Rumble...” The dust flew away from Bebe’s body as well. The dirt and dust were controlled by an invisible force, which then compressed them into a stone.

Bebe pressed down on the brim of his straw hat, excitedly looking at Linley. “Boss, just then, you talked about the Profound Mysteries of Music, and also something about a Profound Mysteries of Sound Waves, and how fusing them would result in the Profound Truths of Sound? What are these things?” Bebe was very confused.

Linley smiled slightly.

Although he had only trained for two years, Linley’s spiritual visualization and hypothesizing abilities were hundreds of times faster than before he became a Deity. During this period of time, he had both of his souls simultaneously attuning and cross-referencing. The two years of training he had undergone could definitely compare to two hundred years of training in his pre-Deity time.

With regards to the Profound Mysteries of Music and Sound Waves, Linley already reached a certain level of skill.

But of course, he was still very far away from true mastery.

“Bebe, when sound is created, it is actually just a form of sound wave,” Linley explained. “Since sound is actually a form of a wave, it naturally has its own vibrations. Every single second, it vibrates many times in a defined range, allowing our ears to hear it.”

This was something that Linley had come to understand regarding sound while back in Dragonblood Castle.

Bebe nodded.

“But the sounds that we cannot hear will create a curious effect.” Linley

immediately controlled the wind elemental essence, then began to agitate it. The different elemental essence particles collided against each other, forming sound waves. Instantly, sounds began to ring out.

The beautiful sounds were like the murmurs of a lover, causing a person to unconsciously sink into them.

Bebe was faintly beginning to be affected as well.

“This is the Profound Mysteries of Music!” Linley laughed. “I just controlled elemental essences to utilize it. If I were to use divine power, the strength would be much greater. Even Deities would be affected somewhat by it. For example, my ‘Hymn of the Wind’ emits a sound that is capable of bewitching an enemy’s soul, causing them to temporarily lose their guard, allowing me to kill them.”

Bebe nodded repeatedly. “Wow, so powerful. Then what about the Profound Mysteries of Sound Waves?”

“I just said that sound waves, being waves, are vibrational in nature. If they vibrate a certain number of times within a certain range each second, we will be able to hear it. But... once the vibrations exceed that range, it is different.” Linley sighed. “In the past, I didn’t understand this. But upon seeing those sound waves that were formed by this gorge, I understood.”

“Oh?” Bebe was somewhat surprised.

“Watch.” Linley’s powerful spiritual energy once more took control over the local wind elemental essence.

The unique sound waves once more appeared, this time transmitting directly towards the nearby mountain walls. Suddenly... the mountain walls of the gorge seemed to begin to vibrate like a living creature. With a rumbling sound, shattered bits of rocks began to fall down from the wall.

“Hey?” Bebe was very surprised.

Linley strengthened his spiritual energy, and instantly the vibrations of the wind elemental essences grew stronger as well.

“Dang!” “Dang!” The entire gorge began to shake as a knocking sound could

be heard. And then, with a ‘boom’ sound, countless boulders at each side of the gorge exploded, transforming into countless pieces of pebbles.

“Wow.” Bebe’s eyes were wide.

Originally, because of this gorge’s unique structure, the wild wind would blow in and create those wind waves.

But now, with Linley’s display of force, the structure of the gorge changed dramatically. It could no longer create those sound waves. Instantly, the howling wind could once more be heard, and countless bits of rocks flew about everywhere, the air instantly being filled with dust. Only a long time later did the air return to its normal calm.

Only, this gorge was now filled with the howl of the wind.

“The Mountain Range of Death will never be the Mountain Range of Death again.” Linley let out an emotional breath.

“Boss, this sort of attack is so powerful.” Bebe exhaled in amazement.

Linley laughed calmly, “It’s fairly ordinary. I’ve only gained a little bit of skill in the Profound Mysteries of Sound Waves. Right now, based on what I have learned, the Profound Mysteries of Sound Waves can only be used for material attacks, while the Profound Mysteries of Music can only be used to affect the soul. However, if the enemy doesn’t understand it, then even a Deity-level expert will probably suffer a bit of a disadvantage.”

Sound waves, music. These were two different aspects of sound.

One attacked the body, the other affected the soul.

“I’m not certain about its true power either. After all, I’ve only gained a bit of skill.” Linley still had a smile on his face.

This was why he loved to train.

Linley felt as though each insight was a new understanding for him with regards to the universe. Gaining insights and meditation represented that one day, without moving at all, he would be able to cause the heavens to shatter. Only, who knew how long it would be before that day came.

“Bebe, what profound mysteries did you gain insight into upon becoming a

Deity?” Linley asked curiously.

Bebe pursed his lips. With resignation, he said, “Nothing as powerful as yours, Boss. It is only usable for preserving my life. It is very similar to that of that ‘King of Killers’, Cesar. If I were to fight with someone, I’d still have to rely on using my natural ability.”

Linley somewhat understood.

Suddenly...

“Rumble!” The world shook slightly. This faint vibration transmitted throughout the Yulan Plane, and the eyes of countless Deities turned towards the west. Bebe and Linley naturally stared towards the north.

“Someone else became a Deity?” Bebe said in surprise.

The descent of the natural Laws was proof of someone becoming a Deity through their own efforts. After all, fusing with a spark wouldn’t cause the natural Laws to descend.

“This isn’t the first time either. It seems a few years ago, someone in the west became a Deity on their own as well.” Linley stared below in confusion, stretching out with his divine power. “It should be in the area of the Holy Union. What’s going on? In the past few years, two people became Deities on their own?”

To become a Deity through one’s own efforts was very difficult.

Precisely because it was difficult, it was very precious. A few years ago, a person had become a Deity on his own, causing Linley and the others to sigh in surprise. But now, yet another had become a Deity independently. This clearly was a bit too much of a coincidence.

“Boss, let’s go over and take a look,” Bebe said hurriedly.

“The Holy Union?” Linley started slightly, as though thinking of something. “Might as well. Time to go back and take a look. I haven’t gone back to my homeland in a long time.”

Linley and Bebe flew together in a straight line towards the west.

The descent of the natural Laws upon this person becoming a Deity naturally

attracted the attention of Sadista, who when spreading out his divine sense discovered Linley as well. “Hey, this Linley actually woke up. Oh, he is flying somewhere?”

Linley and Bebe were flying very fast. A while later, after Sadista once again searched for and found Linley and Bebe, they had already reached their target destination.”

“They actually went to the Holy Union. Anras!” Sadista immediately sent his divine sense out to Anras, still awaiting his chance in the great plains of the far east.

Anras was seated meditatively in a quiet mountain gorge, his body covered with dust. At first glance, one would take him for a human-shaped statue.

To him, waiting for two years was nothing at all. Hearing Sadista’s divine sense calling to him, Anras immediately opened his eyes, and the dust on his body instantly vanished into nothingness. Sadista’s order came. “Anras, Linley and the Godeater Rat went to the Holy Union. Head there for now.”

“Yes, Lord Sadista,” Anras said respectfully.

And then, “Boom!” The entire gorge suddenly erupted into flames that rose to the sky. Anras’ entire body was surrounded by flames, and like a god of fire, he quickly slashed through the sky, flying directly west and quickly disappearing into the western horizons.



*

The town of Wushan. Linley’s homeland.

“The town of Wushan...” Linley stood in the center of the town of Wushan, staring at the surrounding area. He couldn’t help but let out a breath.

Wushan next to the town of Wushan hadn’t changed much compared to his youth, but the town had changed too much. The large town of Wushan had become utterly desolate. This was no longer a place where people lived. It was a lair for magical beasts. For example, Linley’s former ancestral home was now a den for Windwolves.

“Those little friends and those aunties and uncles of the past...” Linley’s mind drifted back to the festive, rowdy scenes of the town of Wushan. Early every morning, the children and youths would line up in the empty field near the town of Wushan and begin training, while the grownups would start their work.

But now...

None of this would happen again. The vast majority of people had died.

“The town of Wushan has become nothing more than history.” Linley sighed. After having experienced the Apocalypse Day, the former Kingdom of Fenlai’s entire demesne had become a playground for magical beasts.

With a frown, Linley immediately controlled the divine spark within his body to emit a powerful divine presence.

Although Linley was using his original body, his divine spark was still in his spiritual ocean. Linley was completely capable of utilizing the divine spark within his divine clone. The powerful divine presence swept through the entire town of Wushan like a tidal wave.

Instantly, the hundred or so magical beasts living around the town of Wushan all knelt down, shivering.

“All of you, fuck off.” Linley’s divine sense rang out in the minds of each of these magical beasts.

Not a single magical beast resisted. Letting out low whines and growls, the hundreds of magical beasts quickly left this extremely dangerous ‘town of Wushan’, fleeing at high speed.

“Bebe, let’s go pay a visit to my ancestral home,” Linley said.

“It is my home too,” Bebe said.

In the past, Bebe had been born there, and had met with Linley in that ancestral home. Afterwards, the two of them, man and magical beast, had become lifelong companions. Linley and Bebe quietly stepped into that dust-covered, decayed ancestral residence.



Hess City.

Doehring Cowart had died here, all those years ago. This city was not, however, conquered by magical beasts. To the contrary, Hess City was now more developed and busy than it had been in the past.

Within a fairly graceful restaurant in Hess City, Linley and Bebe had found a quiet little corner. They sat down facing each other, ordering some wine and food.

“The flavor’s not bad,” Bebe praised.

Linley laughed and nodded. “That’s why they have so many customers here.” There were quite a few people in this restaurant.

“Huh?” Linley suddenly turned his head, staring at the door with some surprise. A beautiful young lady with long violet hair walked in. The beautiful young lady’s face had a few faint freckles on it, but they only made her look all the more adorable.

“Belita!”

“Belita, you came back. Your father is drinking with us, but he stared at the door several times now.”

As the young lady entered the restaurant, many calls of welcome rang out. Clearly, this beautiful young lady had quite a few friends.”

“Who is this girl?” There was another pair of men seated behind Linley. One of them, a youngster, asked curiously. The man facing him laughed, “This is the daughter of the restaurant owner. To be more precise, this restaurant was constructed in accordance with Miss Belita’s personal designs.”

“Oh?” The youngster was quite surprised.

“Belita's clan was originally a noble clan. Only, it has already decayed. Belita’s father is that big-nosed boss over there. He feels rather strongly about face. Even though his clan’s fallen, he still wants to live in a beautiful mansion. He even arranges for servants to clean up every part of the estate. Belita's clan mansion is very large. To maintain such a large residence costs an enormous

amount of money. Belita's father spent lots of money but didn't make any. Naturally, he quickly ran out of money. In the end, it was Belita who actively redeveloped the front part of the residence into this restaurant. Look, that's the rear part. If you enter from the rear, that's Belita's home. Belita's home is extremely large, and Belita is in charge of the entire place."

"In addition, Belita is a powerful magus. Supposedly, she is already of the fifth rank."

Hearing this explanation, Linley also glanced at the violet-haired beautiful girl with some surprise.

"Boss, this Belita is really quite impressive."

Linley also felt that the design and decoration of the restaurant was not bad. Both the interior and the exterior were excellent, which was why Linley and Bebe had chosen this restaurant. He hadn't expected that it was all designed by a young lady. And, from the looks of it, although this young lady was young, she managed her entire clan.

"Father, I'm not feeling very well. I'll go back and get some rest," Belita said to her father, who was drinking wine.

"If you aren't feeling well, then quickly go get some rest," the big-nosed middle-aged man said hurriedly.

Belita, after speaking, walked into a rear door, entering her family's residence.

"Hrm?" At this moment, Linley suddenly frowned slightly.

The Lord of Mount Copper Gong

“Boss, it looks like a figure with some background has arrived.” Bebe laughed as he looked at Linley.

Linley nodded slightly as well. “A very ordinary youth who actually has two experts of the ninth rank as escorts. An ordinary clan isn’t capable of this.”

“Belita!” A somewhat angered voice rang out from the doorway of the restaurant, and a youth with curly golden hair entered the restaurant. The youth with curly golden hair was followed by two grim middle-aged men. The golden-haired youth stared at the violet-haired beauty. “Belita, you are going to act as though nothing happened?”

“Ah, young master Hubert.” The big-nosed middle-aged man stood up, immediately speaking warmly, “Please sit and discuss matters slowly with Belita.”

“Hmph.” The golden-haired youth stared coldly at the middle-aged man. “Fuck off.”

The big-nosed man let out an awkward smile, no longer daring to speak.

Belita frowned. Turning, she looked at the golden-haired youth and she said seriously, “Hubert, I admit that my actions didn’t give you face. However, I don’t like you. It is as simple as that. I hope, young master Hubert, that in the future, you will spend your efforts on other women.”

Hubert was silent for a moment, and then hatred flashed in his eyes. “Fine. Fine. Belita...”

“I, Hubert, have never been so courteous to anyone before, but to you, I’ve given gifts time and time again, thinking of any and all ways to make you like me. But it seems as though everything is useless.” Hubert’s face turned cold. “Hmph. Then, Belita, don’t blame me for what I am going to do.”

Belita was capable of sustaining her family at such a young age. Naturally, she could guess what Hubert was about to do.

“Hubert, given your conditions, you can get any woman you want. Why waste your time on myself, a girl from a fallen noble clan?” Belita spoke in a very delicate manner.

“There is nothing that I like which I cannot get!”

As he spoke, Hubert’s jaw quivered, and his eyes were filled with absolute indifference. “Uncles, take her back.” Hubert’s words caused Belita’s face to instantly turn ashen, without a hint of color. She knew exactly how monstrously powerful Hubert’s family was.

Precisely so, she had never dared to offend Hubert to much. Only, on this issue, she had to maintain her bottom line.

“Yes, young master.” The two grim middle-aged men behind Hubert bowed, responding to the order.

“Wait, wait.” The big-nosed man hurriedly walked in front of Belita, repeatedly begging, “Young master Hubert, please spare my daughter. I’ll do anything you want. Even if you want me to give you this ancestral estate, I’d be willing to do so. I beg of you, spare my daughter.”

Belita stared at her father in shock.

Was this her father, who dearly loved her and spent all his time drinking and making trouble? Belita, in her heart, had always somewhat looked down on her father, but at this moment... she discovered that her father wasn’t what she had thought him to be.

“Hmph, who wants your shitty house?” Hubert said disdainfully. “Take Belita back. If that fellow blocks you, kill him.”

“Yes.” The two grim men let out cold laughs as they walked over.

The big-nosed man hurriedly moved to block in front of his daughter, as though wanting to protect her.

“Father, step away.” Belita hurriedly pushed at her father, but at this moment, her alcoholic father seemed to have tremendous strength,

standing unmoving right in front of her.

“Fuck off.” One of the callous middle-aged men let a remorseless kick towards the big-nosed man.

Nobody in the restaurant dared to make a sound. Those drinkers all knew the power that Hubert held within Hess City. No one dared to stop him!

All of them looked towards Belita and her father, their eyes filled with sympathy.

As they saw it, Belita and her father’s fate had already been set.

But the strange thing was, halfway through his kick, that callous man’s leg suddenly went limp, and then he slid to the floor like a heap of mud. His nose, eyes, mouth, and ears all had blood flowing out of them.

He... died!

Everyone was stunned. Even that arrogantly shouting Hubert was stupefied. The expert of the ninth rank next to him immediately went down to one knee, supporting his comrade. “Big brother, big brother, what happened?” This expert of the ninth rank couldn’t believe it.

His big brother, who had reached the ninth rank, suddenly died.

“Who was it? Come out!” that expert of the ninth rank shouted coldly, his eyes filled with a hint of rage.

Nobody dared to make a sound. This expert of the ninth rank let out a cold sneer. “Whoever killed my big brother, you’d best show yourself. Otherwise... everyone in this restaurant will die. It can be considered to be caused by you.” This expert swept his gaze at the surrounding people.

The entire restaurant full of guests all felt a cold aura sweep through them.

“Take your young master and fuck off.” A sound rang out.

The expert of the ninth rank immediately turned to look, focusing his gaze on the speaker. Even Belita and her father turned to look. They saw a young man with long hair, who was sitting faced to a handsome youth wearing a straw hat.

Hubert took two steps forward, shouting icily, “Who are you? How dare you

interfere in my affairs?”

Ever since he was born, nobody had ever dared to violate his commands. Whatever he wanted to do, he had done, especially within Hess City. Even the words of the king of the kingdom weren't as effective as Hubert's. Having been a little tyrant since youth, Hubert had never feared anyone.

“So annoying!” Bebe unhappily splashed the wine in his cup over, drenching Hubert's face with it. “Fuck off.”

Hubert was stunned. He wiped the wine off his face, his eyes instantly turning red.

Insult!

Hubert had never suffered any sort of mistreatment since he was young. When Belita refused him, she had done so in a very graceful, indirect manner. But Hubert still felt that he had lost face, causing him to be extremely angry! But what Bebe had just done was the greatest insult he had ever suffered from birth until now!

“Kill, kill him for me!!!” Hubert's voice screeched out, pointing at Bebe as he bellowed.

Bebe raised his head, grinning at him.

“Swish!” Bebe suddenly disappeared. With a clear ‘WHAP’ palm slap sound, Hubert was sent flying upwards, before smashing down on a nearby chair. Hubert's head was at a strange angle on the floor, staining it with blood.

Instantly, the face of that expert of the ninth rank changed, and with a flash, he hurried over.

“WHAP!” Yet another palm slap.

The expert of the ninth rank was sent flying as well. He spat out a mouthful of blood from the blow, but he didn't die.

“You, you are dead meat.” The expert of the ninth rank forced himself to rise to his feet. Seeing the odd angle at which Hubert's head was at, he saw clearly that Hubert was dead.

“Dead meat?” Bebe's handsome, slender face revealed a wicked grin. He

intentionally combed his hair a few times, put on his straw hat again, then beamed at the expert. “We’ll wait right now. I want to see how you are going to let us die!”

Linley just watched from the side, not trying to stop him.

The expert stared hatefully at Linley and Bebe, then raised his head and let out an angry howl. The howl was extremely ear-piercing, instantly spreading out from the restaurant.

“Hurry, leave.” Belita ran over, hurriedly urging Linley and Bebe. “That Hubert’s father is an extremely powerful expert. Nobody dares to offend him. Quick, leave.” Belita didn’t want the two people in front of her to be harmed due to her.

Linley and Bebe exchanged a glance.

Actually, the reason Bebe didn’t kill that expert of the ninth rank was to draw out that expert behind him. Only by doing so would they guarantee that this girl wouldn’t suffer any following calamities.

“BOOM!” A terrifying sonic boom sounded out from afar.

Instantly, a figure appeared within the restaurant. The expert of the ninth rank fell to one knee. “Lord Reger, your subordinate was useless. The young master was already killed by those two men.” While speaking, the expert’s body was trembling.

The person who had come was powerfully built, had a bearded face, and fierce eyes.

But when the powerful man saw Hubert, lying on the floor with his head at a crooked angle, he was stunned for a long moment. Then, he looked at the expert of the ninth rank. “The young master is dead. Why aren’t you dead?” The expert of the ninth rank instantly realized what was about to happen, but before he had a chance to react...

A blade light flashed, and the expert’s head went flying.

“Aaaah! Many of the people in the restaurant were so terrified that their eyes went round. Belita and her father stood together, not daring to make a sound.

Belita looked towards Linley and Bebe, her eyes filled with worry.

“It was you who killed my son?!” Reger stared at Linley and Bebe.

“Yep.” Bebe looked disdainfully at Reger out of the corner of his eyes, his delicate face covered with disdain.

Linley still sat there, not paying any attention to Reger. Linley’s divine sense had informed him long ago that this ‘Lord Reger’ was actually just a Saint. From the blade blow just now, at most he was a Prime Saint. He posed no threat to Bebe at all.

“Reger, what’s wrong?” The wind arose, and another figure appeared outside the doorway. It was a middle-aged man with long silver hair.

“We’ll go see Teacher in a bit. First, I’m going to kill these two bastards.” Reger’s eyes were completely bloodshot, and he ground his teeth.

“See Teacher?” Linley frowned slightly.

The silver-haired man looked with surprise at Hubert, who lay dead on the ground. He knew very well what position Hubert had in Reger’s heart. Reger and him had both escaped from the Gebados Planar Prison. The two of them were both Prime Saints.

Prime Saints, in the Gebados Planar Prison, were nothing more than the bottom tier.

Even experts needed women.

In the Gebados Planar Prison, Prime Saints, being of the bottom tier, couldn’t get women at all. Once they escaped from the Gebados Planar Prison, they naturally would have to enjoy women. As for Reger, he naturally ended up with a son.

Reger had been imprisoned within the Gebados Planar Prison ten thousand years ago. Back then, he had children of his own. But after so many years had passed, who could tell if Reger’s lineage had carried down or not?

When an old man had a son, he naturally would spoil him greatly.

Reger was over ten thousand years old. He only had a single son. Naturally, he could be considered an ‘old man who had a son’.

The amount of pampering he gave was indescribable. He even assigned two experts of the ninth rank to be bodyguards for his son. Anything his son wanted, Reger would scheme to acquire for him! His son was a priceless treasure in his heart. But now, his son was dead.

Reger, as well, sensed the threat emanating from Bebe. He began to store up power.

But Bebe was very carefree, waiting for Reger to attack. Suddenly, Reger let out an enraged howl, and an utterly white light erupted, followed by a saber-light arriving in front of Bebe. Everyone in the restaurant was so terrified that their faces turned ashen.

They were all beginning to worry for this delicate youngster.

“That’s all you got?” The saber came to a halt.

Bebe had caught it between two fingers, preventing the saber from moving forward another inch.

“Formidable.” Linley’s eyes lit up. Divine bodies were strong, but relying on two fingers to trap the saber of a Prime Saint was something that even Linley couldn’t do in a manner as casual as Bebe had just done. “Bebe always was powerful. Now that he is a Deity, he seems to still be very powerful.” Linley sighed internally in praise.

Everyone in the restaurant was stupefied.

Two fingers having trapped his weapon. Reger was stunned as well. He finally knew that the person he was facing was most likely a Deity-level expert.

Although he was furious, Reger hurriedly released the warblade in his hand. He finally came to his senses. His son was dead, but he could have more. Although he had raised his son for many years and felt pain over the loss, compared to his own life, he naturally viewed his own life as more important.

Reger hurriedly said respectfully, “Since it was you two lords who disciplined my son, then forget about it. My teacher is the Lord of Mount Copper Gong. Milords, I hope that for the sake of my teacher, you can spare me.”

Belita and everyone else felt that these developments had been simply too

bizarre.

“Crunch!”

A black light flashed, and a hole suddenly appeared in Reger’s head. Reger’s eyes widened as though he couldn’t believe it, and then he collapsed.

Bebe buffed his nails. “Lord of Mount Copper Gong? Never heard of’m!”

Linley frowned. He stared at the silver-haired man who was in a state of shock and fear. “You. Get over here!”

Mount Copper Gong

Within that restaurant in Hess City, everyone was in a state of shock.

The mighty Lord 'Reger', in front of that youngster with the straw hat, had seemed like an infant, unable to resist at all. He had been killed directly. And, from the looks of it, the youngster with the straw hat listened to the orders of the seated young man. That meant the seated young man's power was even greater!

"They?" Belita drew near to her father, staring at Linley and Bebe in astonishment.

Linley was frowning.

"Milord, you called?" The silver-haired man was in a completely nervous state right now.

He understood that if Linley and Bebe wanted to kill him, he would definitely die.

"My Boss told you to get over here." Bebe stared at him while barking. The silver-haired man's body trembled slightly, and then he immediately walked over to the table, respectfully awaiting Linley's words.

"My name is Sati!" the silver-haired man honestly offered his name.

"You come from the Gebados Planar Prison?" Linley said calmly. While asking, Linley utilized his Godrealm, causing the ordinary people in the restaurant to be unable to hear their words.

"Yes, milord." Sati was quite obedient.

After all, Reger's body lay there on the ground. Sati understood that if either of these two fiends in front of him were unhappy, they could kill him at any moment. Right now, all he could do was to meekly accede to whatever they wanted and make them satisfied. Only in such a way would he be able to

preserve his life.

Linley's eyes grew sharp. He stared at Sati, growling, "I ask you, who is this Lord of Mount Copper Gong?"

The Lord of Mount Copper Gong!

This was someone who made Linley feel concern. Just then, before dying, Reger had said that his teacher was the Lord of Mount Copper Gong. Someone capable of being the teacher of a Prime Saint should be an extraordinary figure. Since they killed Reger, Linley had to get a clear understanding of who this Lord of Mount Copper Gong was.

"Teacher?" Sati was slightly astonished.

Linley nodded slightly.

"We don't know Teacher's name either. Because he lives at Mount Copper Gong, we all call him as the Lord of Mount Copper Gong." When mentioning the 'Lord of Mount Copper Gong', his eyes were filled with worship. "Teacher is the most powerful expert we have ever seen."

"Oh?" Linley's eyes narrowed into slits.

Sati continued, "Although only twenty years have passed since we fled from the Gebados Planar Prison back to the Yulan continent, in this period of time, two of the Prime Saints whom Teacher instructed were able to break through and become Deities on their own." Sati's eyes were filled with respect. "Someone who can help us break through our bottlenecks... how can we not venerate a mighty expert such as him?"

"What?"

No matter how calm he was, Linley's face couldn't help but change.

Even the nearby Bebe couldn't believe it. "Did you just say that those two people who recently became Deities did so due to having received instruction from your Teacher?"

Bottlenecks, being bottlenecks, were hard to break through.

Even someone as powerful as Lord Beirut, knowing that Desri and the others were at a bottleneck, only told them to have more faith in themselves. He

didn't say anything else... someone capable of instructing a Prime Saint in how to break through a bottleneck was definitely an expert who had a terrifying mastery of the Laws.

"What level expert is this Lord of Mount Copper Gong?" Linley immediately asked.

"I don't know." Sati shook his head. "However, Teacher's two brothers should be Gods."

Linley and Bebe exchanged glances.

His brothers were Gods? Then the Lord of Mount Copper Gong should at least be a God as well.

"I've created trouble." Bebe hung his head as he looked at Linley.

He had killed the disciple of such a powerful expert. No matter how brash Bebe could be, he understood the magnitude of the trouble he had caused.

Linley laughed consolingly. "Bebe, it seems our journey will have to be cut short." After having offended such a powerful foe, they had to hurry back to Dragonblood Castle.

"Right." Bebe nodded.

"Milord, no need to worry." Hearing Linley and Bebe's words, Sati understood what Bebe was thinking. He hurriedly said, "Milords, please don't worry. You killed Reger, but nobody will come make trouble for you."

Linley and Bebe were somewhat startled.

"Oh?" Linley looked at him, waiting for him to explain.

Bebe also said, "Sati, can it be that your Teacher won't show his face for his disciples?"

Sati hurriedly said, "Milords, what sort of status does the Lord of Mount Copper Gong have? Reger and I are only Prime Saints. How can we become his disciples?"

"But you refer to him as Teacher?" Bebe was puzzled.

Sati laughed self-mockingly, "Milords, although we refer to the Lord of Mount

Copper Gong as ‘Teacher’, that’s just how we address him. The Lord of Copper Mountain has never acknowledged us as his disciples.”

Linley frowned. “Explain in detail.”

Sati explained, “Milords, we all fled from the Planar Prison. And then, we came to live here. Only, afterwards, we heard that an ultimate expert lived in Mount Copper Gong who would occasionally give guidance to those trainees who came to him for advice. There are many experts who go pay their respects to the Lord of Mount Copper Gong. Reger and I are just two of the many. Only, because we received some tutelage from the Lord of Mount Copper Gong, we respectfully address him as Teacher. Only, the Lord of Mount Copper Gong himself has never acknowledged us as his disciples.”

“If we truly had a Teacher such as him, in the Planar Prison, we wouldn’t have been in such bad straits.”

Linley and Bebe instantly understood.

“You really are shameless.” Bebe snickered.

Sati laughed awkwardly.

“This Lord of Mount Copper Gong really is a miraculous figure.” Linley sighed in praise. An expert like this would actually give tutelage to those who came to him for instruction. At the very least, he wasn’t the selfish, self-centered type.

“Just now, you said that those two who had become Deities on their own recently did so thanks to the tutelage of the Lord of Mount Copper Gong?” Linley still felt that this was unbelievable.

“Right.” Sati sighed. “This is absolutely certain. One of them is someone I know.”

“How can we possibly not pay a visit to a miracle worker like this? Bebe, what do you think?” Linley looked at Bebe, who nodded in agreement. At the same time he turned to look at Sati. “Hey, where is Mount Copper Gong?”

“Mount Copper Gong is in the southern regions of the Holy Union. It is an area that has been taken over by many magical beasts. Teacher lives within a large mountain there,” Sati explained. “The distance from here is roughly two

thousand kilometers. Milords, if you want to go, I can guide you there. It isn't just Prime Saints who beg Teacher for guidance. There are Deities as well."

Linley felt all the more amazed in his heart.

This Lord of Mount Copper Gong definitely was an extraordinary figure. Linley all the more wanted to see him now.

"Only, if milords go, milords need to be mentally prepared. Teacher only provides guidance if he feels like it," Sati explained. "On our trip to Mount Copper Gong, we might have to wait a long time before being lucky enough to see Teacher."

"If we can meet him, we shall. If we can't, then it'll just be an excursion." Linley laughed calmly.

"Let's go. Let's go now." Bebe was somewhat impatient.

Sati said meekly, "It is my honor to be able to lead the way for you two, milords." Immediately, Sati led the way out of the restaurant, while Linley and Bebe followed. Linley released the Godrealm that had prevented others in the restaurant from hearing their conversation.

"The two of you..." Belita hurriedly chased afterwards, wanting to express things, but she was blocked by Linley's Godrealm.

"Whoosh!"

Three shadows blurred through the air, quickly disappearing into the southern horizons.

"Who were those three experts? Even a Prime Saint like Lord Reger was killed in one blow." Only now did the people in the restaurant dare to speak, while at the same time, they raised their head, staring skywards in a vain attempt to catch a vestigial glimpse of Linley and the others."

"That youngster was too powerful. He was able to seize a Saint's blade with his two fingers."

"I think that young man was even more powerful..."

Everyone in the bar began to excitedly chat, while Belita stared towards the horizon, towards where Linley's group had vanished. She, Belita, could do

nothing but remember this kindness in her heart.

Mount Copper Gong was actually not too far away from Linley's hometown of Wushan. It was also considered within the domain of the magical beasts.

Only, with the experts present in this location, the magical beasts did not dare to draw near.

"This is Mount Copper Gong!" In mid-air, his robes fluttering in the wind, Sati pointed down towards a mountain.

Next to him was Linley and Bebe.

"It seems there isn't that many people present?" Linley was rather surprised. Logically speaking, based on what he understood, if many experts came to pay visits to the Lord of Mount Copper Gong, there should be many people here. However, Linley, staring down into the manor, didn't see many people at all.

Sati explained, "Teacher's two brothers have informed us that after receiving tutelage from Teacher, we cannot come disturb Teacher again for the next ten years."

"Oh," Linley understood.

After all, there were only so many experts in the Yulan continent. Not too many knew of the existence of the Lord of Mount Copper Gong. Given they weren't to disturb him again for ten years after being given tutelage, no wonder there weren't many people here.

"Let's head down." Linley was the first to fly down.

The residence of the Lord of Mount Copper Gong was a secluded, quiet manor. Linley and the others, upon arriving in front of the manor, couldn't help but sigh in amazement.

"This residence..." Linley sensed that this residence emanated a powerful earth elemental essence aura.

Sati revealed a hint of worship in his eyes as well. "This residence was created from earth elemental essence, formed into a solid hole. If you look at the walls, you won't see a single crack or seam. To be able to easily control earth elemental essence to create such a manor is truly incredible."

“You don’t understand.” Linley’s face was very solemn.

“Oh?” Sati stared towards Linley in astonishment.

Linley stared solemnly at the residence in front of him. Sati was only a Prime Saint, and he didn’t train in the Laws of the Earth. Naturally, he didn’t understand how truly incredible this residence formed from earth elemental essence was. Linley, however, did.

“Be it the Sacred Earthguard Armor or the forbidden-level spell that uses earth elemental essence to create the ‘World Protector’, there is a limit to how long the creations will last for.” Linley could hardly believe it.

He believed that since someone had created this manor, they couldn’t possibly go to the trouble of recreating it every hour.

“In addition, the color of the material the earth elemental essence has formed into...” Linley stared at the ancient-looking, plain black material of the residence. “It is the color of adamantine!” Linley knew that upon reaching the Deity-level, once a person used the Sacred Earthguard Armor, it would be at the ‘adamantine’ level.

An adamantine-level Sacred Earthguard Armor couldn’t be maintained for too long.

And yet, this person used it to create an entire manor?

“Someone came again?” The gate to the manor creaked open, and a bald, muscular man glanced outwards.

That Sati immediately bowed respectfully. “I pay my respects to Lord Burgess.”

“You again?” The bald man frowned. “Oh, that’s right. Last time was ten years ago.” After finishing, the bald man looked at Linley and Bebe, his eyes carrying a hint of curiosity as he weighed Linley and Bebe for a long while.

Linley and Bebe both bowed modestly as well.

“My third brother is inviting you two in. As for you, go rest somewhere else,” The bald man said.

“Congratulations to the two of you.” Sati wasn’t angry at all. Instead, he

congratulated Linley and Bebe.

Not just anyone who came to visit the Lord of Mount Copper Gong would be received. Sati immediately bowed, then left by himself.

“Mr. Burgess?” Linley spoke.

“I really don’t know what’s going on, but my third brother wishes to meet you two. Your luck is excellent.” The bald man pursed his lips while bringing Linley and Bebe into the manor. “Listen up. When you see my third brother, you need to be a bit more respectful.”

Linley and Bebe exchanged a glance, then laughed as they glanced around at their surroundings.

This manor, completely formed from earth elemental essence, gave a very comfortable to live in aura. In addition, in the inner courtyard of this manor, there were two seemingly mild-mannered middle-aged men engaging in chatter and laughter.

“I wonder which one of the two is the Lord of Mount Copper Gong?” Linley’s gaze rested upon these two people.

Elemental Training

Of the three people in the manor, aside from that bald man, Burgess, the other two appeared rather amiable. Only, the young man in the middle was rather eye-catching. He had a head of long black hair, but his eyebrows were crimson red.

“Third Brother, those two you want to meet are here,” the bald man said as he walked in. That man with the crimson eyebrows looked towards Linley and Bebe. His gaze paused momentarily on Bebe, and then he said with a laugh, “The two of you, take a seat first.”

As he spoke, he pointed at the nearby seats in front of him.

“Thank you, milord,” Linley and Bebe both said courteously, and then they sat down on the chairs in front of the man with the crimson eyebrows.

“Big Brother, Second Brother, you two can go about your business. I’ll have a private chat with these two young fellows,” the man with the crimson eyebrows said.

The bald man and the other middle-aged man were clearly very obedient towards their third brother. They both nodded then departed. The man with the crimson eyebrows looked towards Linley and Bebe. Laughing, he said, “You can address me as Mr. Leylin. If you have come to my residence because there’s something the two of you need from me, go ahead and tell me.”

Mr. Leylin?

Linley and Bebe were both rather surprised. “Hey, doesn’t this Lord of Mount Copper Gong normally not divulge his name to people?”

“Mr. Leylin?” Bebe called out in surprise.

“What?” Leylin looked at Bebe, puzzled.

“My, my Boss is named Linley.” Bebe was quite amazed.

“Linley?” Mr. Leylin was amazed for a moment as well before recovering.

Prior to this, Linley hadn’t noticed this point himself. But now, he realized. ‘Linley’ and ‘Leylin’, weren’t they just the same thing, except swapped around?

“You really are named Linley?” This Lord ‘Leylin’ was very surprised. Linley nodded and laughed, “Yes, Mr. Leylin. My full name is Linley Baruch.”

This Mr. Leylin calmed down as well, laughing loudly, “Haha... what a coincidence. I’m the opposite of you. Leylin is my clan name. My full name is Zacharias Leylin. It seems we really do have a bit in common.”

“Indeed.” Linley felt that this was quite the coincidence as well.

After this discovery, Linley was no longer reticent in front of this Lord Leylin.

“Mr. Leylin, I have come due to an issue regarding training,” Linley said.

“Virtually everyone who comes looking for me does so because of training issues.” Leylin pursed his lips and laughed. “Only, let me give you advance warning. All I can do is give you some guidance. In addition, I am only skilled in the Elemental Laws of Fire and the Elemental Laws of Earth. I would most likely only be able to say a few words regarding the other Elemental Laws.”

Linley laughed.

The Laws of the Earth?

Actually, just from looking at this manor, Linley knew that this Lord of Mount Copper Gong definitely trained in the Laws of the Earth.

“Speak.” Leylin laughed.

Linley explained his frustrations and concerns regarding his bottleneck. “Mr. Leylin, I am currently training in the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ of the Laws of the Earth. Only, I have already reached the level of Two Fused Waves of the Throbbing Pulse of the World, but no matter what I try, I am unable to reach the final step of fusing everything into one.”

“You train in the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’?” The Lord of Mount Copper Gong, Leylin, raised his eyebrows. “It seems your talent is quite excellent.”

“However, if you have reached a bottleneck, there’s nothing I can do to help

you break through,” Leylin said with a laugh.

Linley couldn’t help but feel astonished. Didn’t this Lord of Mount Copper Gong help two experts break through and become Deities through his guidance?

“You aren’t able to help?” Bebe said. “Didn’t you help others though?”

Leylin laughed, “Rumors grow more and more ridiculous with each telling. Nobody can help someone break through a bottleneck. At most, I can just give you one or two pointers.” Linley’s eyes couldn’t help but light up. If Leylin was willing to give him some pointers and allow him to gain some insights, that would be enough.

“Linley, you want to train in the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’. For now, let’s stop discussing that. Instead, let’s talk about the six types of profound mysteries inherent to the Laws of the Earth,” Leylin said with a calm laugh.

“Six types of profound mysteries?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

From Beirut, Linley had heard the hypothetical number of profound mysteries within an Elemental Law as being nine.

“Right. The Laws of the Earth contain in total six different profound mysteries.” Leylin laughed. “I’m not sure about the other Laws, but for the earth, fire, water, and wind Laws, these four Elemental Laws, the Laws of the Earth, Fire, and Water all contain six profound mysteries each, while the Elemental Laws of the Wind have a bit more, containing nine.”

Leylin spoke leisurely but with complete certainty, causing others to unconsciously believe him.

Linley nodded slightly.

“The Laws of the Earth contain six profound mysteries. The most basic is the profound mystery of the ‘Essence of the Earth,’” Leylin said.

“The Profound Mysteries of the ‘Essence of the Earth’?” Linley frowned.

Elemental essence was present everywhere. It should be very common. The Laws were Elemental Laws. So how could one of the profound mysteries be the profound mysteries of the ‘Essence of the Earth’?

“Linley,” Leylin spoke. Whenever he spoke Linley’s name, he couldn’t help but laugh. “You should be aware that ordinary magic spells include the ‘Earth Puppet’, ‘World Protector’, and ‘Sacred Earthguard Armor’ type spells, right?”

Linley nodded.

Previously, when Linley was young, in the air above the town of Wushan, he had watched those two Saints do battle. That Grand Magus Saint had utilized the forbidden-level spell, ‘World Protector’.

“Regardless of whether it is the ‘World Protector’ or the ‘Sacred Earthguard Armor’, they all are considered a very basic way of using the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth.”

Leylin explained slowly, “The Essence of the Earth can transform into countless shapes. You can use it to create a human figure, a magical beast figure, or even a set of armor. The ‘Essence of the Earth’, in the late stages of mastery, represents a deep level of proficiency in utilizing elemental essences. For example... my manor!”

Leylin pointed at his manor. “Linley, look at this manor. In terms of toughness, it is comparable to adamantine. In addition, it will exist in perpetuity! Tell me, how did I accomplish this?”

“This?” Linley was very puzzled about this to begin with.

But now, Linley somewhat understood that this manor in front of him was most likely formed after reaching the level of complete mastery in the ‘Essence of the Earth’.

“Linley, experts of the Laws of the Earth should have the most powerful defenses.” Leylin’s eyes, beneath those crimson eyebrows, were shining. “Amongst them, the most powerful physical defenses rely on the ‘Essence of the Earth’, while the most powerful spiritual defenses rely on the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’.”

Linley nodded in agreement.

He himself used spiritual energy to form a spiritual ‘Pulseguard Defense’.

“The Laws of the Earth have six profound mysteries. If you want to master any

of them, your best option is to start with the basics. Finish mastering the ‘Essence of the Earth’. It is the foundation!”

Leylin advised, “The Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth is the best way one can gain a deeper understanding into the elemental essences. Once your understanding of the elemental essences reaches a certain level of depth, then it will become much easier for you to gain insights into the other profound mysteries of the Laws.”

Linley somewhat understood now.

“The final, Omega Wave of the Throbbing Pulse of the World is extremely hard to achieve. I’m not able to provide any direct advice, but I imagine that if you can focus and meditate on the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth, perhaps it will be of benefit to you in breaking through with regards to the Throbbing Pulse of the World.” Leylin laughed.

“Thank you, Mr. Leylin.” Linley’s heart was filled with gratitude.

“Everything relies on you yourself.” Leylin laughed. “Then, how about this. Linley, take a close look.”

Leylin looked into the air. Suddenly, in the air above, earth elemental essence began to gather.

Linley raised his head to watch as well.

An explosive surge of earth elemental essence was rapidly condensing, and even began to emit a faint rumbling sound. An enormous earthen cloud appeared in the sky above Mount Copper Gong, and then this cloud of earth transformed into an earth-colored python that was a hundred meters long.

“Hissssss.” The python seemed to be real, occasionally revealing its fangs.

This enormous python that had appeared in mid-air truly did cause Linley to feel shock in his heart.

“Is this the result of mastery in the Essence of the Earth?” Linley secretly wondered.

“Now, take a close look,” Leylin said in a low shout.

Linley immediately focused his attention while at the same time, spreading

out his divine sense to carefully study every single movement of this enormous python. This hundred-meter-long coiling python suddenly whipped out its tail in a fury, its thick, long serpentine tail lashing out like the crack of a whip.

“Rumble...”

The whipping tail attack of the python actually created spatial ripples that were visible to the naked eye.

The spatial ripples were simply too great. Every single ripple caused space to crack. Instantly... in the air above Mount Copper Gong, the rippled, cracked space began to reveal itself, appearing then disappearing. Only, as the spatial ripples continued to spread outwards, the strength naturally began to decrease.

Despite that, however, the nearby trees that were impacted by these spatial ripples were instantly transformed into dust.

“This? Is this the Throbbing Pulse of the World?” Linley was astonished.

“This is the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ at mastery.” Leylin laughed as he looked at Linley.

“The ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ can be utilized through creatures formed from elemental essence?” Linley was very surprised.

“Why not?” Leylin laughed calmly as he spoke. “And this is just the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ and the ‘Essence of the Earth’ used separately. If I were to fuse the two of them and then use them... most likely this Mount Copper Gong would no longer exist.”

Linley’s heart was filled with amazement.

He knew that the profound mysteries of the Elemental Laws could fuse with each other.

“So powerful.” The nearby Bebe let out a sigh of praise as well, then he looked at Leylin in confusion. “Mr. Leylin, just now, you said that of the earth, fire, water, and wind Elemental Laws, only the Elemental Laws of the Wind have nine profound mysteries. The other three only have six profound mysteries. Then doesn’t that mean... that it will be very hard to train in the Elemental Laws of the Wind?”

“No.”

Leylin let out a sigh. “The numbers might be different, but the total difficulty level is roughly the same. For example, the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ and the ‘Gravitational Field’ profound mysteries of the Laws of the Earth are all extremely hard to learn. In order to reach mastery in either of the two, one must spend tremendous effort, have some good luck, and also occasional flashes of insight.”

“Linley, first train in the ‘Essence of the Earth’. Perhaps it will bring you some unexpected surprises.” Leylin laughed.

Linley nodded slightly.

Linley knew that the ‘Essence of the Earth’ was fairly easy to pick up. After all, in the past, most of his magic was based off of controlling elemental essences.

“Mr. Leylin, might I ask if in the future, I can come again to ask for your aid?” Linley asked.

“Of course you can. So long as I remain here at Mount Copper Gong, you can come find me,” Leylin said.

Linley could hear Leylin’s unspoken meaning. “Mr. Leylin, can it be that you are going to leave?”

Leylin nodded and sighed. “Indeed. In the not too distant future, I will indeed leave this place.” After speaking, Leylin seemed to have thought of something. Letting out a sigh, he no longer spoke.

And then, Linley and Bebe thus settled down within Mount Copper Gong while sending a message via divine sense to the people in Dragonblood Castle. Normally, they quietly trained here at Mount Copper Gong. While training in the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth, Linley slowly began to discover the benefits to training in the Essence of the Earth.



*

Within a quiet courtyard.

Sadista once more spread out his divine sense to search for Linley. He couldn't help but frown, his eyes containing a hint of anger. "This Linley is still together with that Godeater Rat. Hmph. And this mountain actually has two other Gods?"

Given Sadista's power, he could easily discover those two Gods.

"Just Gods." Sadista didn't care about them at all. "But it seems we still need to wait for the right chance."

Sadista was extremely patient. Without complete certainty, he wouldn't send Anras to attack. After all, his number one priority was still the treasures within the Necropolis of the Gods.

But it was very strange...

That Lord of Mount Copper Gong, 'Leylin', lived on the mountain with his two brothers. However, Sadista was only able to discover those two Gods. He didn't discover the presence of that third person, 'Leylin'.

A So-Called Spar

The environment of Mount Copper Gong was very beautiful. Within the quiet, deep valley, there was a waterfall and a pool of water beneath it. Linley and Bebe had built two stone houses and were living there. Linley didn't want to go disturb that Lord of Mount Copper Gong. It was already enough for him to have given Linley pointers.

"Rumble..."

The waterfall cascaded down like countless white pearls, smashing down into the deep pool below.

"Splash!" The water in the pool flowed out in small streams. Linley sat in the meditative stance by the side of the pool in a patch of grass. His original body had begun to calm down and focus on attuning with the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth. As for his divine clone, it continued analyzing the Elemental Laws of the Wind.

"I have never paid such close attention to the elemental essences as I currently am."

Linley sent out all of his spiritual energy, infusing it into every single earth elemental essence particle.

Earth elemental essence particles were extremely small. There was no way one could see them with the naked eye, but these elemental essence particles filled the entire world. Each earth elemental essence particle hovered throughout the nearby area, moving in a chaotic, random pattern. And then they would collide into each other, then separate.

The earth essence particles attracted each other, then repelled each other.

"How strange. Is this the elemental world?"

Linley sighed inwardly in praise.

And then, as Linley infused his spiritual energy into the earth, “These solidified elemental essence particles are far too close to each other.” Indeed, this was the case. Rocks and dirt were actually all formed from earth elemental essences, except the elemental density was extremely high.

“Although the boundless earth and the stones of the mountain are all formed from earth elemental essences, they don’t give off a strong elemental aura. Ah!” Linley’s heart was filled with shock. “According to the way the earth elemental particles in the air are behaving, when elemental particles reach a very close distance from each other, they will repel each other. Then why is it... that those extremely densely packed particles in the rocks don’t repel each other?”

Linley himself was capable of controlling earth elemental essence to form mounds of dirt or rocks or metal, but when he did so, it emanated a strong elemental aura.

“Why is it that stones and dirt don’t give off a strong elemental aura?” Linley had never discovered this before. So it seemed the ordinary, unassuming pieces of rocks and dirt actually contained unique profound mysteries of their own.

Linley’s mind couldn’t understand it.

All sorts of contradictions vexed his comprehension.

Training like this, Linley became completely absorbed into this world of the miraculous ‘Essence of the Earth’.

“Groooowl...”

During the past two months, Mount Copper Gong would occasionally have angry roars and bellows emanate from within it. This was because while training, Linley would control elemental essence to create all sorts of magical beasts, which would occasionally let out angry howls. Based on his insights into the nature of elemental essences, one contradiction after another was resolved.

Only now did Linley understand that applying spiritual energy to forcibly control elemental essences to form a solid was a foolish technique!

“Between each elemental essence particle and each other particle, there is a

mysterious, amazing relationship. All I have to do is just to use a little bit of extra spiritual energy, and I can cause countless elemental essence particles to become one.” Linley opened his eyes, looking at the angrily howling Savage Worldbear in mid-air.

This Savage Worldbear’s entire body was faintly surrounded by a yellow light. It was currently roaring in anger while beating its chest.

This Savage Worldbear was created from elemental essences.

“Two months ago, if I were to utilize a forbidden-level magic spell to summon this ‘Savage Worldbear’, I would have used up ten times as much spiritual energy, or perhaps even more!” Linley couldn’t help but sigh. “And this is with me only understanding a little bit of the ‘Essence of the Earth’.”

If he had completely mastered the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth, the difference would be far greater.

“If you take two people with the same amount of spiritual energy, one of whom has trained in the ‘Essence of the Earth’ while the other has not, the difference in power of the ‘Sacred Earthguard Armor’ they created over their bodies would be as great as the difference between the heavens and the earth.”

“Elemental essences are indeed marvelous.” Linley felt some gratitude towards the Lord of Mount Copper Gong, Leylin.

Leylin’s words were correct. The Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth was just the basics. The entire Laws of the Earth were actually nothing more than the many profound mysteries that were created from the countless earth elemental essences. Understanding the ‘Essence of the Earth’ would be of great benefit to understanding the other profound mysteries.



*

Mount Copper Gong. Leylin’s residence.

Within that elemental manor, Leylin was with his two brothers.

Leylin's crimson eyebrows rose. Sighing in praise, he said, "This Linley's innate talent really is quite good. In two short months, he has already reached such heights in his insights into the 'Essence of the Earth'. Given his current speed... with the 'Essence of the Earth' being a simple type of profound mystery, most likely in just two or three years, he would have completely mastered it."

"Linley has innate talent, but can it compare to yours, Third Brother?" That bald man, Burgess, laughed.

The white-robed man also said, "Third Brother, you are the only true, most powerful genius in the history of our Yulan Plane."

The white-robed man and Burgess both looked at Leylin with a hint of admiration in their eyes.

"You can't say that." Leylin gazed towards the southeast, as though he were capable of piercing through the walls of reality with his gaze and seeing that distant Linley, training within the mountain gorge. Laughing calmly, he said, "This Linley is only a Demigod. He has only just started on the road to training. Who can predict what his future accomplishments will be like?"

"At least given his current speed, he's only slightly slower than I was in the past. As for his future accomplishments, that is hard to say."

The bald man and the white-robed man both nodded slightly.

"That Beirut has also informed me that in other planes, there are absolute geniuses who were able to reach the Demigod stage in ten years, the God stage in a hundred years, and the Highgod stage in a thousand years. But to stupid, foolish people, they might be stuck at a bottleneck for ten million years without being able to break through to the Demigod stage." Leylin laughed calmly.

"That is what insight and perception means."

Leylin sighed, "This Linley is a very insightful and very perceptive person."

"Become a Highgod in a thousand years. This is simply inconceivable." Burgess and the white-robed man both sighed.

Leylin laughed calmly. "This has to do with each person's destiny and life experiences. Those ultimate geniuses aren't worth envying either!"

Leylin clearly felt rather disdainful towards those geniuses.

“Those geniuses desperately desired to reach the Highgod-level as soon as possible. But how could they know that if one doesn’t begin trying to fuse the various profound mysteries from early on, if they only begin attempting to fuse them upon reaching the Highgod stage, it will be too late!”

“The profound mysteries of the Laws must be fused early on. The earlier you do, the easier it will be.” Leylin sighed. “If I had understood this when I was a Demigod, most likely I would have been able to fuse the six profound mysteries and have become a Paragon.”

“Fuse all of the profound mysteries? Third Brother, in all the countless planes, how many people have accomplished this?” the white-robed man said.

Leylin chuckled, no longer continuing on this subject.

“Big Brother.” Leylin looked towards that bald man. “It can be considered that Linley helped contribute to our successful flight from the Gebados Planar Prison. You are also someone who trains in the Laws of the Earth. Go have a spar with him.”

“Fine.” The bald man, Burgess, nodded straightforwardly.

Leylin looked at the white-robed man. “Second Brother, I have received great kindness from that Beirut. You go help take care of that Godeater Rat, and spar a bit with him as well.”

“And here I was, just feeling a bit bored,” the white-robed man laughed as he spoke.



*

The water gurgled forward in the creeks.

Linley was completely absorbed in attuning with the elemental essences. One drop of wisdom after another filled his mind, causing Linley to unconsciously reveal a hint of a smile on his face. While Linley was training, Bebe had also calmed down and begun to train.

Suddenly, a man appeared here.

“This Linley.” The bald man, Burgess, saw the hint of a smile on Linley’s face. “He actually smiles while he is training. This really makes one jealous!”

Only a few experts were able to treat training as a source of pleasure.

If you liked to do something, then once you became absorbed in it, your effectiveness would be extremely high. If, on the other hand, you didn’t like to do something and instead forced yourself to do it, the effectiveness would be very low.

The vast majority of experts forced themselves to train because they didn’t want to be inferior to others, didn’t want to be killed by others, or for other reasons.

How could they, who forced themselves to train, possibly compare to someone who liked training?

These countless experts all understood this reasoning, and they wanted to try and make themselves enjoy training and make training a source of pleasure, thus allowing themselves to train faster, gain insights more easily, and break through.

But whether or not you liked something was something determined by your nature and soul.

You couldn’t just choose to like something. For example, if you saw an extremely ugly woman, no matter how hard you tried to make yourself ‘like’ her, you wouldn’t be able to do it. The choices of your innate nature were unchangeable.

“Mr. Burgess, why have you come?” Bebe called out loudly.

Linley now opened his eyes and immediately rose up. With a laugh, he said, “Mr. Burgess.”

The bald man, Burgess, laughed loudly. “Linley, I know that you train in the Laws of the Earth. By coincidence, I too train in the Laws of the Earth. Let’s have a spar between you and me. What say you?”

“This... this is wonderful, of course.” Linley was very surprised and pleased.

Sparring with an expert who trained in the same Laws, especially someone much more powerful, was an extremely rare opportunity. After all, this meant the stronger person had to lower themselves to train with you.

Although it was described as ‘sparring’, in reality the other was helping him and guiding him!

“Haha... I’m rather stupid. I’ve only trained in two of the profound mysteries of the Laws of the Earth. One is the Profound Mysteries of the ‘Essence of the Earth’, while the other is the Profound Mysteries of Strength.

Linley’s heart leapt.

He now knew of yet another profound mystery of the Laws of the Earth; the Profound Mysteries of Strength.

“Rumble...” A large amount of earth elemental essence solidified, and the body of the bald man, Burgess, became covered with a sparkling earthen armor.

“Not the color of adamantite?” Linley was secretly surprised.

“Linley, against you, there’s no need for me to utilize the Profound Mysteries of Strength. I’ll directly utilize the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth. Careful!” Burgess laughed loudly, and as he spoke, he kicked off the ground powerfully, charging forward while smashing towards Linley with his fist.

The sun reflected off of his sparkling earthen armor in a dazzling manner. Burgess’ right fist actually transformed into the head of a vicious wolf that opened its mouth and bit downwards.

“Hoooooowl!” The vicious wolf actually let out a howling sound.

Linley’s face changed. He wanted to retreat, but Burgess had actually utilized his Godrealm. As a God, Burgess’ Godrealm had caused Linley’s speed to drop dramatically.

“Clang!” Bloodviolet clashed against that vicious wolf’s head first.

Linley was sent blasting backwards like a sandbag. With a ‘boom’, he smashed viciously into the deep pool of water like a meteorite, sending water spraying everywhere. Under the light of the sun, the water drops spraying everywhere

seemed like sparkling jewels.

“Hey, that’s way too weak.” Burgess shook his head.

“Boom!” Linley erupted out from the surface of the water, then landed on the ground. Staring at Burgess, he immediately asked, “Mr. Burgess, how is it that the vicious wolf’s head which your fist had transformed into could have such power? How could its hardness be on a level with a divine artifact?” Linley felt utterly mystified by what had just happened.

Burgess quirked his lips. “Think about it for yourself.”

Linley’s smile froze.

“Alright. Let’s do it again.” Linley gritted his teeth.

From this day onwards, each day, Linley would be defeated by Burgess three times. Burgess never gave him any guidance. Any questions Linley had, he would tell Linley to go think about it for himself. Actually... even if Burgess had explained it, he wouldn’t be able to truly explain it clearly.

After all, in order to understand the profound mysteries of the ‘Essence of the Earth’, Burgess had spent over a thousand years.

Linley sparred with Burgess, while Bebe sparred with that white-robed man.

With this sort of continued ‘sparring’, Linley’s rate of improvement in understanding the ‘Essence of the Earth’ increased greatly.

Once again, Linley was sent flying. As he fell down onto the ground, a smile actually appeared on his face.

“I was wrong, wrong!”

Linley began to laugh loudly. “It isn’t dead. It isn’t dead.”

“I never understood what the power behind the throbbing pulse everywhere in the boundless earth was all about. Now, I understand. I understand. The Throbbing Pulse of the World. Haha. So this is the Throbbing Pulse of the World!” Linley seemed to have gone mad, as he raised his head and laughed wildly. And just as Linley began to laugh loudly...

An enormous, unique, irresistible surge of force descended. The space around

Linley became distorted. In the face of this unique presence that was like the Laws, any creature, no matter how powerful, was like nothing but an ant.

Even Burgess couldn't help but tremble.

The bald Burgess, who had just defeated Linley yet again and was preparing to delightedly lecture him, was stupefied. "This Linley, he... he broke through, just like that. Isn't this too monstrous?" Burgess finally understood the difference between himself and a genius.

The Throbbing Pulse of the World

The natural Laws descended.

Even Bebe and the white-robed man, who had been sparring, had their attention drawn and came over. Bebe moved like a flash of lightning through the mountain forests and arrived within the gorge. He saw Linley hovering there, and his eyes became filled with delight. “Boss, you’ve finally mastered the Throbbing Pulse of the World?”

“Big Brother, what’s going on? He... he broke through, just like that?” The white-robed man flew over, also very surprised.

The bald man, Burgess, said in a state of some confusion, “Just then, I knocked him down. I don’t know what caused him to gain a sudden insight, but he actually broke through. Look, isn’t this... this is so discouraging to me.”

“No wonder Third Brother praised him.” The white-robed man looked towards Linley as well.

As though through teleportation, yet another person appeared in the ground of the gorge. It was the crimson-eyebrowed Leylin. Bebe glanced at Leylin, somewhat surprised. “This Lord of Mount Copper Gong is too powerful. However, Grandpa had said before that no expert, no matter how powerful, is capable of teleportation. I don’t know what techniques this Leylin used.”

Leylin smiled, hovering in mid-air as he watched Linley. He nodded as though in satisfaction.

Space blurred and distorted.

“Rumble...” Countless amounts of earth elemental essence surged towards the air above Linley, and that unique force surrounded Linley’s soul, seeming to be able to see completely through his soul and understand everything within it. In the air above Linley, the earth elementalessence continued to gather at an

even more rapid rate.

Suddenly...

“BOOM!” The earth elemental essences dissipated, and in the area where they previously had been, there was a black jewel-like object that glimmered faintly with earthen yellow light.

The divine spark’s nature was of course connected to Linley’s soul.

“Earth-style divine spark.” Linley felt a surge of joy in his heart. Linley had already had experience and been prepared for this long ago.

“Finally, I have become a Deity in both the earth-style and the wind-style.” Linley couldn’t help but feel excited. But at the same time, within Linley’s mind, he couldn’t help but think of Leylin. “I truly must thank this Lord of Mount Copper Gong, for me to be able to break through the bottleneck so quickly this time.”

“Should I form another divine clone?” Linley could sense the information that the natural Laws were transmitting to him.

Without hesitating at all, Linley controlled the earth-style divine spark to hover next to him, outside his body. A hint of a smile was on Linley’s lips. “Once again, my spirit will split in two. From today onwards, I’ll have yet another body, while at the same time, I can train in still more Laws. Only, this pain of the soul being split...”

“Aaaaah!” Linley’s muscles throughout his body began to convulse. The pain of his soul being split in half caused Linley’s face to instantly turn pale and utterly bloodless.

“It seems this Linley still wishes to train in other Laws.” Leylin exhaled in appreciation. “He actually chose to once again split his soul in half.” Leylin knew full well how agonizing it was for the soul to be split in half. When one’s soul was forcefully ripped in half, even the most powerful of experts wouldn’t be able to refrain from screaming.

Fortunately, in that moment of becoming a Deity, one’s soul would be protected by the natural Laws.

Right now, the soul tearing wouldn't cause any problems. Under normal circumstances, however, a simple vibration that was powerful enough could cause the soul to truly collapse and the spirit to shatter, to say nothing of the soul being broken in half.

A sword-shaped soul flew out from Linley's body, fusing with that earth-style divine spark hovering in mid-air.

"Sword-shaped soul?" Leylin's eyes lit up. "He has potential to train in the Laws of Destruction."

For now, Linley once more found himself within that boundless, infinite, unique plane – the Elemental Sea.

That indistinct, hazy area was filled with the boundless Elemental Sea. Waves rose and fell, and the earthen yellow waves were filled with liquefied earth essence. Deeper within it was more and more pure earth-style divine power. Linley worked hard to delve deeper into the depths in search of that divine power.

Divine earth power surrounded his earth-style divine spark, forming an earth-style divine clone that looked identical to Linley.

"Bodies formed from the natural Laws are always created naked." Linley immediately used his divine earth power to create an earthen yellow robe for his divine earth clone. With but a thought, his divine wind clone also appeared from within his original body.

Divine earth clone, divine wind clone. His two mighty divine clones circled around his original body.

And then, the two divine clones both fused into his original body.

Within Linley's sea of consciousness, the yellow-robed Linley and the green-robed Linley sat in the meditative position within the sea of consciousness, while in the air above the two divine clones, there hovered a rainbow-colored sword-shaped soul. Only, the size of it was much smaller than before.

Within Mount Copper Gong. Landing on the ground, Linley opened his eyes and as he did, he saw Leylin, Leylin's friends, and Bebe.

“Boss.” Bebe’s eyes were filled with delight, and he grinned widely. At the same time, he gave Linley a big thumbs up. “In but half a year here at Mount Copper Gong, you managed to become a Deity through the Elemental Laws of the Earth as well. Oh, right. Boss. Was it through the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth, or the Profound Mysteries of the Throbbing Pulse of the World?”

“The Throbbing Pulse of the World!” Linley said with a laugh.

“Linley, congratulations,” the Lord of Mount Copper Gong, Leylin, said with a calm smile.

Linley looked towards Leylin, immediately growing somber. And then, he bowed in a very formal manner, saying with gratitude, “Mr. Leylin, I am truly grateful for the assistance the three of you provided. If it wasn’t for you, I don’t know how long it would have taken me to break through this bottleneck.”

“No need to thank me. If there are thanks to be given, we three brothers should be thanking you,” Leylin said.

“Huh?” Linley was startled.

Leylin, thank him? Why thank him?

The bald man, Burgess, laughed loudly, “Haha. Linley, if it wasn’t for you and those other two Demigods, we three brothers would most likely still be within the Gebados Planar Prison.”

Linley and Bebe instantly understood.

“So it seems this Leylin truly did escape from the Gebados Planar Prison as well,” Linley secretly said to himself.

“Boss. It seems Olivier’s sword strike actually did something good.” Bebe laughed.

Leylin looked at Linley. With a calm smile, he said, “Linley, right now, you have only reached the Demigod stage in the Laws of the Earth. Although you have gained mastery over the Throbbing Pulse of the World, to an expert, insights are only one factor; knowing how to apply them is what is most important.”

Linley, also having this feeling, nodded.

Indeed, after becoming a Demigod through the Laws of the Wind, he still had to research for quite some time before developing the 'Hymn of the Wind'.

"Bebe, it's best if you don't disturb Linley for now and allow him to quietly focus on sensing the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World'. When he is able to better utilize the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World', he will be able to produce more powerful attacks," Leylin looked towards Bebe and said.

"I know." Bebe nodded repeatedly.

After someone had gained an insight into the Laws, he needed to go think about how to apply them as soon as possible.

"Linley, keep training. In a while, you should be on a level comparable with my big brother," Leylin said.

"How can that be the case?" Linley laughed self-mockingly. "I'm only a Demigod, after all."

"But you have two divine clones," Leylin said with a laugh.

"This... so what if I have two?" Linley was somewhat puzzled. "The restrictive power of the Godrealm of a full God is too powerful. I can only just barely counteract part of it."

Leylin said with a laugh, "You don't even know this?"

"Huh?" Linley didn't understand.

"Linley, your two divine clones are currently merged within your original body. Each divine spark is capable of creating a Godrealm. Your two divine sparks are both capable of creating Godrealms. With the two Godrealms layered atop each other, the restrictive power you will be under will be much weaker," Leylin explained.

Linley started.

Originally, when Beirut had said a Demigod was inferior to a God, that was just in one-on-one combat.

In reality, for someone like Linley, it was as though he had two divine clones that were joining forces.

“The Godrealm of two divine clones layered atop each other might not be able to completely counteract the Godrealm of a full God, but the restrictive power will be much less. At that point, you can rely on your techniques and your profound mysteries to reach a level of parity with my big brother,” Leylin said.

Linley now felt a surge of excitement in his heart.

So having additional divine clones had this benefit as well.

Since Linley had to quietly train on utilizing the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ for attacking techniques, he naturally would no longer spar with the bald man, Burgess. Bebe didn’t disturb Linley’s meditations either. Normally, he would spar with the white-robed man in a place that was fairly far away.



*

Within the mountain gorge. Linley was by himself.

“The forbidden-level spell, ‘Pulsating Guard’, controls the ‘pulsating power’ that the earth contains.” Once that forbidden-level spell was cast, it would create a seemingly translucent barrier. This was formed from the ‘pulsating power’ that the earth naturally contained.

In the past, Linley didn’t understand how this ‘pulsating power’ was created.

“In the past, I believed this pulsating power isn’t the same as ordinary elemental essence, and was a new type of force. But now it seems... it just needs to be transformed.” After completely understanding the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’, Linley saw many things clearly. “In using the Throbbing Pulse of the World, aside from using vibrations to attack, I should be able to use this pulsating power to attack.”

Linley stood atop the earth, the divine power in his body surging.

That strange pulsating power passed through Linley’s feet into the earth, then broadcast outwards towards the deep pool in front of him.

“BOOM!” Water erupted forth from the pool.

“This sort of attack is silent and gives no warning.” Linley had a hint of a smile at the corner of his mouth. “If I were to train for a while longer, it should become even more powerful.”



*

Rohault Empire. Within that secluded manor.

“Linley is actually training by himself?” Sadista had spread his divine sense out towards Mount Copper Gong once again. Naturally, he discovered that Linley was training alone. “This Linley truly is formidable. He has reached the Demigod stage in the Laws of the Earth as well.”

Sadista’s eyes revealed a cold light.

The greater Linley’s potential was, the more Sadista wanted to kill him.

“I definitely cannot permit Linley to go to the Infernal Realm and return to the Indigo Prefecture.” Sadista was certain on this point. “There are only two Gods at Mount Copper Gong. If Anras moves fast enough, he should be able to kill Linley in a short amount of time.”

Sadista was still fairly confident in Anras.

This was because Anras trained in the Elemental Laws of Fire, famed for attack power.

“Anras...” Sadista immediately reached out with his divine sense towards Anras.

Tonight was a dark and cloudy night. The wind was very strong.

A human figure was flying in mid-air at high speed. It was the red-robed Anras. Anras stared towards the south. “After waiting for so long, the opportunity has finally come.” Just now, Sadista had provided him with Linley’s location and a map through his divine sense.

Anras knew exactly where Linley was.

A faint red light began to glow in the eyes of Anras.

Soon, Mount Copper Gong appeared within Anras' field of vision. Anras' face grew still colder. He was very familiar with Mount Copper Gong's layout. He easily sped downwards, passing through the mountain forests and drawing near the location where Linley was training in the gorge.

Within that manor formed from earth elemental essence.

"That arrogant fellow. He had been spreading his divine sense over to investigate time and time again. So he really did have nefarious intentions." Leylin let out a calm laugh. Sadista had thought that no one would notice his repeated divine sense investigations in the area, but what he didn't know was that Leylin had been fully aware of him.

"The person who came this time should be a subordinate." Leylin wasn't worried at all.

"A God. This is a chance to see how Linley's strength has advanced. I wonder if he'll be able to resist." In the end, Leylin still disappeared from within his courtyard. In truth, Anras was much closer to Linley's gorge than he had been.

And yet...

Leylin arrived first.

In the gorge where Linley was training. Linley was absorbed in his meditations. But suddenly, he felt the ground vibrate slightly.

"Huh?" Confused, Linley stopped his training.

"What's going on?" Linley didn't understand what problem had just appeared.

Only, Linley didn't know that at the corner of the gorge, a rock had suddenly appeared. This rock was emanating a faint earthen aura. "Best to watch from here. Otherwise, if Linley were to die, then things would really get a bit tricky. Oh. That God has arrived."

Earth and Wind

Linley didn't discover that Anras had come. Rather, he was focusing on pondering the Throbbing Pulse of the World.

"Mr. Leylin's words were correct. The 'Essence of the Earth' is the profound mystery of the Laws of the Earth with great defense against material attack, while the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World' defends against spiritual attacks. At the same time... it not only can defend against spiritual attacks, it can also engage in spiritual attacks."

Linley was currently pondering how to rely upon the Throbbing Pulse of the World to execute a spiritual attack.

Within that quiet, gloomy gorge, atop a distant tree, there was a human figure. It was Anras.

Anras was looking at Linley, training within the gorge. "Killing him will only require a single blow!" Although Anras knew Linley was a Demigod, Anras still decided to engage in a sneak attack, so as to kill Linley in a short amount of time. This was the order of Sadista.

It was very quiet within the valley.

"Swish!" Very suddenly, a streak of red, fiery light split through the air, piercing towards Linley.

Linley was shocked.

"Not good." Linley could feel that he had already become restricted by a Godrealm.

Other Demigods, if suddenly ambushed by the Godrealm of a God and this full-strength attack, definitely wouldn't be able to react in time.

But Linley had often sparred with Burgess, a full God. Now, in the face of Anras' sneak attack, Linley reacted almost naturally...

First of all, relying on the two divine clones within his body, he immediately created two Godrealms of his own.

At the same time, Bloodviolet instantly appeared within Linley's hands, and in a very practiced manner, it danced out. Countless sword shadows transformed into a long violet chain, which intersected with that fiery red light. Linley himself relied on the backlash from those colliding blows to rapidly retreat.

"Bang!" Linley was sent smashing far away into the mountain walls behind the waterfall. The mountain walls cracked open, and stones came tumbling down.

"Hrm?" Anras' face changed. "Linley was able to block my sneak attack, just like that?"

Anras was very surprised.

"Swish!" Anras slashed downwards in a line, moving like a bird of prey as he charged towards the hole in the mountain wall that Linley had just created. But with a 'BOOM' sound, at another part of the mountain wall, Linley suddenly exploded out like a bolt of lightning, landing on the empty ground of the gorge.

Azure-gold draconic scales covered Linley's entire body, and his iron-whip-like draconic tail flashed with icy cold light as it gently swayed about. Linley's icy, dark golden eyes stared coldly towards the mountain wall.

"Who are you?" Linley barked.

After having transformed into the Dragonblood Warrior form, Linley's speed had risen dramatically. Even though he used his two Godrealms together, the opponent's God-level Godrealm still put him at a disadvantage. However, by relying on the Profound Truths of Velocity and his Dragonblood Warrior form, he was still able to maintain parity with the opponent's speed.

Linley's loud shout didn't just shock Anras.

At the same time...

In a different part of Mount Copper Gong, where Bebe and the white-robed man were sparring, the two of them as well as the spectating Burgess were all shocked.

"Boss." Bebe's face changed. He immediately charged towards the gorge

alongside those two Gods.

“Not good.” Anras knew that the situation was dire. “If I wait until those two Gods get here, I won’t have any chance at all!” Anras’ body was wrapped in flames, and he slashed through the skies like an arrow, charging towards Linley.

That icy, flame-wrapped spear in his hands pierced directly towards Linley.

“My most powerful attack!” Anras’ eyes glittered coldly as he stared at Linley.

Linley stood there, staring at him with those dark golden eyes, not dodging at all.

“He’s asking to be killed.” Anras, seeing that the opponent wasn’t dodging, couldn’t help but sneer in his heart.

Actually, when Linley came out from the mountain walls and shouted loudly, he had already controlled the divine power in his body to be transformed by the Throbbing Pulse of the World into surges of pulsating power, which were spreading out, from Linley’s feet. With Linley at the center, an area of a hundred meters had become the domain of that pulsating power.

“Right at this moment!” Linley’s eyes suddenly lit up!

At the same instant, dozens of surges of pulsating power emerged from within the ground, rising up from below to surround Anras at high speed. It was as though... ‘hands’ had suddenly appeared from the ground, snatching at Anras’ legs and covering his entire body.

Anras’ face changed dramatically.

“Die!” Right at this moment, the Dragonformed Linley swept out with Bloodviolet and his adamantine heavy sword in his hands as he charged at Anras.

“BOOM!” The divine power in his body bursting forth, Anras hurriedly broke free of the restraining power of the large amount of pulsating power. However, at the same moment he broke free of that power, the distance between himself and Linley had been decreased to less than ten meters. A distance of less than ten meters, to Anras and Linley, was simply too close.

Because their speed was too fast!

How could Anras retreat? After all, Bebe and those two Gods were flying over at high speed as well.

A dazzling, cold light flashed out from his spear as he thrust it towards Linley, the tip of the spear carrying a dim surge of faint red light.

This was Anras' most powerful attack; 'Soul Destroyer'!

A devilish violet light flashed, while at the same time, a pleasant flute melody could be heard. Upon hearing this melody, even Anras was slightly affected. After having trained for twenty years, Linley's 'Hymn of the Wind' technique was now much more powerful than it had been in the past.

More importantly, this 'Hymn of the Wind' wasn't just a flute melody; it also contained an invisible 'sound wave attack'.

Bloodviolet clashed head on with the spear.

"Clang!"

Those illusory sword shadows and those illusory faint red spear shadows collided at the same time.

"BOOM!" The illusory sword shadows held on for only an instant before shattering. The faint red spear shadow had only dimmed slightly, continuing to pierce towards Linley.

"Not good." Linley's face changed dramatically.

But this spiritual attack was simply too fast. There was no time!

"Terrible!" Leylin, hidden within a distant rock nearby the gorge, was greatly shocked. Although he was fast, he wasn't as fast as a spiritual attack.

"Die!" Linley bellowed as his adamantine heavy sword landed on Anras' body.

Although it took a while to describe, in truth, Linley had executed simultaneous attacks with Bloodviolet and the adamantine heavy sword. Anras had chosen to not dodge, but he only had a single weapon. Between Bloodviolet and the adamantine heavy sword, Anras had clearly sensed that Bloodviolet posed a higher threat.

He had blocked Bloodviolet, and so naturally, the adamantine heavy sword

landed on his body.

At the same moment that the dim red spear shadow pierced into Linley's body...

A queer sort of spiritual energy that had been transformed into vibrational waves passed through the adamantine heavy sword and entered Anras' body.

"BOOM!"

The scale-shaped, semi-translucent barrier covered Linley's entire sea of consciousness, revealing only that single gap. The dim red spear shadow smashed against that translucent scaled barrier, then shattered immediately. Only a small amount of the dispersed red energy struck against that flaw in the barrier, attempting to break through.

However, Linley's spiritual energy had formed into a Pulseguard Defense.

If it had been the dim red spear shadow, perhaps Linley's spiritual Pulseguard Defense wouldn't have been able to hold. However, this was nothing more than the scattered remnants of that attack.

An illusory, translucent sword-shape pierced directly into Anras' sea of consciousness.

If one magnified this illusory sword shadow ten thousand times, one might discover that this was actually countless, dense spiritual waves that formed a complete sword shape. Linley's previously quite ordinary spiritual energy, after being transformed by the Throbbing Pulse of the World, had become extremely terrifying.

The illusory sword shadow pierced into Anras' sea of consciousness. Anras' spiritual energy immediately rose up, creating a defensive, blocking wall. Only, this sort of ordinary defensive wall, in the face of that illusory sword shadow formed from those countless ripples of spiritual energy, quickly collapsed.

The illusory sword shadow smashed viciously against the divine spark.

"BANG!" The divine spark trembled, and in the end, the soul contained within it was dispersed.

The Omega Wave of the Throbbing Pulse of the World – Voidpulse Sword!

“Success?” Linley was overjoyed.

Originally, Linley had only utilized the Throbbing Pulse of the World to create vibrations to attack the enemy’s internal organs. Based on what he had learned from the ‘Hymn of the Wind’ and the results of months of study, Linley had already begun to understand how the Throbbing Pulse of the World could be used to execute spiritual attacks. Actually, this Voidpulse Sword of Linley’s wasn’t perfect yet. Sometimes he was successful in utilizing it, but sometimes he would fail.

Unexpectedly, this time he had succeeded.

“Whoosh!” Suddenly, another figure suddenly appeared from within the corpse of Anras. This figure grabbed that divine spark and then quickly charged into the skies.

“This Anras had another body!” Linley’s face changed.

“Swoosh!”

Linley immediately pursued.

“My God body was actually destroyed. I, an exalted God, was actually defeated by a Demigod?” Anras’ heart was filled with rage. He had two bodies, one a God-level divine fire clone, while the other was a Demigod-level divine wind clone. Anras naturally cared the most about his God-level body.

“I definitely, definitely will get revenge!” Anras howled angrily in his heart, but at the same time, Anras frantically tried to flee.

“Whooooosh.” His divine sense frantically surged out, blasting towards the Rohault Empire.

“Lord Sadista!”

Sadista was awaiting the good news from Anras. “Oh, Anras, you succeeded?”

“Lord Sadista, save me, save me!” Anras stuttered out. This instantly caused Sadista to be stunned. Sadista immediately spread out his own divine sense, encapsulating the entire Mount Copper Gong area with it, allowing him to clearly know the situation within.

“What?” Sadista’s face changed dramatically.

Although this took time to describe, in reality, from the moment when Linley and Anras first fought until now, there had only been two exchanges; the first was the sneak attack, while the second was the full-strength attack of both sides. These two exchanges went by very quickly. Bebe and those two Gods had yet to reach the gorge.

Anras was unlucky enough to have met with Linley, who was in possession of a damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact.

No matter how badly damaged a Sovereign artifact was, it was still a Sovereign artifact! Unfortunately for Anras, Linley's Bloodviolet as well as his adamantine heavy sword both contained terrifying spiritual attacks.

"Flee, flee!" Anras frantically tried to flee. His remaining body, being a wind-type Demigod body, was indeed very fast.

"Shkreeeeeeeeeee!"

An enraged screech filled the air, and an enormous, illusory Godeater Rat suddenly appeared in mid-air. The Godeater Rat opened its mouth, and a bizarre force suddenly enveloped Anras, freezing him in mid-air, preventing him from moving at all.

"Bebe?" Linley came to a halt as well, staring at the distant Bebe in astonishment.

Bebe had already transformed into the Godeater Rat form, with a length of half a meter. Only, behind Bebe's body, there was an enormous illusory Godeater Rat that was over a hundred meters tall.

"Ahhh, noooo!" Anras felt a sense of hopelessness.

A wind-style divine spark directly emerged from within Anras' body, transforming into a ray of light as it streaked straight towards Bebe's mouth. Like eating a bean, Bebe swallowed the wind-style divine spark into his stomach.

Anras' body slumped powerlessly to the ground.

Bebe scurried over, grabbing Anras' interspatial ring as well as that fire-style divine God spark. "Hmph, you dare act against my Boss, and you still want to

flee? In your dreams!” Bebe gave Anras’ corpse two or three good kicks as well, clearly quite angry.

The bald man, Burgess, as well as the white-robed man and Linley all stared in astonishment, mouths gaping.

“This... this is the divine ability of a Godeater Rat?” Linley’s heart trembled.

Devouring someone’s divine spark?

No wonder they dared style themselves as ‘Godeater Rats’. This was too monstrous.

“Boss.” Bebe flew over, tossing the fire-style divine God spark in his hands to Linley. “I’m not able to digest this God-level divine spark. All yours.”

“Oh.” Linley accepted the God-level divine spark.

“Wait, what did you say?” Linley looked towards Bebe. “Did you just say, digest?”

Divine sparks were so hard as to be indestructible. Even divine artifacts wouldn’t be able to leave the slightest mark on them. This was why when Deities died, they would leave behind a divine spark. Not even the full-strength attack of a Highgod could shatter a divine spark. But Bebe had...

“Right. I’m only a Demigod, so I’m only able to digest Demigod-level divine sparks.” This was Bebe’s explanation.

Linley looked at Bebe, truly not knowing what to say.

An Implacable Rage

“Digest a divine spark?” The bald man and the white-robed man, two full Gods, descended from the air. The bald man, Burgess, stared with eyes as round as an ox’s towards Bebe. “Divine sparks are known to be indestructibly tough, and are ten thousand times tougher than even divine artifacts!”

In the Gebados Planar Prison, when experts engaged in battle, no matter what level the battle was at, divine sparks were never destroyed. In terms of toughness, most likely even Linley’s Bloodviolet couldn’t compare to a divine spark.

“In theory, divine sparks should be utterly indestructible.” The white-robed man nodded as well.

“Yeah, divine sparks really are tough. Even though my teeth are really sharp, I’m still not able to chew through and grind them up.” Bebe rubbed his nose in resignation.

“You want to grind them up?” Even Linley, upon hearing these words, wanted to curse at Bebe. However, Bebe’s gaze held a hint of slyness within them, causing Linley to not know whether to laugh or to cry. “Bebe, you little rascal, you are growing more and more sly. I wonder where you are learning this from.”

Bebe intentionally let out a long sigh. “I’m not able to chew and grind them up with my teeth, so, all I can do is just swallow them into my tummy and digest them.”

“Digest it.” Burgess and the other two all felt this was too inconceivable.

“Why not? I’m a divine beast, you know.” Bebe intentionally raised his head high. “In the countless planes of the universe, I’m only the second Godeater Rat to ever exist. There’s quite a few ‘Ba-Serpents’ and ‘Heaven Devouring Beasts’ in the other countless planes of the universe, you know. They aren’t nearly as

rare and precious as we Godeater Rats.”

Linley laughed in his heart, “Bebe most likely heard from Lord Beirut that other planes have ‘Ba-Serpents’ and ‘Heaven Devouring Beasts’.”

The Suanni Lion [Heaven Devouring Beast] and the Ba-Serpent, these two types of divine beasts, were the only ones of their kind in the Yulan Plane.

But there were far too many material planes. Dylin and Tarosse, however, had never gone to other planes. Naturally, they didn’t know anything about how many divine beasts the other planes possessed.

“Linley, Bebe, let’s go. Go to our place for a while. Third Brother is waiting for you.” The white-robed man smiled.

“Mr. Leylin?”

Since that mysterious Mr. Leylin had invited him, Linley and Bebe wouldn’t decline, of course. They immediately followed Burgess and the white-robed man and flew back to the earth elemental manor.



*

In the gorge where Linley had been training.

That rock in the corner of the gorge suddenly disappeared, transforming into Leylin, dressed in a dark red robe. Leylin looked towards the east, his eyes seeming to pierce through the walls of reality, a smile at the corner of his lips. “Hmph. It seems that Highgod hasn’t gone crazy yet. He didn’t immediately come to get revenge.”

“But Linley’s rate of improvement has still exceeded my expectations.” Leylin let out a praising sigh. “That violet longsword of his should be a Highgod artifact. The baleful aura it contains is so strong. Who knows how many experts have died beneath that sword.”

“However, it’s still best to not be overconfident.”

Leylin frowned. “If that Highgod were to suddenly attack... the difference between Linley and a Highgod is simply too great. Even if I wanted to rescue

him, I wouldn't have the time to. It's best to make preparations early!"

Leylin was capable of easily detecting Anras' arrival to Mount Copper Gong.

But if it was Sadista, especially if Sadista hid his aura, unless Leylin were to actively utilize his divine sense to search, or to search using some other abilities, he wouldn't be able to quickly detect Sadista's presence.

"It seems we need to be careful for a while." Leylin chuckled, and then, as the earth elemental essence around him shuddered slightly, Leylin disappeared into thin air.

As Linley and the others flew towards this manor that was completely formed from earth elemental essence, Leylin had already arrived within it.

By the time Linley and the others landed in the manor, they saw Leylin seated while leisurely sipping wine.

"Third Brother, Linley and Bebe have come. What do you need them for?" the bald man, Burgess, asked loudly.

Leylin put down his cup of wine, smiling as he looked at Linley and Bebe. "The two of you, sit."

Linley's heart was filled with questions. "What does Leylin want with us?"

"In the upcoming period of time, it's best for you to live within this manor. If you need to train, Linley, then you can train within the courtyard." Leylin bluntly proclaimed his intentions.

Linley and Bebe couldn't help but feel somewhat astonished.

"Mr. Leylin, live at your place?" Linley was somewhat puzzled.

Leylin laughed loudly. "What? Can it be that there's something wrong with my place? Or is it that you are afraid that you will damage my residence? Don't worry. The walls of my residence aren't that flimsy. Even if you cause some damage to it, I can easily repair it."

"That's not what I meant," Linley hurriedly said. "But since you have asked us to stay, Mr. Leylin, then Bebe and I will bother you with our presence for a time."

Towards this Lord of Mount Copper Gong, Leylin, Linley and Bebe both felt some reverence. First of all, the person was powerful. Second of all, he truly had treated the two of them quite well.

After all, based on what that Sati said, normally, whenever Leylin gave someone advice, they wouldn't give that person advice a second time within ten years.

"Linley, I watched quite clearly as you did battle with that God just now. For you to be able to develop a spiritual attack with the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World' in such a short period of time truly is quite impressive," Leylin said in praise.

"Actually, I haven't fully mastered this attack yet." Linley felt he was very lucky as well. "At that dangerous moment, I was out of options, and thus I simultaneously used Bloodviolet and the adamantine heavy sword. Luckily for me, the attack of my adamantine heavy sword succeeded. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to kill that God."

Leylin nodded, and then said seriously, "Linley, there is something I must warn you about."

"Mr. Leylin, pray tell." Linley immediately focused.

Leylin nodded. "Linley, to be honest, when you use Bloodviolet in a spiritual attack, the power is too low. All you are doing is applying spiritual energy in a simple manner, passing it through Bloodviolet and using it to attack the opponent's soul. The only good aspect to this attack is that you included the Profound Mysteries of Music into it."

"I urge you, at a critical moment when dealing with a powerful foe, don't use this sort of attack. In terms of spiritual attack power, this attack is far inferior to you using that attack of the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World'. The difference is too great."

"The strength is rather low." Linley knew this very well.

The Hymn of the Wind, although a spiritual attack, was in truth not connected to any deep understanding of any Laws. It just filled Bloodviolet with spiritual energy and utilized Bloodviolet to release that attack.

That was it.

When the ‘Hymn of the Wind’ technique struck the ‘Soul Destroyer’ technique, the illusory Bloodviolet shadows created by the ‘Hymn of the Wind’ were instantly eradicated. Its strength was far inferior.

When Linley had developed the Throbbing Pulse of the World – Voidwave Sword, he discovered that a spiritual attack that contained profound mysteries within it could reach an astonishingly terrifying height.

It can be said that the ‘Hymn of the Wind’ was nothing but a ‘hammer’ created from spiritual energy that pierced through the opponent’s soul.

However, the Throbbing Pulse of the World – Voidwave Sword caused his spiritual energy to pass through the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ principles and instantly release millions of surges of spiritual ripples. The countless spiritual ripples miraculously then formed in an organized manner into a comprehensive whole, that illusory sword shadow! The illusory sword shadow, upon striking the soul, would release those countless surges of sword ripples. Reinforcing each other, the power of those countless sword ripples would suddenly layer atop each other, reaching an extreme!

It was much like ordinary white paper. Even you folded it up into a stick, if you used a lot of force, you would still break it. However, if you were to chop the paper into hundreds of strips, and then braid those strips into a cohesive whole, then its endurance would be a hundred times greater and would be able to sustain a weight of even hundreds of kilograms.

The effectiveness of the ‘braiding’ of the Profound Mysteries of the Throbbing Pulse of the World was hundreds of times greater than simple braiding.

“The Hymn of the Wind spiritual attack is a rather low-level one. Only after fusing with the profound mysteries of the Laws will one’s attack power increase.” Linley understood this.

Leylin laughed, “If you had used your adamantine heavy sword to strike that God’s spear, then your spiritual attacks would most likely have cancelled out! His spiritual attack’s power is on par with yours.”

Leylin, given his experience and judgment, was easily able to make this

determination.

“Oh?” Linley thought back to that faint red spear shadow as well. That spear shadow was indeed quite powerful. “If I didn’t have that damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact, I most likely wouldn’t have been able to take a soul attack on that level.”

“Linley, there’s something I’m mystified about.”

Leylin frowned as he looked at Linley. “That dying blow spiritual attack the God released... the soul of even most Gods wouldn’t have been able to take it, much less yours. How is it that you seem to be completely unaffected?”

This question had stumped Leylin for quite a while.

“This...” Linley didn’t know what to say.

Could it be that he would tell Leylin that he had a damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact? A Sovereign artifact, even a damaged one, was more than enough to cause a Highgod to become red-eyed with desire.

“Haha, I’m being rude.” Leylin laughed loudly. “I shouldn’t ask a question like this. Linley, just live nearby for now. If you have any training questions, you can ask me.”

“Alright.” Linley nodded.

“You need to master the spiritual attack aspects of the Throbbing Pulse of the World as soon as possible,” Leylin laughed.

Linley and Bebe thus began living within the manor and quietly training within. Occasionally, when puzzled, Leylin would use some examples to help explain to Linley. Sometimes, Linley would suddenly understand. If he didn’t understand, then Leylin would have Linley to slowly think about it on his own.

All Leylin could do with regards to training was occasionally give some guidance.



*

Linley’s training days were very happy and peaceful, but in the Rohault

Empire, that Highgod, Sadista, had been in a terrible mood in recent days.

Within the courtyard, Sadista was currently dining with his two Gods. Only, Sadista's face was very gloomy, and the two Gods didn't dare to make any sound.

"Bang!"

Sadista slammed the crystal wineglass onto the table, then rose and walked out of the living room. Because Sadista had used a little too much force, the crystal wineglass actually shattered.

The two Gods glanced at each other.

"Danny, ever since Anras died, during this past month, Lord Sadista has been in a terrible mood. How should we resolve this?" the middle-aged man with short silver hair said.

They were frustrated as well.

If Sadista was always in such a gloomy, dark mood, their lives wouldn't be comfortable either. They would be in the Yulan Plane for nearly a thousand years, after all. If they had to spend a thousand years in nervousness, that would indeed be quite miserable.

"Right. This has to be resolved. I'll go discuss this matter with Uncle," that youngster, Danny, said. Danny was Sadista's nephew. Thus, it fell upon him to deal with this.

Sadista was wearing a noble, lavish violet robe. Standing in the beautiful flower gardens, he was in a very bad mood, despite how beautiful the flowers were.

"This Linley is a mere Demigod. In order to kill him, Anras died! And right now, I still can't go act against him!" Sadista's heart was filled with repressed anger.

He was indeed capable of killing Linley, and perhaps Beirut wouldn't find out.

But if Beirut did find out, then he, Sadista, wouldn't be able to enter the Necropolis of the Gods.

"The Necropolis of the Gods matters more!" Sadista kept on reminding himself. For the sake of the Necropolis of the Gods, he had to choose to remain

in hiding and not go deal with Linley. But he still felt angry and resentful. After all, Linley was only a Demigod. How could Sadista not vent this anger in his heart?

Smoldering rage!

“Uncle.” A sound rang out.

Sadista glanced over. Calmly, he said, “Oh, Danny. What is it?”

“Uncle, in the past month, I’ve seen that you are always in a bad mood. Anras is dead and gone. In addition, he was only a God. There’s no need to care so much about it,” Danny said.

Sadista snorted but didn’t say anything.

He didn’t care about a God. What made him miserable was that he had suffered a setback, but could only endure instead of venting his anger. If he had been angered by an expert, that was one thing. But in this case, he had been angered by a Demigod.

How could he calm down?

He wanted to go kill him, but what if Beirut found out? What then?

Smoldering, suppressed rage!

Darkness and Flame

Danny, seeing Sadista snort without saying anything, intentionally asked in a mystified manner, “Uncle, there’s something I don’t understand. You told us that Anras failed in his attempt to kill Linley and died. But how did Anras die? I refuse to believe that Linley was able to kill Anras.”

Sadista started slightly.

Who killed Anras?

Sadista himself wasn’t certain. After all, Sadista couldn’t constantly be checking with his divine sense and watching everything. He had only found out about Anras’ failure when Anras notified him using his Demigod-level divine clone. Sadista didn’t know the details of Anras’ death when he was with Linley.

“Anras had two bodies. The wind-style Demigod body was killed by that Godeater Rat,” Sadista said. He was very certain about this. “As for his divine God clone...”

“Could it be that Linley killed him?” Danny asked.

“Of course not.” Sadista snorted as he spoke. “Although Linley managed to reach the Deity level in the earth-style recently, he is still just a Demigod. Even if his two divine clones joined forces and were able to greatly reduce the binding effect of the Godrealm, you, Danny, should know that Anras was a powerful God!”

Danny nodded. “Even I can’t take Anras’ spiritual attack.”

“Of the six profound mysteries of the Elemental Laws of Fire, the profound mysteries involving spiritual attacks are amongst the most powerful,” Sadista said solemnly. “Once Anras utilized his spiritual attack, Linley would definitely die.”

However, no matter how formidable Sadista was, there was no way he could

have suspected...

That Linley would actually be in possession of a damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact.

“Thus, it should have been those two Gods in that manor who acted.” Sadista, although not certain of the exact circumstances, was certain about this determination. “This is the only explanation for why Linley didn’t die.”

“Uncle.”

Danny said in a puzzled manner, “Did any of those two Deities in the mountain range die?” As Danny saw it, given Anras’ spiritual attack power, even if those two Gods attacked him in unison, Anras should have been able to take one of them with him in death!

“Not a single one died.” Sadista laughed coldly. “Those two Gods should be very powerful. My divine sense located a manor formed from earth elemental essence within that mountain. Just from looking at the manor, I can tell that this God should have fused two types of profound mysteries together.”

Even after reaching the level of complete mastery in the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth, it was impossible to create an eternal manor like this one.

“No wonder they were able to kill Anras without either of them dying,” Danny sighed.

But then, Danny had a thought and he said to Sadista, “Uncle, I know that you are in a bad mood. Since that’s the case, why don’t you go kill those two Gods? You’ll be able to get revenge for Anras, but more importantly, you’ll be able to vent your anger.”

“Oh?”

Sadista was intrigued.

The repressed anger in his heart did indeed need to be vented.

“But that Linley and Bebe are both there.” Sadista frowned.

“Uncle, what are you worried about? As long as you don’t act against Linley, then you have nothing to worry about! Uncle, since you aren’t acting against

Linley, I trust Lord Beirut won't blame you either. There would be no excuse for him to cause trouble for you," Danny explained.

"Not act against Linley?" Sadista frowned. Deep in his heart, he truly wanted to kill Linley.

Danny laughed, "Uncle, I am also aware that once Linley returns to the 'Indigo Prefecture' in the Infernal Realm, he will most likely become a great threat to our clan. But Uncle, we don't necessarily have to kill Linley in the Yulan Plane! Once Linley reaches the Infernal Realm, we can make our move then. The Infernal Realm is so vast and enormous, while Linley is completely unfamiliar with that area. Wouldn't it be extremely simple for us to deal with him then?"

"Ha, haha..." Sadista began to laugh.

Sadista laughed as he looked at Danny. "Danny, I was pushing myself into a corner just now. Right. The Infernal Realm is limitless and vast. Linley won't find it so easy to make his way to the Indigo Prefecture. We are completely capable of acting against him in the Infernal Realm." Staring towards the west, Sadista felt a surge of joy.

"Let's go kill those two Gods!" Sadista deeply detested those two Gods.

"Uncle, when you see Linley, you can even greet him in a warm, friendly manner." Danny laughed. "After all, you aren't going to kill him here in the Yulan Plane, so what have you to fear? As for killing him in the Infernal Realm, how could that Beirut know about everything that is happening in the Infernal Realm? Not even a Sovereign could do that!"

Sadista's smile became even more brilliant.

"Haha, well spoken." Sadista slapped Danny on the shoulders. "In the Yulan Plane, I can even make friends with Linley. After all, I can wait until we are in the Infernal Realm before making my move!"

"I've been suppressing my anger for over a month now." Sadista stared towards the west. "Hmph. I'm going to go kill those two detestable fellows right now. On the way, I'll go make friends with Linley." As he spoke, Sadista immediately flew into the air.

"I'm going to go make friends with Linley and Bebe." Sadista felt unspeakably

amused.

Sadista's body transformed into emptiness, and his body completely disappeared from the area.

"Supposedly, Uncle has already fused three profound mysteries of the Laws of Darkness. I wonder how long it will be before I reach that stage." Standing there in the garden, Danny let out a long sigh. It was hard to fuse even two profound mysteries of a Law.

As for fusing three, the difficulty was dozens of times greater.

There were very few Highgods who were at that stage.



*

The mountain range of Mount Copper Gong. Within the elemental manor.

"Linley, although the aura of your Bloodviolet sword can affect an opponent, there's no need for you to force yourself to use it for soul attacks," Leylin explained to Linley. "A truly powerful attack brings forth the profound mysteries of the Laws through the divine artifacts being wielded."

"You are completely capable of utilizing the Profound Truths of Velocity, the Profound Mysteries of Music, and the Profound Mysteries of Sound Waves through your Bloodviolet." Leylin laughed. "Although these are physical attacks, there isn't much of a difference between physical attacks and soul attacks. When your sword physically chops down through the opponent's skull, it will still slam onto their divine spark and kill them, right?"

Linley nodded as though he had gained some insight.

"Remember. Use the profound mysteries that you have learned as the basis for your attacks. That's all you need to do. There's no need to be influenced too much by your choice of weapons!" Leylin said. "Look. Although your adamantine heavy sword is just a low-level divine artifact, the power of your 'Voidwave Sword' was far greater than that of Bloodviolet's."

Linley laughed.

“Leylin...” Just as Linley was about to speak, he saw that Leylin was frowning. “I didn’t expect he would actually come.”

Leylin’s body moved, disappearing from within the Elemental Manner.

“What just happened?” Linley didn’t understand.

Actually, ever since Anras had launched his sneak attack, Leylin had covered the entire Mount Copper Gong area with a spiderweb-like net of ‘Gravitational Space’. ‘Gravitational Space’ was also one of the extremely miraculous profound mysteries of the Laws of the Earth, and was a very high-level one as well.

Within his ‘Gravitational Space’, Leylin could instantly increase the strength of the local gravity by ten thousand times.

But Leylin didn’t do this. All he had done was to cover the entire Mount Copper Gong with his ‘Gravitational Space’, not actually changing the strength of the gravity. Because the boundless earth contained gravity to begin with, although Leylin set up his Gravitational Space, Sadista didn’t notice it when flying over, thinking that the gravity here was just the natural gravity of the earth.

But as soon as Sadista entered the range of Mount Copper Gong, Leylin naturally discovered his presence.

Right now, halfway up the quiet mountainside of Mount Copper Gong, the white-robed man was currently sparring with Bebe. Their two shadows flashed continuously, striking against each other, each time creating a metallic ‘clang’ sound as they did.

The bald man, Burgess, watched and laughed from the side. “Second Brother, you are a full God, and yet you actually have spent this much time without being able to defeat Bebe. You really are making yourself look bad, you know.”

“I’m only using a single profound mystery, ‘Lightspeed’. If I were to use two profound mysteries, I would have won long ago. In addition, that dagger of Bebe’s really is quite bizarre. Not even my body dares to take it head on,” the white-robed man cried out in protest at Burgess’ words during the sparring match, but Bebe was indeed very powerful.

Especially that dagger-shaped weapon of his.

“You are a full God. Stop looking for excuses.” Burgess laughed loudly.

“Bang!” Bebe was sent flying.

“Again,” Bebe said, gritting his teeth and saying in an insubordinate manner. But then, Bebe’s face suddenly changed slightly, and the smiles on the faces of Burgess and his friend changed as well.

Quite bizarrely, the sunlight here at the halfway point up the mountain had suddenly disappeared. Other areas still had sunlight, but in the area Bebe was in, the entire area was cast into a bizarre darkness.

A violet form suddenly appeared from within the darkness. It was Sadista.

“Who are you?” Burgess barked.

Sadista’s gaze rested on Bebe’s body. Smiling, he said, “Oh, it’s Bebe. Bebe, I have a bit of a relationship with your Grandpa Beirut, but I have a bit of a grudge against these two. You can stand off to one side for now.” Sadista’s attitude was quite pleasant.

Bebe couldn’t help but be stunned. “Who is this guy?” Bebe didn’t know Sadista at all.

Sadista turned to stare at Burgess and his friend. Laughing coldly, he said, “The two of you, prepare to die.” As he spoke, Sadista raised up a single hand...

“You want to kill my brothers? You really are quite bold.” A clear, cold voice rang out, and Leylin, dressed in a dark red robe, walked out, a hint of anger evident in his eyes, beneath those crimson eyebrows.

Seeing this person, Sadista couldn’t help but feel greatly shocked. “How could there be someone else here?” Based on what his divine sense had told him, Mount Copper Gong only had four people present; Linley, Bebe, and these two Gods. This person in front of him shouldn’t be here.

Leylin looked coldly at Sadista.

“Step back for now,” Leylin said calmly.

Bebe and the other two immediately flew to one side. At this time, Linley flew

over here from afar as well, staring in surprise at the scene. He was only able to see Leylin and Sadista. Every other place was a sea of dark nothingness.

“Who is this person?” Linley asked, puzzled.

“No idea,” Burgess said. “Only, he wants to kill us. He also said that he has a bit of a relationship with Lord Beirut.”

Linley looked towards Bebe, who shook his head. “I don’t recognize this person.”

They suddenly heard Leylin’s angry laugh from halfway up the mountain. “Haha, you want to leave after just saying, ‘perhaps this was a case of mistaken identity’? How laughable. If I hadn’t arrived just now, wouldn’t my brothers have been killed by you? Nobody who wants to kill my brothers has ever survived!”

Sadista’s angry voice rang out as well. “I gave you face, but you are still so arrogant. Haha... fine. Since that’s the case, then today, I’m not only going to kill your brothers, I’m going to kill you as well. Let’s see what you are going to do about that!”

“Boom!” With Sadista at the center, the nearby space began to distort, with the distortions expanding in each direction. The entire nearby mountain peak was actually transformed into fine powder, with the surrounding trees, grass, and even the sunlight being devoured by the distorted space surrounding Sadista. Because the light was being devoured, this distorted space appeared to be completely black.

The space was rapidly expanding.

Sadista stood there at the center of this distorted space.

Linley felt astonished. “What power is this?” Burgess and the white-robed man were similarly astonished.

“You are asking to be killed.” Sadista stared coldly at Leylin.

Leylin let out a cold chuckle. “I didn’t expect you to have some skill after all.”

“Hrmph!” Sadista let out a cold snort. That ‘black distorted space’ that was already hundreds of meters wide suddenly condensed at high speed,

transforming into an enormous black wolf that was seven or eight meters tall which completely surrounded Sadista's body.

"Groooooooooowl." Sadista's body suddenly disappeared, merging into one with that black wolf.

The black wolf, bellowing, instantly reached Leylin. It opened its maw wide, as though wanting to devour Leylin within it. In the space in front of this bloody maw, space was constantly collapsing then reforming.

"Crackle..." Suddenly, a terrifying heat arose out of nowhere. Leylin disintegrated, transforming into a ray of flaming light. This ray of flaming light 'swished' straight through the body of the black wolf, and then once more reformed into a human shape with Leylin's appearance.

As for the black wolf, its entire body began to shake with ripples...

"Aaaah!"

The wolf's body broke apart, transforming into two bodies. Sadista's two bodies both fell down from mid-air.

"Darkness and wind. What am I supposed to do with these two Highgod sparks?" Leylin glanced at the two Highgod sparks in his hands. In but an instant, Leylin had destroyed both of Sadista's divine clones. Their power simply wasn't even close to being on the same level.

Linley and Bebe both stared in astonishment, slack-jawed.

"That guy... died?" Linley could hardly believe it. That powerful Highgod had instantly been destroyed?

Paying Respect

“An arrogant fellow who had no idea of how high the heavens are, or how vast the earth is!”

Leylin lowered his head to glance at Sadista’s two corpses. With a flip of his hand, two beautiful tongues of flame licked out like flower petals, gently drifting downwards. Once they touched those two corpses, the corpses absorbed the flame like a sponge absorbing water.

“Crackle...” In mere seconds, the two bodies were transformed into dust, while the interspatial ring flew into Leylin’s hands.

“This comes from the Infernal Realm. It should have some nice surprises within it for me.” Leylin stored away the interspatial ring.

Leylin knew very well that the Infernal Realm was one of the Four Higher Realms.

Countless Deities were clustered together within the Infernal Realm. This was one of the Four Higher Planes, the four most bustling and populated of the countless planes of the universe. The Gebados Planar Prison, in comparison, was like an impoverished desert wasteland.

Although he, Leylin, was more powerful than Sadista, in terms of treasures and wealth, he most likely couldn’t compare to Sadista, who came from the Infernal Realm.

The treasures of the Necropolis of the Gods was enough to make countless experts turn red-eyed with greed, and was enough to cause some of the powerful clans in even a Higher Plane like the Infernal Realm to scheme.

Sadista had been sent by his clan to the Yulan Plane to fight for treasures. From this, one could imagine that Sadista was a well-respected figure within his clan, and even amongst Highgods was fairly powerful.

He had two mighty Highgod clones of darkness and wind! In addition, in the Laws of Darkness, he had fused three profound mysteries.

Such power could only be described as mighty.

But in front of the Lord of Mount Copper Gong, Leylin, Sadista's two mighty divine clones were instantly killed in a single exchange of blows. Thus had he fallen, forever disappearing from the world.

Only, when Sadista executed his ultimate attack, causing the nearby space to distort and collapse, he had done so because he had sensed that this 'Leylin' was no ordinary opponent. Thus, he had used his full strength without hiding anything, and by doing so, attracted attention and fear from the many experts throughout the entire Yulan continent.

"What a powerful aura!"

Many Gods hidden throughout the Yulan continent felt their hearts shudder as they sensed the energy waves coming from the west.

"Who is it?" Within the imperial palace of the Yulan Empire, the face of the graceful, elegant brown-haired youth changed slightly as he looked towards the west. "Such a powerful aura and such vibrations in space. These energy waves are too powerful. It should be a Highgod-level expert."

This brown-haired youth was the God who had taken over the Yulan Empire, Oerph.

Oerph was a fairly powerful figure amongst the Gods of the Gebados Planar Prison.

"Could it be that Highgods are engaging in a battle?" Oerph was rather puzzled. "But in the Yulan Plane, aside from Lord Beirut, the only Highgod present is Lord Adkins. Lord Adkins wouldn't be foolish enough to go engage in a great battle against Lord Beirut, would he?"

Up till now, Oerph had no idea of the presence of 'Sadista' and 'Leylin'.

Oerph's eyes narrowed and his heart grew nervous. "It seems that the Highgods within the Yulan continent aren't just Lord Beirut and Lord Adkins. There are others as well." Oerph was now rather hesitant and uncertain.

There were now several Highgods within the Yulan continent.

Even if he, Oerph, was able to enter the Necropolis of the Gods, how many treasures would he be able to get?

Within the O'Brien Empire. Adkins had been enjoying watching the dance of the palace ladies. His face suddenly changed slightly as he looked towards the west.

"Hrm?"

"Highgod!"

Not hesitating at all, Adkins immediately sent out his divine sense surging out like a wave towards the west, instantly covering the entire area west of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, including Mount Copper Gong. Adkins' investigation caused him to let out a shocked breath. "How could there not be a single Highgod present?"

But Adkins did discover that demolished mountain peak and the grass and trees.

"Devoured? A Highgod who trains in the Laws of Darkness!" Just from the aura of that battlefield, Adkins could come to this conclusion.

"That energy wave just now should have come from two Highgods doing battle. Otherwise, how could a Highgod be so bored as to so wildly blast out his power? Or, perhaps, this has to do with that Highgod in the Rohault Empire." Adkins felt puzzled.

This event couldn't help but make him think of Sadista.

After Sadista had arrived at the Yulan Plane, Adkins discovered his existence one day when spreading out his divine sense. From that day afterwards, he paid rather close attention to Sadista.

In terms of power, Adkins wasn't any weaker than Sadista.

Adkins immediately spread out his divine sense further, also covering the Rohault Empire with it. "The aura of that Highgod in the Rohault Empire has vanished?" Adkins spread his divine sense across the entire Yulan continent, but aside from Beirut's metallic castle, "Nothing. He isn't in the Yulan continent."

“What just happened, exactly?” Adkins frowned.

“Can it be that the Highgod of the Rohault Empire died?” Adkins heart shuddered. Although Adkins wasn’t afraid of Sadista, Adkins still had the feeling that Sadista wasn’t someone to be taken lightly. An expert such as him had actually vanished.

“This mountain only has four people present. One is Linley and the Godeater Rat, while the other two are Gods. Those two Gods... should be people who resided within the Ruler’s Estate of Bluefire City. I remember them.” Adkins began to ponder the question.

Adkins wasn’t surprised upon discovering Leylin’s two brothers.

After all, as soon as that tunnel had opened, everyone had frantically scurried towards it. It was normal for even people who had belonged to the Ruler’s Estate to flee to the Yulan Plane.

“I keep on having this feeling that something’s not right.” Adkins frowned.

“Lord Adkins,” the nearby Barnas said softly.

Adkins turned to look at Barnas. Coming to a decision, he said “Barnas, come make a trip with me to the west.”

“To the west?” Barnas was somewhat surprised.

“Just come.” Adkins rose from his seat, then said to the group of palace ladies dancing gracefully in front of him, “All of you can go for now,” and then he and Barnas transformed into an illusory streak that shot towards the western horizons.



*

Mount Copper Gong. Everyone was flying towards the elemental manor.

“Mr. Leylin, was that expert actually a God?” Bebe looked towards Leylin in astonishment.

Leylin, dressed in that dark golden robe, his long hair flowing freely, showed a hint of amusement in the eyes beneath his crimson eyebrows. “No, that was a

Highgod.” Leylin looked at Bebe in surprise. “Bebe, didn’t I say just now that these two divine sparks were both divine Highgod sparks?”

“Yes, you did, but if that person had two Highgod clones, why is it that he died in just a flash?” Bebe didn’t dare believe it.

“Haha, although it might be incredible for others to accomplish this, it isn’t strange at all for Third Brother to have been able to accomplish this,” the bald man, Burgess, said with a loud laugh.

The white-robed man also said, “Not only was that man a Highgod, he was a fairly powerful Highgod. Unfortunately, he actually wanted to fight against Third Brother.”

“Enough.” Listening to his two brothers brag, Leylin couldn’t help but stop them.

Linley gave this ‘Leylin’ a serious glance. Just now, when Sadista had caused the surrounding space to distort and devoured everything around him, Linley had the feeling that Sadista was completely undefeatable. He was certain... that if this Sadista had wanted to attack him, he probably would have been able to easily draw Linley into that distorted space.

He was too powerful.

He was ten times, no, a hundred times more powerful than the likes of Gods like Anras! But an expert as powerful as Sadista had died, in just an instant.

“The power of this Leylin should belong to the very topmost tier, even amongst Highgods,” Linley murmured to himself. “Perhaps he is an expert on the same level as Lord Beirut.” In his heart, Linley had already unconsciously put Leylin and Beirut on the same tier.

“Linley.” Leylin suddenly looked towards him.

“Mr. Leylin.” Linley listened carefully.

Leylin laughed, “Actually, this Highgod has a bit of a connection to you, Linley.”

“What?” Linley was somewhat surprised. “Has a connection to me? But I don’t know him at all.”

Leylin shook his head and said, “Linley, last time, didn’t that God come to Mount Copper Gong and attack you? Based on what I know, that God was this person’s subordinate.” Leylin was fully aware of many things regarding Sadista.

“He’s the one who wanted to kill my Boss?” Bebe was both angry and surprised.

He still remembered the friendly greeting Sadista had given him.

“I’m certain.” Leylin nodded seriously. “And this person isn’t from the Gebados Planar Prison. He is from the Infernal Realm, one of the Higher Planes.”

“He came from the Infernal Realm? Then why did he want to kill me?” Linley couldn’t understand. “I have no enmity with him.”

Leylin laughed loudly. “I’m not certain about why he wants to kill you. If you have some time, go ask Beirut. Perhaps Beirut would know. But of course, if he doesn’t know, you’ll have to go investigate for yourself.”

Linley nodded slightly.

“Came from the Infernal Realm? Wants to kill me? But the only people connected to me in the Infernal Realm are my ancestors.” Linley suddenly had a hint of an idea. “Could it be that it has to do with the ancestors of my Dragonblood Warrior clan?” Although he had this thought, Linley wasn’t very familiar with the ‘Infernal Realm’ of the Higher Planes, after all.

“Oh, guests are coming.” Leylin raised his head and glanced towards the northeast skies.

Dressed in a gaudy golden robe, a handsome youth descended upon Mount Copper Gong, a silver-haired old man by his side.

Adkins stood on the earlier battlefield, a large chunk of the surrounding space here having vanished. The nearby Barnas said, “Lord Adkins, I sense an extremely powerful darkness aura here.”

“Not just darkness aura. There’s also an extremely faint aura of fire.” Adkins’ face was extremely grave. “If my prediction is correct, that Highgod of the Rohault Empire is already dead, and the person who killed him trains in the

Elemental Laws of Fire!”

“Fire?” Barnas was suddenly shocked.

“Right, fire!” Adkins’ face was extremely grave.

The two exchange glances, knowing what the other was thinking. Shaking his head, Adkins said, “Let’s go pay a visit. No matter who it is, we at least have to get a clear understanding as to his identity.” As Adkins spoke, he flew straight towards the elemental manor.

Adkins and Barnas didn’t fly directly into the manor. They landed outside of it, and then, quite politely, knocked on the door.

“I hope it isn’t him,” Adkins murmured in his heart.

“Creaaaak.” The door swung open, revealing the bald man’s figure.

The bald man, Burgess, saw Adkins. A smile immediately covered his face. “So it is Mr. Adkins. Long time no see. Please, come in.” Adkins smiled slightly, and then led Barnas into the elemental mansion.

Within the elemental mansion.

Linley and the others were all seated. When Adkins and Barnas entered the courtyard, Linley and Bebe were greatly shocked.

“Why is he here?” Linley, upon seeing Barnas, was instantly shocked.

When Ojwin and the others had attacked Dragonblood Castle, they had been under the leadership of Barnas. Afterwards, Hart and Harvey, the two brothers, had joined forces, destroying one of Barnas’ clones and forcing them to flee.

“In front of Barnas, even Ojwin and the others were behaving respectfully. But he is now standing respectfully behind this youth. Can it be that this seemingly handsome youth is the legendary Highgod, Adkins?” Linley secretly guessed.

As soon as the handsome youngster stepped into the courtyard, his gaze first swept past Linley and Bebe, then landed upon the Lord of Mount Copper Gong, Leylin. Instantly, the handsome youth’s eyes became filled with shock. He immediately knelt down on one knee and said with great courtesy while bowing, “Adkins pays his respects to the Lord of the City!”

Secret

Linley's heart shook as he remembered what Muba had originally told him...

"Linley, the Lord of Bluefire City is one of the five Kings, Lord Bluefire! Lord Bluefire is very secretive. Not only is he extremely powerful, he almost never shows himself. It's uncertain as to whether or not he is even residing within Bluefire City. Within Bluefire City, the person whose fame and authority is only second to Lord Bluefire would be Lord Adkins."

Linley looked towards the nearby Leylin.

"He... he is actually one of the five Kings of the Gebados Planar Prison, Bluefire?"

It was hard to say exactly how long the Gebados Planar Prison had existed for. Within it, the number of Deities was absolutely numberless. However, there were five people who stood at its peak and were acclaimed respectfully as its 'Kings'. To be titled a 'King' in a planar prison... anyone with a hint of common sense would understand how powerful such a person must be.

"Adkins, rise. We have both left Gebados, and I am no longer the Lord of Bluefire City. There's no need for you to refer to me as Lord of the City anymore," Leylin said with a calm laugh.

Adkins rose respectfully, and said, "Yes, but the respect which Adkins feels for you, Lord Bluefire, will never change." Meanwhile, Barnas just stood off to one side respectfully. The fame of 'Bluefire' was simply too astonishing and overawing.

The five Kings were invincible individuals!

"You... you are Bluefire?" Bebe looked at Leylin in astonishment.

"What, do I not look the part?" Leylin's crimson eyebrows lifted up, and he laughed towards Bebe.

Bebe muttered, “That’s not it. Only, I heard the Boss say that Bluefire is one of the five Kings of the Gebados Planar Prison. Since he’s so powerful, I figured his subordinates should be Highgods. Also... I thought that Bluefire was his name.”

“Haha...”

Leylin began to laugh heartily. “Why would I, Bluefire, necessarily have to have Highgods for my subordinates? Is that the only way I would be able to demonstrate my status?”

Adkins, off to the side, laughed as well and said respectfully, “Why would Lord Bluefire need any subordinates? Even if a group of Highgods came, in front of Lord Bluefire, they wouldn’t be much.” This was no joking matter. All five of the Kings of the Gebados Planar Prison had won that title through proving their strength in slaughter.

Amongst the five Kings, Lord Bluefire had actually trained for the shortest period of time.

He was also the most dazzling, eye-catching figure!

Bluefire, also known as ‘Zacharias Leylin’, rose to sudden prominence within the Planar Prison, winning every battle he fought. Even powerful Highgods, before Bluefire, had to bow and submit themselves. To this day, there has been no one capable of withstanding Lord Bluefire’s attack.

“Bluefire is nothing more than a nickname.” Leylin laughed calmly.

But Adkins said, “The name ‘Bluefire’ is a name which, due to the countless slaughters his lordship engaged in, the countless experts of the entire Gebados Planar Prison acknowledge and submit to. Who in Gebados hasn’t heard of that battle by the Blue River?”

Leylin simply chuckled.

No matter how arrogant Adkins was, in the face of Leylin, he had to abase himself. This was nothing more than reality! Adkins, facing Leylin, didn’t have even the slightest thought of ‘struggling’ against him. Because Adkins knew that he couldn’t take so much as a single blow from Bluefire!

The battle at the Blue River was what gave rise to the name, ‘Bluefire’.

It also scared countless people silly. Many people even came to believe that Bluefire was the most powerful of the five Kings. But of course, this was never proven because Gebados was simply too vast, and the five Kings were all separated in their own regions. In addition, they intentionally avoided making enemies out of each other. After all, there were no treasures in Gebados worth them fighting each other over.

“This is a true, ultimate expert!” Linley’s heart was filled with even greater veneration for this ‘Leylin’, while at the same time, a surge of heat filled his heart.

Even Adkins was so apprehensive and respectful in front of Leylin, who had been able to reach the top tier of Gebados.

“Adkins, stop standing there. Come, sit down. You can sit right next to Linley,” Leylin pointed as he spoke.

Naturally, Adkins wouldn’t dare to disobey Leylin’s orders. He immediately bowed respectfully. “Thank you, Lord Bluefire.” And then, he sat down next to Linley, while even offering Linley a friendly smile.

Linley could only smile back as well.

“Hmph.” Bebe, next to Linley, let out a cold sneer.

Adkins’ eyebrows instantly rose up. He glanced at Bebe, and then immediately laughed. “This must be Bebe.” Bebe just grunted in reply, but Adkins wasn’t angry. Laughing, he said, “Bebe, I know you are a bit unhappy. What happened in the past was the fault of my people.”

Linley and Bebe glanced at Adkins, somewhat surprised.

“What happened, Adkins?” Leylin spoke out.

Adkins smiled and said, “Lord Bluefire, this is actually just a minor issue. My subordinate, a God named Ojwin, had a bit of a small grudge against my friend Linley over here. Afterwards, Ojwin invited several of the Gods under my command to go to Linley’s residence to get revenge. However, in the end, it was my side that suffered losses.”

“Oh?” Hearing this, Leylin was mildly intrigued as well.

Linley and Bebe glanced at each other.

“Boss, it seems this Adkins wants to apologize?” Bebe said mentally to Linley.

“I’m not sure either.” Linley was also puzzled.

Adkins was a Highgod after all. Was he about to apologize?

“Barnas, come over here,” Adkins said, “Although you lost a divine body during that battle, it was, after all, you and your people who picked that fight. If we think about it, it was your group’s fault. Go ahead and offer Linley and Bebe an apology.”

Linley and Bebe started.

Barnas actually came over. Filled with an apologetic air, he said, “Mr. Linley, Mr. Bebe, I truly am sorry for what happened that year.”

“Mr. Barnas, no need to be like this. This matter was primarily instigated by that Ojwin,” Linley spoke out. “Mr. Barnas, I imagine that you were just deceived by him.” Since he had been given face, Linley would of course give face back as well.

Adkins nodded. “Linley, don’t worry. From today onwards, I guarantee to you that Ojwin will definitely not make any more trouble for you in the future.”

Linley couldn’t help but laugh in his heart.

It seemed as though Olivier wouldn’t have to hide within that pocket dimension any longer.

When Adkins had brought Barnas to pay a visit to Mount Copper Gong to meet with ‘Bluefire’ Leylin, Ojwin was still back in the distant O’Brien Empire. Him, Hanbritt, and Gatenby were all together drinking wine and chatting. Over the past twenty years, the relationship between the three of them had become quite good.

Barnas had a special status, after all, and he was thus rather distant from them.

“That astonishing energy wave from the west was most likely produced by a Highgod,” Gatenby rumbled.

“Right. But it doesn’t have anything to do with us.” Ojwin laughed. “Since it involves Highgods, let’s just peaceably drink our wine here.”

Hanbritt shook his head. “Highgods? They are very powerful. If one day, I were to obtain a divine Highgod spark, wouldn’t I also become a Highgod? Only, it is unfortunate that I don’t know how long it will be before the day I acquire a divine Highgod spark.”

“A divine Highgod spark is something I dream about.” Ojwin let out a sigh as well.

Hanbritt suddenly put down his wine cup. Slightly tipsy, he grinned at Ojwin. “Ojwin, I’m going to tell you a secret!”

“I know what you are going to say!” That Gatenby laughed loudly as well. “Secret my ass. Barnas and I both know it.”

Hanbritt rolled his eyes, then said, “You know, I know, but... Ojwin doesn’t know.” These words caused Ojwin’s heart to be filled with a hint of curiosity, and he hurriedly looked towards Hanbritt.

Hanbritt grinned merrily, “Ojwin, I’ll tell you something, Lord Adkins, in his interspatial ring, has a divine Highgod spark!”

“What?!” Ojwin’s heart shook.

A divine Highgod spark?!

Ojwin dreamed about one day acquiring a Highgod spark, but currently, Ojwin only had his divine light clone.

Who knew if that divine Highgod spark was light-style?

Gatenby nodded and said, “He does have a divine Highgod spark, only, we aren’t sure what element it belongs to. But I am certain that it is neither lightning-style nor earth-style.”

“Why are you so certain?” Ojwin hurriedly asked.

Gatenby laughed, “Lord Adkins himself doesn’t need it, of course. You know what the relationship between Lord Adkins and Barnas is like. If Barnas was able to use it, Lord Adkins definitely would give it to Barnas. Barnas originally had two bodies. At Dragonblood Castle, it was his divine earth clone which was

destroyed. Right now, his body is a lightning clone. Since Barnas isn't able to use it, then it definitely isn't earth element, nor is it lightning element."

"Right." Ojwin nodded slightly.

"Can it be that the two of you, my friends, also aren't able to use that divine Highgod spark?" Ojwin asked.

Hanbritt let out a sneer, "In the heart of his lordship, the three of us are far inferior to Barnas. We're just his henchmen. How could his lordship be willing to waste a divine Highgod spark on us?"

"Whenever I think of it, I feel uncomfortable. Come, let's drink," Gatenby said hurriedly.

"Drink, drink." Ojwin hurriedly raised his cup. Only, in his heart, he began to scheme...

The wild wind howled. A silver-haired elder flew respectfully behind a handsome youth as they flew through the air.

When he was at Mount Copper Gong, Adkins had been all smiles. In front of 'Bluefire' Leylin, Adkins had been exceedingly polite, and he had also been very warm and friendly to Linley and Bebe. But now that they had flown out of Mount Copper Gong, Adkins couldn't help but frown, his heart filled with frustration.

"Lord Bluefire has hidden himself within the Yulan continent as well. Nine out of ten, he is doing it for the treasures of the Necropolis of the Gods as well."

Adkins' mind was in a state of chaos when he thought of this.

He truly wanted to acquire the treasures within the Necropolis of the Gods. "Me, compete against Lord Bluefire?"

As soon as he thought of this, Adkins felt a surge of helplessness. He knew very well that in front of Bluefire, he didn't even have the ability to fight back.

The awesome fame of the King 'Bluefire' didn't just come from public acclaim; it was won by Leylin through repeated slaughters and countless rivers of blood. There was no need to harbor any suspicions about the amount of power that 'Bluefire' Leylin possessed!

“Milord? Are you preparing to give up?” Barnas asked through his divine sense.

Adkins took a deep breath, then sent a response back with his own divine sense. “Give up? Impossible!”

Barnas was startled.

Adkins said to himself, “At worst, I die. But if I succeed, I’ll hopefully be able to suppress Bluefire in power. I can’t possibly fight Bluefire head on. For now, I have only a single path forward...” Adkins made up his mind, and his gaze sharpened and firmed.

“We reached the imperial capital.”

Barnas and Adkins immediately charged downwards, flying directly into the imperial palace.

Returning to the imperial palace, the first thing that Adkins did was to summon Ojwin into the palace. Ojwin, who was currently drinking and chatting with Hanbritt and Gatenby, immediately entered the palace upon receiving the order, ignoring everything else.

“Milord.” Ojwin knelt down respectfully on one knee.

Adkins turned and stared at him coldly. “Ojwin, there is something I must warn you about. I know that your son was killed. But remember this... starting forward, forget about getting revenge. No matter what, do not cause any trouble for a single person of Dragonblood Castle!”

Ojwin started.

Forget about revenge?

Although in the past twenty years, Ojwin had calmed down, that didn’t mean he had given up his desire for revenge. The goal of vengeance for the death of his son had been engraved into Ojwin’s heart.

“Hmph!” Adkins let out a cold snort. “What, didn’t you hear me?”

The nearby Barnas said seriously as well, “Ojwin, this has to do with an important affair of his lordship. If because of your small affairs, his lordship’s major affairs are ruined, then... even death wouldn’t expiate your crimes.”

Ojwin immediately prostrated himself and said hurriedly, “Lord Adkins, don’t worry. From today onwards, I, Ojwin, definitely won’t go make trouble for anyone in Dragonblood Castle. This affair of getting revenge, I, Ojwin, will definitely never consider again!” But in his heart, Ojwin was howling with fury, “Revenge? No, even if I die, I won’t give it up. All I will do is temporarily restrain myself. After... after I get that divine Highgod spark...”

Ojwin greatly desired to acquire that Highgod spark!

“You can leave now,” Adkins said calmly.

“Yes.” Ojwin bowed, then left.

For the Clan

The death of Highgod Sadista didn't cause much of a stir in the Yulan Plane. The ordinary people continued living their quiet lives. Only the Deities who stood at the top of the plane had learned something from that terrifying energy wave which had come from the west...

Something major was happening within the Yulan continent.

Anras died. Sadista headed towards the west and didn't return either.

Within the Rohault Empire, Sadista's group of Deities now naturally became led by Sadista's nephew Danny, as well as the other God, 'Nieff'. Danny and Nieff, however, couldn't be completely certain of Sadista's death.

Today, they felt very frantic.

Within the Rohault Empire. That quiet, secluded manor. The blazing summer sun shone down upon the entire manor. Within Danny's residence, a man with short silver hair, a sunken, skinny body, and a short-sleeved black shirt strode forward. "Danny, come out!"

The door swung open and Danny walked out. "Nieff, what is it?"

"How can you be in a mood to rest?" Nieff was somewhat angry.

"Tell me, what can I do?" Danny was extremely frustrated as well. It was he who had advised Sadista to go kill those two Gods to go vent his anger. After all, if Sadista spent all his time brooding, Danny would have felt miserable and stifled as well.

But who would have imagined that his uncle, Sadista, would leave and never return.

"Three days ago, there was that astonishing energy wave from the west. You sensed it as well," Nieff said seriously.

Danny nodded. "Yes. I sensed it. That was indeed Uncle's aura. But Nieff, what can that prove?"

"What can that prove?" Nieff laughed. "Danny, quit dreaming. The situation is clear. That powerful energy wave is something that I trust Lord Sadista would not have released for no reason. He must have engaged in a major battle."

Nieff continued, "That day, you told me that Lord Sadista went to the west to kill those two Gods. Are those two Gods dead yet?"

Danny started. Hesitating a moment, he said, "I, I don't know."

"You don't know? It's simple. Spread out your divine aura to cover that mountain range. I trust you will easily be able to judge for yourself if those two Gods are dead or not," Nieff said coldly. "Danny. Stop playing the role of a fool."

Danny's face changed.

"I've checked with my divine sense." Nieff took a deep breath. "Those two Gods didn't die. Danny. Lord Sadista went to kill those two Gods. Such a major event occurred over there, but those two Gods didn't die. Lord Sadista has been gone for three days without coming back. Can it be that the result isn't clear?"

"Perhaps... Uncle had some important business to attend to so he had to go somewhere," Danny said in a pained manner.

Danny didn't want to believe that his uncle had died.

Their clan was an enormous one, which had existed for ten trillion years. Naturally, it was divided into the main clan and the branch clans. In Danny's branch, Sadista was the pillar and foundation of the entire branch clan. If Sadista truly had died, Danny could imagine what dire straits his clan would be in.

Nieff understood what Danny was thinking as well.

"Danny, no matter what, we have to face reality," Nieff said seriously. "This is the Yulan continent, not the Infernal Realm. In the Yulan continent, even if Lord Sadista met with something important and can't spare any attention to anything else, he would have contacted us with his divine sense. A divine sense communication only takes an instant, after all."

“However, he hasn’t. We haven’t received any communication from Lord Sadista.”

Nieff’s face was grave. “I don’t want to admit it, but I have to say this. The plans of the clan have failed. The Necropolis of the Gods... at least our group has no hope for it. Without the power of a Highgod, we simply won’t be able to obtain the treasures that the clan needs.”

Danny nodded as well.

How could he not understand this point?

“Uncle... perhaps truly has died.” Danny nodded bitterly, but then he stared at Nieff. “But Nieff, so what if Uncle has died? Can it be that you...”

“Right!”

Nieff’s aura grew fierce. “Danny, the status that the clan has is a result of countless elders who risked their lives over the past ten trillion years. You and I are not very talented. Why is it then that we were able to receive divine sparks and easily reach the rank of Gods as descendants of the clan? It was the clan who gave us everything!”

Danny was silent.

“The Indigo Prefecture is our greatest foe! They are too powerful. The Four Divine Beast clans of the Indigo Prefecture are extremely powerful. That Linley... you should know as well that in less than a century, he has trained to the level of having two divine clones!”

Nieff laughed coldly. “I have never heard of such a talented genius amongst the Four Divine Beast clans, who could reach this sort of level without engaging in their baptism. And Danny, that Linley trains in earth and wind, not water! Do you understand what that means?”

Danny nodded.

“As soon as he undergoes the Ancestral Baptism of the Four Divine Beasts, I believe that ten thousand years later, the Indigo Prefecture will definitely have yet another Highgod of unsurpassed power. When that happens, I don’t even dare imagine how many members of our clan will die by his hands.” Nieff’s gaze

was sharp. “But right now, he is only a Demigod who has yet to undergo the Ancestral Baptism of the Four Divine Beasts!”

“If we don’t kill him now, when will we kill him?”

Nieff’s gaze was cold and fierce. “I know that in the Yulan continent, Linley has some supporters and connections, but so what if he does? I would rather let myself die if it means killing him.” Nieff had relied on using a divine spark to become a God. He knew...

Although he was currently more powerful than Linley, in terms of potential, he was far inferior to Linley.

“Nieff!” Danny took a deep breath, shaking his head. “I recommend you not go and attempt to kill Linley right now.”

“What did you say?!” Nieff exploded with rage.

Danny sighed and said, “Don’t be hasty. There really is no need for us to kill him here in the Yulan Plane. Once he goes to the Infernal Realm, we can kill him then.”

“What a joke!” Nieff said. “First of all, when will Linley go to the Infernal Realm? What if he stays in the Yulan Plane until he reaches the level of Highgod, and then acquires a Sovereign artifact in the Necropolis of the Gods, and only then goes to the Infernal Realm. If we want to kill him then, would we be able to?”

Danny was stunned.

“Also. Once Linley reaches the Infernal Realm, there’s no way for us to be certain which transit location he will be sent to. Our clan is only influential in that area where we have power over. Do you really believe... we can pursue him across the entire Infernal Realm? Do you know how vast the Infernal Realm is?” Nieff stared at Danny.

There was nothing Danny could say.

Previously, Sadista’s primary goal was the Necropolis of the Gods, which was why he temporarily put aside killing Linley. In truth, killing Linley in the Infernal Realm wasn’t very practical. As one of the Higher Planes, the Infernal Realm’s

size vastly outstretched the Yulan Plane by countless times.

Within the Infernal Realm, there also quite a few forces which were more powerful than both their clan as well as the Indigo Prefecture!

“Danny, can it be that you have forgotten those countless major battles we have had against the Indigo Prefecture? The figures of those elders who died, one after the other?” Nieff stared at Danny. “Enough. I’m immediately heading off for the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. I know that this time even if I am able to kill Linley, I might be killed by his supporters in revenge.”

“But if I can kill Linley, I will die content. Danny, I leave everything here in your hands. I’m leaving.” Nieff turned and left.

Since they couldn’t acquire the treasures of the Necropolis of the Gods, if they could at least kill Linley, this trip would not have been completely in vain.

“Nieff...” Danny didn’t want to watch Nieff go die. If he killed Linley... Nieff would be killed in revenge by those forces who supported Linley.

“For Reinales!” Nieff sent back with his mental message, and then Nieff himself flew into midair, streaking towards the western horizons, transforming into a black dot.

Danny was stunned, but then his gaze grew hard and resolved. In a soft voice, he said, “For Reinales!”

“Attend me!” Danny shouted towards the outside, and soon, a Demigod came over. Danny gave him a long list of instructions, and then said, “Remember, you must provide this information to Lord Hodan. You can go now.”

“Yes, milord.”

The Demigod immediately flew out of this residence, heading directly towards the Arctic Icecap.”



*

Within the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, in a half-shattered canyon where wild grass grew abundantly and where spring water flowed, the figures

of Thunderwing Pegasi, magical beasts of the seventh rank, could be seen everywhere. The Thunderwing Pegasi all displayed leisurely elegance, occasionally flying into the air and then landing by the side of the springs, lowering their heads to drink water.

Suddenly, a human figure appeared here, causing the many Thunderwing Pegasi to be so terrified, they didn't dare to move.

"Time to do what must be done."

The short silver-haired Nieff looked around, then sent his divine sense into the minds of every Thunderwing Pegasus before he then sat down in the meditative stance. At the same time, he spread his divine sense out. Nieff restrained the area of his divine sense to just the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts.

The height of his divine sense was limited to just ten or so kilometers.

This sort of scale represented less than 0.1% of the Yulan continent's total size. The amount of spiritual energy it consumed to keep a divine sense active in this region, to a God like Nieff, was completely sustainable. At the very least, he was able to replenish whatever he used up.

"Linley is still there. If he returns to Dragonblood Castle, he will have to fly through the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. Once he does, I will discover him." Nieff didn't think any longer, and just waited here for the hare to step into the trap.

Nieff didn't dare to directly attack Mount Copper Gong. After all, Anras and Sadista had both failed. He waited here in ambush, and would thus have a much higher chance.



*

Linley quietly trained at Mount Copper Gong. Receiving guidance from one of the five Kings, 'Bluefire' Leylin, was a rare opportunity. In addition, Linley also knew... that 'Bluefire' Leylin wouldn't stay too long here at Mount Copper Gong. He would eventually leave.

“Linley, the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth is a simple type of mystery. If you focus on training in it, you will succeed within one or two years.” Leylin laughed calmly. “But, if you wait until completely mastering the Profound Mysteries of the Essence of the Earth before attempting to fuse it with the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’, you will most likely spent thousands or ten thousand years without being successful.”

“Fusing is far more difficult than simply understanding a profound mystery,” Leylin said solemnly.

Linley nodded slightly.

“Thus, the best method is... to begin attempting to fuse your insights regarding the ‘Essence of the Earth’ right away into your other insights. Don’t try to completely master the entire ‘Essence of the Earth’ as soon as possible. What matters more is the degree to which you are able to fuse it, and to make the degree of your insights match with your degree of fusion.”

Leylin laughed, “Perhaps in such a way, it will take decades or a century for you to master the ‘Essence of the Earth’. But by doing so, as soon as you achieve mastery in the ‘Essence of the Earth’, you will also have completed your fusion of the ‘Essence of the Earth’ and the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’.”

“I understand this principle.”

Linley had, after all, the prior experience of fusing the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects of the Elemental Laws of the Wind. To fuse while gaining insights was actually much simpler.

But if one had reached mastery in both profound mysteries and then attempt to fuse them, it would be very hard.

If he waited until all of his profound mysteries had become mastered before attempting to fuse them, the insights he had gained into the various profound mysteries would clash with each other, causing the fusion difficulty to be even greater.

Linley’s training in Mount Copper Gong lasted for another three years. Within these three years, although his level of attainment in the ‘Essence of the Earth’ remained at the level he had reached three years ago, Linley had finally started

the first step towards fusing the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ and the ‘Essence of the Earth’.

Many people weren’t even capable of taking the first step towards fusing these two profound mysteries. The first step was the key, the most important part.

With a beginning, there would be chance for success.

“The power level after fusing truly is formidable.”

Although Linley had only fused just a little bit, he discovered that his Voidwave Sword had increased in power by 50% despite only using the same amount of spiritual energy as before. “And this is just the beginning. I can’t imagine how much more powerful my Voidwave Sword will become after I completely master these two profound mysteries.”

Attacked On the Way Back

Seated in the meditative stance on the ground, Linley could easily sense how the vast, boundless world was filled with earth elemental essence. Every single particle of it was so friendly and familiar to him. With Linley at the center, a surge of pulsating power was throbbing out towards every direction.

“Doooong.” “Dooooong.” ...

Each surge of pulsating power that emanated outwards was filled with natural earth elemental essence. They rolled out like waves, interacting with each other while fusing with pulsating power.

Throbbing Pulse of the World. Essence of the Earth.

Linley was focusing on slowly fusing these two profound mysteries.

“Linley!” Linley, who had been in the middle of his meditations, was suddenly interrupted by a divine sense. Linley instantly knew that it was Delia who had contacted him. An unconscious smile appeared on Linley’s face. “Delia, what is it? Do you miss me?”

“Hmph, who misses you?” Delia let out a cute ‘hmph’. “Linley, I want to ask you, how long do you plan to train there on Mount Copper Gong?”

Linley couldn’t help but be startled.

Delia’s voice contained a hint of displeasure. Naturally, Linley could detect it. Only now did Linley realize that he had gone a bit too far. “I left Dragonblood Castle in year 10066, but this is now year 10072. Uh, it’s been almost six years. I haven’t gone back a single time!”

When he was training, he truly didn’t notice how fast the time went by. It felt like those years had passed in an instant.

“Six years. I can’t blame Delia for being unhappy.” Linley felt that he was in the wrong here.

“Linley, aren’t you training? You can train in Dragonblood Castle as well.” Delia now persuaded using gentler words.

“Um... alright. Delia, I’ll come back tomorrow,” Linley said immediately, and then added an apologetic message, “Delia, I’m sorry.”

“I’m not angry. Oh, did you say tomorrow?” Delia was both surprised and delighted. “I’ll immediately order the servants to prepare a banquet for tomorrow. Right, Linley, when will you arrive at Dragonblood Castle? Around noon, or at night?”

“I’ll arrive before noon.” Linley was certain of this.

Actually, ever since he had started fusing the ‘Essence of the Earth’ with the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’, Lord Bluefire, Leylin, no longer needed to give Linley any more pointers. Thus, staying on Mount Copper Gong was no longer of much benefit to Linley anyways.

Within the elemental mansion in Mount Copper Gong.

“Whoooooosh.” The wild mountain wind howled, and the grass and flowers in front of the door to the mansion swayed. However, the wind wasn’t able to budge those several large trees there. The Lord of Mount Copper Gong, a King of the Gebados Planar Prison, Lord Bluefire, was currently there with his two brothers, sending Linley and Bebe off.

“Linley, even if you didn’t go back, very soon, I would be sending you off,” ‘Bluefire’ Leylin said amusedly. “Haha, the main issue is that very soon, I will go with my elder brother and second brother. We will depart from Mount Copper Gong, and also leave the Yulan continent.”

Linley knew long ago that Leylin was going to leave.

“Mr. Leylin, where are you going?” Bebe asked with curiosity.

“I’m not sure for right now.” Leylin let out a long sigh. “Perhaps I will pay a visit to the South Seas. That place used to be my homeland. Unfortunately, the passage of countless years has resulted in the continent where my homeland was located to sink into the endless seas long ago.”

That battle of ten thousand years ago had caused the other four continents to

all be shattered and collapse.

“Mr. Leylin, if you have the time, you can pay a visit to my Dragonblood Castle. I will welcome you whenever you come.” Linley and Bebe had said their words of thanks long ago. After bidding farewell to Leylin and the other two, Linley and Bebe immediately left Mount Copper Gong and flew towards Dragonblood Castle.

After not having returned for six years, Linley now had a deep desire to return.



*

The Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. In the gorge beneath the shattered cliffs. A place where there were few traces of civilization.

In the past, this was a paradise for magical beasts, but ever since three years ago, no magical beasts dared to go near this place. By the side of the spring waters, within a patch of wild grass, there was a faint human figure that could be seen. It was the God from the Infernal Realm, Nieff.

Despite waiting for three years, Nieff had never relaxed his vigilance.

His divine sense was eternally activated, covering this region as he waited quietly for Linley.

“This Linley will definitely go back to Dragonblood Castle eventually. As long as he passes through the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts enroute to the Dragonblood Castle, he definitely will not escape!” Nieff arose, a black spotted spear appearing in his hands as he began to roam about the valley.

After all, having not encountered Linley despite three years of waiting, Nieff also couldn’t be certain as to when Linley would appear. He couldn’t waste all of his time waiting foolishly.

Only, Nieff didn’t realize that someone else was hidden deep within this gorge.

“This Nieff’s divine sense is very average amongst Gods. But he trains in the

Elemental Laws of the Wind. In terms of speed, he is even faster than Linley. If Linley really does encounter him, it would most likely really be a bit dangerous.” The indistinct figure stared at the distant Nieff. Nieff was currently transformed into a gust of wind, and his spear blurred as it silently pierced through the empty air time and time again.

“However, danger is good.”

The blurred figure disappeared silently without a trace.

Nieff had come to a halt in his training, continuing to sit in the meditative position. But suddenly, he opened his eyes, staring towards mid-air with a dagger-like gaze.

“It is him. Linley!”

Nieff’s eyes were filled with a hint of wild joy. He couldn’t help but begin to laugh loudly and excitedly. “After waiting three years, he’s finally come!” In truth, Nieff was still hundreds of kilometers away from Linley. Naturally, despite how loudly Nieff had cried out, Linley wasn’t able to hear him.

“For Reinales, if I die, it will be worth it!” Nieff said in a low voice, his eyes filled with unmatched ardor.

Silently, Nieff transformed into a puff of smoke, transforming into the formless wind. This surge of wind flew at astonishing speed in pursuit of Linley. His speed was so great that it was much faster than Linley’s current absolute limit!

Nieff was a full God. After fusing with the divine spark, he had gained insight into three of the Elemental Laws within it. He was particularly proficient in fast movements.

“I didn’t expect he would be so fast. It seems I need to focus!”

Seconds after Nieff had flown out, a ray of light flashed out of the gorge as well, following Nieff in pursuit. In terms of speed, this ray of light surpassed Nieff.

Linley and Bebe were currently chatting and laughing enroute to Dragonblood Castle, not sensing at all the God-level divine sense that had encompassed

them. If they knew that a God was in pursuit of them, perhaps Linley and Bebe would have raised their speed to the utmost limit to return to Dragonblood Castle. But unfortunately, they didn't know.

"Boss, do you think Leylin and the others will go to the Infernal Realm?"

"Who knows. However, given Mr. Leylin's power, no matter which plane he goes to, he will be an ultimate expert." Ever since Linley had witnessed 'Bluefire' Leylin killing the seemingly powerful Sadista in a single blow, Linley had been certain that Bluefire was one of the ultimate experts amongst Highgods.

"Huh?" Bebe suddenly frowned.

"What is it?" Linley asked, puzzled.

"I feel something is off." Bebe trained in the Laws of Darkness. He was only a Demigod, but he trained in the exact same stealth skills that Cesar trained in. He was extremely sensitive to the auras of others. Bebe suddenly turned his head, then said in shock, "Boss, quick, run!"

Linley turned his head.

Within a realm of distorted space, a blurry human figure had appeared within his field of vision, staring at him with a pair of cold eyes. It was the God, Nieff!

"You want to flee!" Nieff let out a cold laugh, immediately executing his Godrealm. Just like last time when Anras had attacked him, Linley felt as though he had sunken into a quagmire. Not hesitating at all, Linley hurriedly created both of his Demigod-level Godrealms. "Boom!" The sky-blue robes covering his body exploded, and azure-golden scales covered Linley's entire body. From his forehead and spine, one sharp spike after another emerged. Linley's speed once again rose. Transforming into a ray of light, he flew at high speed towards Dragonblood Castle, fleeing.

Since he was unable to discover this person, this person was at least a God.

"Not good!" As he attempted to flee, Linley discovered that in terms of speed, the person behind him was far faster than 'Anras' had been. Actually, Anras' God-level divine clone was of fire-type. His wind-style divine clone was of the Demigod level.

That was why he didn't have an advantage in speed. But Nieff was different.

"Linley." A human figure appeared in front of Linley. It was Nieff. Linley immediately came to a halt, and Nieff laughed coldly. "You aren't able to flee." The strange thing was, these words came from every direction.

Linley turned!

Currently, surrounding Linley and Bebe, there were twelve figures, all of them that of 'Nieff'.

The twelve Nieffs had completely surrounded Linley and Bebe.

"What... what is this?" Linley was shocked. "These definitely aren't divine clones. There are seven types of Elemental Laws; even if you include the Four Edicts, that's only eleven. Even if a person mastered all eleven, he would at most have eleven divine clones. But these twelve people before me have the exact same aura!"

"Boss, one of them is definitely the real body." Bebe looked around frantically as well.

Linley understood this as well, but he couldn't tell anything different about these twelve figures.

The twelve Nieffs surrounded Linley and Bebe.

"Die!" The twelve Nieffs revealed a hint of madness in their eyes, and instantly, they swept towards the two from every direction. The strange thing was... the twelve figures completely ignored Bebe. Their target was...

Linley!

From all eight directions, and from above and below. There was no place for Linley to flee!

"Which is the real one?" Linley thought frantically, but he still had a hint of confidence. This confidence came from his Throbbing Pulse of the World – Voidwave Sword, as well as his damaged Sovereign artifact. With the defense of his damaged Sovereign artifact, his chances of survival would be very high.

The twelve all attacked together.

A strange violet flash lit up, and countless sword shadows shot out in every direction like the petals of a flower unfolding. It was the Profound Truths of Velocity – Rippling Wind! Although there were many sword shadows, the power of each sword wasn't that great. With a series of collision sounds ringing out, none of the twelve Nieffs seemed to be harmed at all. Linley's face instantly changed.

He had thought that the eleven fake bodies amongst the twelve would be damaged. But who would have imagined that the twelve bodies were all so powerful?

Twelve sets of cold eyes stared at Linley, as though staring at a dead man.

“BOOM!”

Twelve shadows slashed through the sky like warblades, attacking Linley.

“Only choice is to go all out.” Linley didn't have any time to care about anything else. The adamantite heavy sword in his hand began to dance. If he wasn't certain which one was the real body, then his only option was to randomly attack one.

“Boss!” Bebe, frantic, also stopped caring about anything else. He raised his head and let out a shrill screech. “Shkreeeeeeeeeeeee!” The ear-piercing screech split the skies, while at the same time, Bebe transformed into his ‘Godeater Rat’ form, and behind him, an illusory Godeater Rat that was hundreds of meters tall appeared.

Innate Divine Ability – Godeater!

With one breath, Bebe locked all twelve bodies, trying to devour all twelve of them. However, Bebe's current Godeater ability was only effective against Demigods. Nieff, a God, could not be devoured by Bebe at all.

The twelve bodies all halted briefly, but an instantly later, they became no longer influenced.

If the devour failed, there would be a counter-force!

“Boom!” A large mouthful of blood was spat out from Bebe's mouth, while at the same time, wildly overjoyed, he messaged mentally to Linley, “Boss, the real

body is that one!” In that instant, Bebe utilized his spiritual connection with Linley to point out the real location of Nieff’s body to Linley.

Bebe had used his innate divine ability just now not for the sake of killing Nieff, but to locate the divine spark.

His divine ability involved the devouring of divine sparks, after all. Once Bebe utilized it, he was able to sense which of the twelve bodies had a divine spark within it. Only the body with the divine spark was the real one. The others were all false.

“Him!” Linley, wielding his adamantite heavy sword, transformed into a straight moving blur, chopping down directly towards the ‘Nieff’ on his left. This was Nieff’s true body!

Drawing Legs on a Snake

Nieff's twelve bodies were originally using their legs to attack, and hadn't used any divine artifacts, because Nieff didn't want to reveal his true body to Linley. However, as Linley smashed down towards his true body with his adamantine heavy sword, Nieff's true body retrieved that spotted black spear with a flip of his hand.

"Slash!" Space distorted.

"Clang!"

The adamantine heavy sword and the spotted black spear collided, and a surge of gray-colored, illusory, sword-shaped power ignored Nieff's defense and entered Nieff's body. This was the vastly improved 'Voidwave Sword' which Linley had developed after fusing the 'Essence of the Earth' and the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World'.

"Die!" At the same time Nieff controlled his spiritual energy to block the Voidwave Sword, he wildly used his other bodies to attack Linley.

Even if he were to die, he would kill Linley!

In addition, Nieff didn't care too much about this attack of Linley's. As Nieff saw it... how powerful could Linley's spiritual attack possibly be? Most likely he just controlled and shaped a surge of spiritual energy to form this attack. However, Nieff was wrong!

Countless dense pulses of spiritual energy, thrumming in accordance with the Throbbing Pulse of the World, formed into a whole.

"Rumble..."

The Voidwave Sword's countless pulses of spiritual energy smashed directly against his spiritual defense, breaking through it as though it were nothing but rotten wood. It directly entered Nieff's sea of consciousness, violently smashing

upon that divine spark which was emitting a green light. Nieff only sensed a sudden, massive vibration from his soul, and then Nieff lost all consciousness.

Right at this moment...

Countless rays of white light suddenly appeared from everywhere, and Nieff's twelve bodies were completely bound by the rays of light, completely unable to move at all. Naturally, he was also no longer able to attack Linley at all.

"Haha, Linley." Gentle laughter rang out. A handsome youth appeared before Linley and Bebe.

"Lord Adkins." Linley was somewhat surprised. Why had this Adkins suddenly appeared? However, Linley still said gratefully, "Thank you for your assistance, Lord Adkins."

Adkins felt a hint of delight in his heart.

Ever since that day when he had spread out his divine sense to sweep through the Rohault Empire and accidentally stumbled upon Danny speaking with a subordinate and discussing the plot for Nieff to kill Linley, Adkins had been prepared. He had even intentionally hidden himself within the gorge by Nieff's side.

The reason he did this was primarily to intentionally have the chance to save Linley, so as to make Linley and Bebe feel grateful towards him!

Making friends with Bebe was a very important task, in Adkins' mind. Since Lord Bluefire had arrived at the Yulan continent, if he, Adkins, still wanted to obtain any of the treasures of the Necropolis of the Gods, his only chance was to ally with Beirut.

"I was just passing by, but I discovered..." Adkins was all smiles, but halfway through his words, Lord Adkins' voice suddenly came to a halt.

He had discovered that eleven of the twelve bodies of this God, 'Nieff', had already crumbled and dissipated, transforming into wind elemental essence and dispersing. As for Nieff's true body, he lay there limply, not resisting his binding at all. The muscles on Adkins' face began to twitch.

He now clearly discovered that Nieff's soul in his original body had already

dissipated. Only a divine spark was left.

Adkins chuckled awkwardly towards Linley. “Linley, I really didn’t expect that you had already killed this Nieff. Whether or not I acted really didn’t make any difference.” Linley’s Voidwave Sword had killed Nieff with one blow. Nieff’s soul had dissipated, and so his other bodies had naturally dispersed as well.

His original body wouldn’t attack either, of course. Linley hadn’t been in any danger at all!

But Adkins’ original plan had been to save him at the most critical moment, so as to make Linley feel all the more grateful towards him. But now he discovered that doing so was like drawing legs onto a painting of a snake, a completely pointless, superfluous action! Even if he hadn’t acted, Linley wouldn’t have had any problems.

“I still have to thank you, Lord Adkins,” Linley said with a smile. As he spoke, Linley turned to look at Bebe. This time, the person who had truly saved him was Bebe. If Bebe hadn’t utilized his innate divine ability and determined which of the twelve bodies was the true one, then Linley wouldn’t have been able to hit the true body at all, given his original plan of randomly attacking one. If he hadn’t been able to hit the true body... then in the face of the wild attack from this God, Linley’s body probably would have been explosively destroyed.

“Boss.” Bebe’s face revealed a smile as well.

Linley and Bebe didn’t need to say anything to each other. A single glance was enough for them to understand what the other was thinking. This sort of dangerous event was something that Linley and Bebe had already experienced many times.

“You killed this person. Everything goes to you.” Adkins directly used his power to control Nieff’s divine God spark, his interdimensional ring, and his divine artifact, sending them floating towards Linley. Linley wasn’t overly polite either; he immediately absorbed it all into his own interspatial ring.

Adkins had a very sour feeling in his heart.

Ever since he had learned that Nieff was planning to kill Linley, he had made preparations for this day for a long time! Just now, he had intentionally waited

for the most dangerous moment before making his move!

Who would have imagined that he had done all that for nothing?

“Lord Adkins, I’d like to ask, just now, what sort of profound mystery did that man use? Why did he have so many clones? And there was no way to separate them by aura either,” Linley asked.

Adkins had the intention of improving his relationship with Linley and Bebe, so naturally, he replied with great friendliness, “Oh, this person used a ‘doppelganger technique’ belonging to the Elemental Laws of the Wind. His divine power was rather low, and his soul wasn’t very strong either. His application of this doppelganger technique wasn’t very impressive; the Highgods that I know are capable of instantly creating a thousand doppelgangers!”

“A thousand doppelgangers?” Linley was utterly stunned.

“That’s an extreme, of course. Generally speaking, experts are capable of creating a few dozen. He had only eleven. That really is rather low,” Adkins said disdainfully. “As I see it, he most likely fused with a divine spark to become a Deity. His understanding of the Laws of the Wind is quite low as well. The power of his clones wasn’t strong either; they are only capable of physical attacks. They are useful against some low-level people, but against experts of the same level, they are useless.”

Adkins suddenly chuckled. “Although, it is still a good method for fleeing.”

Linley’s eyes couldn’t help but light up.

The doppelgangers and the main body were identical. Others truly wouldn’t be able to tell them apart. After all, there weren’t many people like Bebe, capable of discerning which body had a divine spark within it. Even Bebe had paid a heavy price for doing so.

“Linley, I recognize this God,” Adkins said voluntarily.

“Who is he? Why does he want to kill me?” Linley hurriedly asked. Bebe listened carefully as well. Over the past few years, Linley had repeated assassination attempts on his life.

Adkins said, “Do you remember last time, that Highgod that Lord Bluefire killed? That Highgod was named Sadista. This person is Sadista’s subordinate.” Adkins had learned the name ‘Sadista’ through using his divine sense to scan Sadista’s manor, where he heard Danny and others chat with each other.

“That Highgod? Sadista?” Linley frowned.

Linley had heard ‘Bluefire’ Leylin also tell him that the people who wanted to assassinate him came from the Infernal Realm.

“Well, Linley, I still have matters to attend to. I’ll leave now,” Adkins said with a smile. “If in the future, when you have any free time, I would welcome you to visit my place at your leisure.” Adkins’ attitude was extremely friendly. He then transformed into a ray of light, disappearing into the horizon.

Linley and Bebe exchanged a glance.

“That Adkins’ attitude is a bit too good, isn’t it.” Bebe rubbed his eyes. “I have a weird feeling about it.”

Linley looked towards the O’Brien Empire’s direction.

Ojwin and Linley were enemies, but Ojwin’s ‘leader’, Adkins, treated Linley in such a friendly manner.

“Who cares why he is acting strangely. At least I can be certain that this Adkins has the intention of building a good relationship with us. Let’s go. Time to go back.” Linley, thinking about the God spark he had just acquired, thought to himself, “It seems I have a gift to give Delia now!” Nieff had died and left behind a wind-style divine God spark, which was perfectly suited for giving to Delia.

After all, Delia had become a Deity through fusing with a divine spark. In the future, she would also have to continue relying upon fusing divine sparks. Just by relying on her own power, Delia would find it very hard to break through.

The battle between Nieff and Linley, especially the collapse of Nieff’s eleven doppelgangers, caused a large explosive wave of wind elemental essence to spread out, actually causing a tremor in the elemental essence of the world. This naturally attracted the attention of quite a few experts of the Yulan continent, and at this moment, quite a few divine senses were covering this

area.

Within the Rohault Empire.

“Nieff died...”

Danny let out a long sigh. His divine sense had already located Linley and Bebe’s figures. “Nieff failed as well.” And then, Danny’s face changed.

“Last time, Anras attacked. This time, Nieff attacked. Is it possible that Linley knows that Nieff belonged to our side? If he goes to ask those Gods of his residence to gain revenge upon us, or asks for Lord Beirut to act, then...” Danny’s heart grew nervous.

“There’s no point in staying here in the Yulan Plane any longer anyhow.”

Danny was certain about this. First of all, it was impossible for them to acquire the treasures of the Necropolis of the Gods. Secondly, it was also impossible to kill Linley.

“Best to immediately head back to the Infernal Realm.”

“Everyone, assemble at the front courtyard!” Danny immediately sent out this message. Only a few moments later, dozens of figures flew out of the Rohault Empire, heading towards the Arctic Icecap of the far north. They headed out in the morning. After flying for several hours, at roughly noontime, they arrived at the Arctic Icecap.

Their speed was indeed quite fast.

The Arctic Icecap. The peak of that iceberg. The wind howled.

Hodan came out from within that icy residence of his.

“Hrm? Danny?” Hodan saw Danny, then shook his head and sighed. “You are heading back?”

Danny nodded slightly. In a bitter voice, he said, “Our mission this time in the Yulan continent was a failure.”

“Did Nieff succeed in killing Linley?” Hodan asked. Three years ago, Danny had already sent someone to tell Hodan of this affair.

“Failed. Nieff died as well.” Danny shook his head helplessly as he spoke. “If

this Linley goes to the Indigo Prefecture, he will definitely pose a great threat to our Reinales Clan. But even if I go back and explain this to the clan, I'm afraid it won't be viewed with much importance by the clan."

Danny's position in the clan was fairly low. Anyone who fused with divine sparks to become a Deity, aside from Highgods, would all have fairly low status.

"I'm not able to get involved with the matters of the clan." Hodan sighed. "Otherwise, a boring job like this wouldn't have fallen to me. Alright, I'll send you back now."

The group of Deities led by Danny stood in that same six-sided star-shaped magic formation. Hodan activated the magic formation, and rays of light shot towards the heavens. The space within the magic formation began to distort like an illusion. In but a short while, the dozens of figures disappeared, no longer visible.

Danny and the rest of the group had immediately fled the Yulan Plane and returned to the Infernal Realm. As for Dragonblood Castle in the Yulan continent, it was filled with laughter and joy. Not just Tarosse and Dylin were there; the War God, the High Priest, and everyone else all participated in this banquet.

This was Linley's first return in six years, after all.

In particular, after hearing about what Linley had experienced over the past few years, Tarosse, Dylin, and the others were all greatly surprised. In particular the story of how Leylin had killed that Highgod, Sadista, with but a single blow caused all of the experts present to stare slack-jawed.

"Did you just say that 'Leylin', the Lord of Mount Copper Gong, was Lord Bluefire? One of the five Kings, Lord Bluefire?" Dylin said in astonishment.

Dylin had stayed in Gebados for a time. He knew how terrifying 'Bluefire' was.

Bebe, chewing on food as he spoke, said, "Even Adkins, upon seeing Mr. Leylin at Mount Copper Gong, immediately fell down to one knee and called out to him as 'Lord of the City'."

"Adkins?" Wharton, seated next to Linley, frowned.

Wharton hated Adkins deeply, because his grandson through Cena, little 'Kass', had been killed by Ojwin, while Ojwin was now Adkins' subordinate.

"Speaking of Adkins, I just thought of something." Linley looked at the nearby Olivier. "Olivier, that Adkins has already guaranteed to me that Ojwin will never ever make trouble for you again."

Olivier's eyes instantly lit up.

All these years, he had remained inside Dragonblood Castle, not daring to go outside, precisely because he was afraid of being attacked by Ojwin.

"Linley, thank you." Olivier felt some gratitude in his heart.

"If you are going to thank someone, you should thank Mr. Leylin," Linley said.

Olivier then immediately said, "Linley, since Ojwin won't pursue and attack me any further, then... tomorrow, I will prepare to head towards the Arctic Icecap. I really can't take it any longer."

"Tomorrow? Why are you going to the Arctic Icecap?"

Olivier smiled, his eyes holding a hint of anticipation. "Tomorrow, I am preparing to head to the Higher Plane of the Infernal Realm!"

Creek, Ocean?

Go to the Infernal Realm?

Olivier's words caused everyone in the hall to look towards him. Linley was somewhat surprised. He said, "Olivier, you are going to the Infernal Realm tomorrow? Why the rush? You can go to the Infernal Realm any time you want. In addition, the Yulan Plane is going to have another opening of the Necropolis of the Gods in a thousand years."

Most of the experts remaining on the Yulan continent were doing so because of the Necropolis of the Gods.

"Necropolis of the Gods?"

Olivier laughed self-mockingly. "What's the point of remaining in the Yulan continent. Linley, can it be that you think that I, Olivier, will be able to compete against Adkins or against Lord Bluefire? I'm just a Demigod. All I can do is watch, even if I stay behind. I might as well go to the Infernal Realm early."

"The Infernal Realm!" Olivier's gaze drifted away, as though he was staring into the Infernal Realm right now. "The legendary 'Infernal Realm' of the Higher Planes, the place where countless top tier experts of countless material planes are clustered together. A place with more experts and which is more diverse than even the Planar Prison by trillions of times!"

Everyone present, including Linley, Bebe, Delia, Tarosse, Dylin, and the War God all felt their hearts swayed.

They all knew how many experts were in the Planar Prison.

But compared to the Infernal Realm of the Higher Planes, the Gebados Planar Prison was nothing more than a tiny spot. After all, the 'Infernal Realm' had attracted countless experts from the myriad material planes. After so many years, it was perhaps already impossible to calculate how many experts were

there.

“Right now, it feels like the Yulan continent has quite a few experts. However, the Yulan continent is nothing more than a small creek, while the Infernal Realm is an ocean filled with countless dangers. Although dangerous, it also contains boundless opportunities and challenges!”

Olivier’s eyes were shining. “The Infernal Realm. I dream of going there! That is my stage!”

Nobody tried to dissuade Olivier again.

Because...

Olivier’s words caused even Linley, Tarosse, and the other experts to feel rather itchy in their hearts. Indeed, the Planar Prison would generally only have a few people locked within it every ten thousand years. The vast majority of experts, by contrast, travelled to the Higher Planes. And these were experts from the countless planes of the universe.

It could be said...

That most likely all of the experts in the various ‘Planar Prisons’ in the countless planes of the world, all combined, wouldn’t be as many as the number of experts within the ‘Infernal Realm’.

“Creek, ocean?” This echoed in Linley’s mind.

The Yulan continent was like a leisurely, clear creek. After Adkins, Leylin and the others left, Linley would definitely be one of the most powerful creatures living within this ‘creek’. But if Linley were to go to the Infernal Realm and enter that ‘endless sea’ filled with danger, the number of experts more powerful than Linley would be uncountable. That place had many people who had been training for far longer than Linley, or perhaps were even more talented than Linley, or perhaps had clans that were more terrifyingly powerful than Linley’s.

However, the vast Infernal Realm caused Linley’s heart to begin to boil with heated blood.

A life of challenges was what was needed for a person to be excited!

Deep at night. Within the bedroom, Linley and Delia were lying on the bed.

“Linley, what are you thinking about?” Delia said softly.

“Me?” Linley recovered from his reverie. He had just been thinking about the ‘Infernal Realm’ of the Higher Planes. He had never gone there, so all he could do was imagine what it was like. “Thinking about the ‘Infernal Realm’. I wonder what it is like there, and what the Infernal Realm has.”

Delia’s forehead creased slightly. She understood that Linley somewhat wanted to go to the Infernal Realm.

Delia, in her heart, didn’t wish for Linley to go. In Delia’s heart, she didn’t want for Linley to experience danger time and time again. That sort of feeling of worry and fear would cause her to feel like she was on the verge of collapse. But Delia didn’t say anything... because she understood.

Liking Linley meant that she couldn’t restrict him too tightly.

She respected Linley’s decisions.

Linley sighed inwardly. He knew what Delia felt as well, but precisely because of this, Linley felt all the more grateful towards Delia. Delia had always quietly supported him. Linley suddenly remembered the wind-style divine spark he had acquired.

“Delia, take a look. What is this?” With a flip of his hand, Linley revealed a black divine spark glimmering with green light which floated in front of Delia’s eyes.

Delia, seeing it, couldn’t help but have her eyes light up. “Wind-style divine spark? This... this is that Nieff’s divine spark?” Linley had long ago told the details of what had happened to Delia. Delia also knew that Linley had a total of three divine sparks on him right now.

They were respectively, the earth-style divine God spark that had fallen into Linley’s hands from when Barnas’ divine clone had been killed, the fire-style divine God spark from Anras’ failed assassination attempt, and the wind-style divine God spark from Nieff.

“Go take it and fuse with it.” Linley laughed.

Looking at Linley, Delia finally accepted it. Delia knew... given her level of

talent, especially after having fused with a divine spark to become a Deity, relying on herself to gain insights and make breakthroughs would most likely require tens of thousands of years before she could break through.

Delia dripped blood onto the divine spark, taking it into her body. And then she rested her head against Linley's chest. In a gentle voice, she said, "This divine spark was obtained through the hard work of my husband."

Linley couldn't help but laugh.

"Delia, I've heard that some of the clans in the Infernal Realm will use divine sparks to bring their descendants directly to the Highgod-level." Linley sighed in praise, "Three divine sparks in a row, and they become a Highgod. This sort of speed really is astonishing."

Fusing divine sparks was a symbol of low talent.

Experts generally wouldn't fuse with divine sparks. Even if one completely fused with a divine spark, the spark and one's own soul wouldn't be 100% compatible. To fuse with the profound mysteries within, the difficulty level would be hundreds of times greater than those who became Deities on their own.

"I will definitely work hard to learn how to use the profound mysteries of the Laws within," Delia said.

Next morning at dawn. Although a hint of sunlight was already shining, it was still quite cold. However, a large group of people had already gathered at the training fields of Dragonblood Castle, because everyone was sending Olivier off.

This time, Olivier was going by himself to the Infernal Realm.

Dylin, Tarosse, Cesar, the War God, and the others all had matters to resolve in the Yulan continent first.

"Olivier, kid, be careful in the Infernal Realm. Don't end up getting offed shortly after getting there. Haha..." Dylin laughed as he clapped Olivier on the shoulders. Olivier's eyes had a fierce light flash through them. "Get offed by someone? Killing me won't be so easy."

Linley and the others all laughed and said a few final words to Olivier.

“If we’re lucky, perhaps in the Infernal Realm, I’ll meet with everyone again,” Olivier said with a smile. “There’s no need to say much more. I’ll leave now.” As he spoke, Olivier gave Linley a profound glance.

Linley could sense the hidden meaning within Olivier’s gaze.

Olivier stared at Linley and said, “Linley, I will wait for you in the Infernal Realm. Don’t remain hiding in this little creek forever.” After speaking, Olivier flew straight towards the north.

Linley couldn’t help but be slightly stunned.

Delia and Wharton couldn’t help but look towards Linley as well.

“Creek?” Linley’s mind was very complicated right now.

“Linley!” A voice rang out directly in Linley’s mind. Linley was startled. This voice belonged to Lord Beirut. “Linley, you just came back from Mount Copper Gong not too long ago, right? These next two days, head over to my place and bring Bebe with you.”

“Bring Bebe?” Linley was somewhat puzzled. What did Beirut want Bebe to go there for?

“When you and Bebe get here, I’ll tell you. Remember. Hurry up. Don’t waste too much time.” Beirut laughed.

“I’ll head over immediately,” Linley replied.

“No rush. This time, when Bebe comes, he’ll most likely stay with me for quite a long period of time. You and him probably won’t meet for a long time,” Beirut said.

“Hrm?” Linley was somewhat surprised, but Beirut didn’t explain in detail, instead withdrawing his divine sense.

The next afternoon, the sky was very blue, like a washed azure porcelain plate, with an occasional white cloud floating in the horizons.

Two figures were flying shoulder to shoulder through the skies. It was Linley and Bebe. The two had left Dragonblood Castle together, heading straight for the Forest of Darkness and the metallic castle within. Bebe was puzzled as well. He didn’t know why Beirut was looking for him.

And from the sound of it, he would need to be separated from Linley for a long time.

In the vast Forest of Darkness, thousands of kilometers across, even kilometers in the air, one would still sense how vast and boundless this forest was. Upon seeing that metallic castle, Linley and Bebe descended downwards, and as they did, they sensed that ancient aura of the Forest of Darkness race towards them.

“Come in,” Beirut’s voice rang out in Linley’s mind.

Linley and Bebe immediately flew into the metallic castle.

“Come to think of it, I’ve never gone inside this metallic castle before.” Linley laughed towards Bebe, who laughed widely, “Boss, this metallic castle is quite special. It is very unique, and also very interesting.”

Linley was intrigued by Bebe’s words.

He couldn’t help but take a closer look at this metallic castle. The inside of it was arranged extremely neatly, and every part of the metallic castle had a fluctuating metallic color. For example, the floor was a violet red metallic color which reflected light.

Some of the metal even formed small mountains, and within the garden, there were all sorts of flowers.

“These flowers can’t all be made from the metallic castle, right?” Linley said to Bebe.

“These aren’t, no.” Bebe shook his head. “However, all of the metallic items here are made from the metallic castle itself. Boss, this metallic castle is very marvelous. Whatever you want it to transform into, it will.”

Linley and Bebe spoke as they entered the living room.

Beirut was currently reading an extremely thick book. Not even lifting up his head, he said, “Enter.”

Linley entered the living room, glancing at the cover of the book. “Hey? These characters don’t seem to be the same as the characters of our Yulan continent.” Linley was puzzled.

“Puzzled by these characters?” Beirut raised his head to glance at Linley, then laughed, “This came from an extremely long time ago. Even I don’t know how many hundreds of millions of years old it is. At that time, the Yulan continent didn’t even have humans. This was the time of the earth elemental civilizations, and this was the language of the time.”

“However, the language that we currently speak in the Yulan continent was intentionally passed down by the Planar Overseer of that time, shortly after humans appeared. It is the same language which is spoken in the Infernal Realm, the Celestial Realm, the Netherworld, and the Life Realm,” Beirut said.

Linley nodded.

“Grandpa Beirut, you told me to come back yet again. What is this about?” Bebe asked directly.

“Of course there’s a reason.” Beirut began to laugh. “The profound mysteries of the Laws you have gained insight into after becoming a Deity are the profound mysteries which we Godeater Rats will naturally gain upon reaching maturity. As a matter of fact, you yourself haven’t actively gained insights into any profound mysteries. This time, I...”

Halfway through his words, Beirut suddenly looked towards the south in amazement. “Huh? This guy...”

“Rumble...”

Suddenly, the elemental essence of the entire Yulan Plane, including not just the Yulan continent, but also the North Sea, the Arctic Icecap, and even the boundless South Seas, began to tremble. In particular, the elemental essence of the South Sea began to form into terrifying waves.

“Boom...”

Fortunately, the South Seas were extremely vast. When this terrifying wave of elemental essence that came forth from it reached the Yulan continent, it was nothing more than an elemental ripple. But this elemental ripple was enough to cause any experts capable of sensing it to feel astonishment in their hearts.

“This? What is this?”

Linley immediately spread out his divine sense, instantly covering the entire Yulan continent with it. “This elemental ripple covers an enormous area. And the origin of it seems to be even further south.” Linley’s spiritual energy, despite being powerful, couldn’t reach the end, to the source of where this elemental ripple came from.

“What scale! What tremendous scale!” Beirut began to laugh.

An Abrupt Change

These astonishing elemental tremors were something that even the youngest students at magus academies were able to clearly sense. From Deities to magus academy initiates, countless people felt astonished at the massive scale of these elemental tremors. Even a hundred forbidden spells being fired off at the same time wouldn't create such astonishing elemental vibrations.

"Grandpa Beirut, what is going on?" Bebe asked curiously.

Linley looked towards Beirut as well, who chortled, "The King of the Gebados Planar Prison, Bluefire. You know him, right? This is all his doing. His former homeland, that shattered continent... he is preparing to create it anew."

"What?" Linley and Bebe were shocked.

Create a continent?

"This Bluefire is an absolute madman." Beirut exhaled. "Although he is a Highgod, the amount of divine power and spiritual energy he has to expend in order to create a continent is an astonishing figure. This is an entire, massive continent, not just an ordinary little island."

"You can create a continent?" Bebe didn't dare believe it.

Beirut nodded. "That Bluefire has two divine Highgod clones, and he has reached an extremely frightening level of attainment in the profound mysteries of the Laws. Given his power, creating a continent in a material plane isn't impossible. However, I still feel that this fellow is a bit too crazy."

"Crazy?" Linley couldn't help but look towards the south.

The creation of a continent was an astonishing spectacle. Perhaps only an expert on the level of Lord Bluefire was capable of such a thing.

In the South Seas region, at the place most distant from the Yulan continent, the boundless waters of the ocean seemed to be boiling. "Hissssss." The seabed

was emitting a hot aura. In this massive area spanning ten thousand kilometers, one could clearly see boiling hot magma rising upwards from the seabed.

In the air above the underwater fountain of lava, a wild, explosive concentration of fire elemental essence was causing space to distort. Within that distortion, a human figure could be seen.

This figure, dressed in a long, dark red robe, hovered in mid-air like a celestial divinity. It was indeed 'Bluefire' Leylin.

Dozens of kilometers away from Leylin was the bald man, Burgess, and the white-robed man. They looked at each other, and the white-robed man let out a breath. "Big Brother, Third Brother truly is quite mad. With that volcano as the center, he has, in one breath, summoned so much lava from the depths of the earth beneath the seabed. He is insane."

"Fortunately, Third Brother is nearly a Paragon with regards to his understanding of the Elemental Laws of Fire. Otherwise, he definitely wouldn't have been able to accomplish this so easily."

The reason why Leylin was famous was because of his mastery of the Elemental Laws of Fire. The name 'Bluefire' was a testament to the level of attainment he had reached in the Elemental Laws of Fire. The strength of his fire-style Highgod clone was far greater than that of his earth-style Highgod clone.

It wasn't that he was weak in earth; it was that his strength in fire was simply too great!

Countless amounts of magma continued to rise from beneath the ocean depths. Occasionally, they would even erupt over the surface of the water. But the amount of lava that erupted from above the surface of the ocean wasn't even a millionth of the total amount of lava being created.

The vast majority of the lava that had exploded forth from the seabed had solidified into rocks within the sea.

The area of the lava that Leylin had brought forth from beneath the seabed stretched out for hundreds of thousands of kilometers. Only, relying on his control over the lava, he caused the majority of it to solidify and focus within

the area of ten thousand kilometers. Afterwards, when they solidified due to the cold from the waters of the sea and formed rocks, the amount of seawater within this ten-thousand-kilometer-area would lessen as well.

In some places, rocks were already emerging from the surface of the sea, and most places only had a sea depth of a few hundred meters.

This was something that was inconceivable, so deep within the South Sea. But Bluefire had accomplished it.

“The next part is going to be tricky for Third Brother.” The bald man, Burgess, stared at the distant figure of Leylin. “To control such a vast amount of earth elemental essence and form a continent... Third Brother’s mastery of the Elemental Laws of Earth isn’t as powerful as his mastery of the Elemental Laws of Fire.”

The white-robed man nodded as well. The two continued to stare at Leylin in the distance.

Leylin let out a long breath, then stretched out his hands...

“Rumble...” The boundless earth elemental essence of the world came under his control. Within an area of hundreds of thousands of kilometers, the rocks and dirt all came under his control, and began rushing towards that area of ten thousand kilometers formed from solidified lava.

The amount of earth elemental essence that had been summoned was too vast, creating a vacuum in earth elemental essence for hundreds of thousands of kilometers in the area around.

“BOOM!” Earth elemental essence from other areas wildly rushed in, causing space itself to tremble and distort. The countless amounts of earth elemental essence particles rushing in also created an elemental wave.

The massive vibrations within hundreds of thousands of kilometers caused countless ocean creatures to suffer an untold calamity. Actually, the explosion of lava alone had already caused many creatures to be boiled to death.

“Too slow!”

At this sort of speed, the amount of time it would take to create a continent

would most likely be ten days or half a month.

Leylin frowned, his scarlet eyebrows seeming to touch. “It seems it won’t be as easy as I thought!” Leylin’s body suddenly split into two. One of the two bodies, a divine clone wearing a golden robe, suddenly disintegrated soundlessly, disappearing from the world. Instantly, within the area of hundreds of thousands of kilometers, the rocks and earth began to move at a pace several times faster.

“The divine power that my divine earth clone has built up over the countless year will most likely be completely used up,” the fire-style divine clone of Leylin, wearing a dark red robe, murmured to himself.

This time, when Leylin returned to the Yulan continent, he had a sour feeling in his heart. After all, his homeland had been completely destroyed, and even the very continent itself had been shattered and sunk into the seas. Thus, Leylin chose to go to the previous location of his former homeland and summon an explosive river of lava. The sea depth here wasn’t that great, and so the level of difficulty would be somewhat lower as well.

Creating an entire continent and creating an elemental manor... these were two completely separate concepts.



*

O’Brien Empire. The imperial palace.

Adkins was looking towards the south, his forehead furrowed. The nearby Barnas stood there respectfully as well.

“Lord Bluefire truly is daring,” Adkins spoke.

Barnas said in a quiet voice, “Creating a continent is something which will consume an astonishing amount of divine power and spiritual energy.”

A chuckle escaped Adkins. “The amount of divine power and spiritual energy which is consumed is indeed astonishing, but the creation of a continent is primarily the doing of his divine earth clone. In other words, that powerful divine fire clone of his won’t be weakened by much.”

“Bluefire is too powerful!”

Adkins lowered his head, silent for a long time.

Barnas stood at the side, sighing in his heart. “Young master is too stubborn and competitive. He doesn’t like being inferior to others. Only, in the Gebados Planar Prison, young master is far inferior to those five Kings. If he went to the Higher Planes where even more experts exist, most likely he wouldn’t be at the peak of the field. The treasures of the Necropolis of the Gods... they are young master’s only hope.”

Barnas knew very well that Adkins definitely wouldn’t give up.

Adkins suddenly turned. “Barnas, I don’t want to wait any longer.”

“Lord Adkins? You...” Barnas was shocked. He knew what Adkins was thinking.

Adkins’ gaze was as sharp as a knife. “This is an excellent opportunity. Bluefire is completely focused on creating that continent. He has no energy to pay attention to us. Right now, immediately go and summon Ojwin and the other two.”

“Yes!” Barnas took a deep breath as well, immediately spreading out his divine sense towards Ojwin and the others.

Adkins face was tranquil, but his heart was filled with great excitement.

“The day that determines destiny!” Adkins murmured to himself.

Soon, Ojwin, Hanbritt, and Gatenby all arrived. The three immediately fell to one knee in respect. “Lord Adkins.”

“All of you, make a trip with me to the Forest of Darkness,” Adkins said.

Ojwin and the other two exchanged glances, all very puzzled. They had all felt the astonishing elemental tremors. Now, they had been ordered to go immediately to the Forest of Darkness with no explanation. The three could only suppress their curiosity and then follow Adkins and Barnas towards the Forest of Darkness.



The Forest of Darkness. The metallic castle.

Linley and Beirut were still together.

“You are planning to have Bebe gain insights into the profound mysteries of the Laws?” Linley looked at Beirut in astonishment. Just then, Beirut had said that he wanted Bebe to stay in the metallic castle to attune with the profound mysteries of the Laws. After completely mastering one of them, he would allow Bebe to leave the metallic castle.”

Bebe immediately had a sour look on his face as well and said, “Grandpa Beirut, let’s take it slow with regards to training in the profound mysteries of the Laws. Why do you insist on me staying in the metallic castle? Who knows how long it will take me to succeed.”

“Don’t worry. I only want you to master the simplest Profound Mystery of the Essence of Darkness. In addition, in order to help you gain insights, I have prepared a treasure to assist you. Grandpa paid an extremely great price to obtain this treasure,” Beirut said.

Linley couldn’t help but feel astonished.

From the sound of it, it seemed as though this was a treasure that could help a person in training in the Elemental Laws?

“Treasure? How precious is it?” Bebe’s eyes lit up.

“Stop asking so many questions,” Beirut said seriously. “Just stay here and don’t make Grandpa disappointed.”

Linley consoled and urged Bebe as well. Bebe himself was very curious towards that treasure, and so he finally agreed. After all, Bebe also knew... his Grandpa was extremely wealthy. For even Beirut to say that the price he had paid was great meant that this treasure was definitely not an ordinary one.

“Hrm?” Beirut frowned slightly.

“Harry!” Beirut shouted. Soon, a human figure appeared in the living room. It was one of the three Violet-Gold Rat Kings, Harry. Beirut instructed, “Harry, you take care of Bebe. Don’t let him run amok. I’m going out for now.”

“Yes, Father,” Harry said respectfully.

“Linley, you come with me as well.” Beirut laughed, and Linley nodded.

After bidding Bebe farewell, Linley and Beirut flew directly out of the metallic castle. Flying by Beirut’s side, Linley felt somewhat mystified. “Lord Beirut suddenly said that we were heading out. What is this about. Hey, they are...?”

Linley had already seen several figures flying over from far away, with the leader being the awe-inspiring Adkins!

“Ojwin!” Linley saw Ojwin behind Adkins as well. “Hmph. If I have the chance, I will definitely kill him.” Linley continued to feel hatred towards Ojwin. In the past, Cena’s son and wives, as well as the entire palace, had all been killed by this man.

He had never had a chance to avenge this enmity.

“Ah, Mr. Beirut.” A smile immediately drifted to Adkins’ face. “Oh, Linley, you are here as well.” Adkins’ smile was very bright.

“Linley, you can go back for now,” Beirut said.

Linley bowed, and then also bowed slightly towards Adkins, flying towards the south by himself. Only, in mid-flight, Linley couldn’t help but turn his head and look back. “Lord Beirut suddenly came out, most likely because he knew that Adkins and the others had arrived. What is going on?”

In the air above the Forest of Darkness, a black-robed Beirut and a gold-robed Adkins were standing in mid-air, facing each other. Adkins seemed like a youngster, while Beirut seemed like an elder. Old and young, standing there facing each other. It was quite intriguing.

“Mr. Beirut, let’s go to your place to chat,” Adkins said.

“No need. Here is fine,” Beirut said with a calm laugh.

Adkins was all smiles. “Fine, then.” Adkins immediately spread out his Godrealm, preventing Ojwin and the others from listening to their conversation. “Mr. Beirut, last time, you said that we have to wait a thousand years before opening the Necropolis of the Gods, yes?”

“That was indeed the case.” Beirut had a hint of a laugh in his eyes.

Adkins laughed warmly. “I also know that previously, Mr. Beirut, you opened

the Necropolis of the Gods twice in succession, once to let Saints in, once to let Deities in. There should only have been a gap of a month or so in between. I imagine that the opening of the Necropolis of the Gods is determined by yourself, Mr. Beirut?”

“Right. The almighty Sovereign hasn’t set a specific schedule for the opening and closing. I alone am responsible for determining when it will be opened,” Beirut said.

Adkins’ smile became absolutely incandescent. “That’s absolutely wonderful. Mr. Beirut, I wonder, would it be possible for us to open the Necropolis of the Gods in advance?”

“In advance?” Beirut stared at Adkins in astonishment.

“Right, for example... tomorrow! I don’t know if you would consider it, Mr. Beirut?” Adkins looked at Beirut, his eyes carrying a hint of anticipation.

“Oh, well now...” Beirut pondered for a moment. Adkins could only wait, absolutely frantic. Finally, Beirut nodded slightly. “That’s not impossible. Opening it tomorrow is doable.”

Beirut's Power

Having received a positive response, Adkins breathing couldn't help but grow ragged. His mind instantly became filled with all sorts of dreams. "If I can acquire a Sovereign artifact within the Necropolis of the Gods, or perhaps one of the legendary Sovereign sparks and become an incomparably mighty Sovereign, then I, Adkins..."

Just thinking about it made Adkins' blood boil in anticipation.

But suddenly, Beirut frowned and he said hurriedly, "Wait, we can't open it tomorrow."

"What? Why not?" Adkins was frantic.

Beirut explained, "Adkins, I forgot about something. Bluefire is currently rebuilding his homeland. His divine earth clone is wholeheartedly focused on rebuilding the continent, while his divine fire clone is standing guard. He can't divide his attention right now. Given his building speed, I imagine he still needs a few more days. How about this. Let's wait ten days, then enter together."

Adkins felt a surge of franticness in his heart. He secretly said to himself, "That's exactly the issue; I don't want Bluefire to enter. If Bluefire enters, then how will I possibly compete against him?"

Adkins knew exactly how powerful Bluefire was.

"Lord Beirut," Adkins said sincerely. Just from the fact that he was now addressing Beirut as 'Lord' was proof of how much importance he placed on the treasures of the Necropolis of the Gods. "I think... there's no need to allow that Bluefire to enter the Necropolis of the Gods. How about just the two of us enter. What do you think?"

Adkins finally got to the point.

Just him and Beirut. When the time came, only he, Adkins, would enter the

Necropolis of the Gods. Given that, who would be able to compete against him?”

“Oh?” Beirut stared at Adkins, as if he suddenly understood. A hint of a smile was on his lips. “So Adkins, this is what you desire?”

Adkins continued to look at Beirut.

“Adkins, your fantasy is a bit too perfect.” Beirut smirked. “If I let you go in by yourself, you might be able to acquire the treasures within. But there is no benefit to me at all. In addition, I would run the risk of offending Bluefire. Do you think that I, Beirut, am so old that my vision has gone bad, that I wouldn’t know who is more important between you and Bluefire?”

Adkins laughed ingratiatingly and said hurriedly, “Lord Beirut, your words aren’t correct. True, Bluefire is more powerful than me, and if he goes in, he would at least be able to acquire a Sovereign artifact. However, Lord Beirut, think about it. Given Bluefire’s temper, if he were to obtain a Sovereign spark, how could he possibly submit to you? I think, Lord Beirut, that you don’t have any confidence in defeating a Bluefire who wields a Sovereign artifact, right?”

Beirut just laughed.

Adkins urged yet again, “But I’m different. Lord Beirut. If you have any requests, just go ahead and state them!”

“Oh?” Beirut’s eyes lit up.

“This Necropolis of the Gods does indeed have Sovereign artifacts,” Beirut said. Adkins eyes instantly lit up. Beirut continued, “Adkins, I want you to swear an oath to the Overgod of Fate that the first Sovereign artifact you acquire, you have to give to me.”

Adkins started slightly. “How many Sovereign artifacts are within?”

“Not just one,” Beirut said.

“Fine. No matter if I acquire one or two of them, the first Sovereign artifact I will definitely give to you, Lord Beirut.” Adkins gritted his teeth.

“Don’t rush. No point in saying it now. Later, you can make an oath to the Overgod of Fate,” Beirut said with a calm laugh.

An oath sworn to the Overgod of Fate definitely could not be violated. The Overgod of Fate was in actuality the 'Edicts of Fate', one of the edicts that governed the functioning of the vast universe. If you were to violate such an oath, the Edicts of Fate would naturally cause you to suffer endlessly.

"This is the first matter. There are still two other matters," Beirut said.

"This Beirut really is black-hearted." Adkins secretly cursed, but he didn't have any other options. He had to force himself to squeeze out a smile. "Lord Beirut, pray tell."

Beirut said with a calm laugh, "The second matter is, after leaving the Necropolis of the Gods, you have to serve me for a million years."

Adkins stared.

Serve? Even in the Gebados Planar Prison, he, Adkins, had never served anyone as a vassal.

"What, you don't accept? If you don't accept, that's fine. We can forget about this Necropolis of the Gods matter." As Beirut spoke, he seemed about to turn. Adkins gritted his teeth. "I accept. After I return from the Necropolis of the Gods, I, Adkins, will definitely serve you, Lord Beirut, for a million years."

Beirut smiled and nodded.

"Lord Beirut, now you can let me go to the Necropolis of the Gods alone, right?" Adkins had a hint of anger in his heart now.

"Don't rush. There's the third requirement as well." Beirut was still all smiles.

No matter how good-tempered a person was, hearing this, they would still be irritated. What's more, Adkins was an explosive, brutally tempered person to begin with. He couldn't help but say, "Lord Beirut, how many requirements do you have?"

"This is the final one." Beirut laughed calmly. "If you don't agree, then forget about entering the Necropolis of the Gods."

Adkins suppressed his rage and growled, "Speak."

"My third request is very simple. I don't want to have problems in the future. So, please go kill Bluefire." Beirut continued to smile faintly. "Alas, I don't want

Bluefire to come get revenge on me in the future. Thus, I'll have to trouble you to kill him."

Adkins was instantly stupefied.

Kill Bluefire?

"If I, Adkins, had the ability to kill Bluefire, why would I be here speaking with you at such length!" Adkins said furiously.

"Oh. Then there's nothing I can do about that." Beirut's face sank. "Then Adkins, please go back."

Adkins instantly understood. He was so angry, his face turned white. Pointing at Beirut in a fury, he said, "Beirut, you... you played me for a fool!!!" The three requirements that Beirut required were completely unattainable. The first two requirements were already excessive, but this third one was impossible.

"Haha..."

Beirut began to laugh, and he looked at Adkins as he laughed. "Adkins, you just now realize it? Haha, I did indeed play you for a fool. I was originally planning to wait a thousand years, at which point I would just bring Bluefire into the Necropolis of the Gods. I didn't expect that you would come here so quickly. But that's for the better. It let me see how you look when utterly furious, haha..."

Adkins' face changed. "You never planned to let me enter the Necropolis of the Gods?"

"Right."

Beirut smirked. "I never had the intention of letting you enter. I only planned to let Bluefire enter."

Adkins' entire body was shaking slightly.

By nature, he was arrogant and never willing to be subordinate himself to others. Adkins had always dreamed of one day reaching the heights of power and exceed Bluefire and the other five Kings. But he understood that given his talent, his only hope was to acquire a Sovereign artifact, or perhaps a Sovereign spark, something he dreamed about.

However...

His hopes had been dashed.

In the air above the Forest of Darkness, Adkins and Beirut stood there, looking at each other. Their conversation was separated from the outside world by the Godrealm. The distant Barnas, Ojwin, and others couldn't hear their conversation at all. They only saw that Adkins' expression had clearly become furious.

"Boom..."

With Adkins at the center, a black and white light suddenly shot out in every direction. The area covered by the black light caused space to distort, and the nearby trees began to be devoured. Wherever the white light shone upon, matter evaporated like snow in the face of the sun.

Adkins had two mighty divine clones; darkness and light!

Cocooned by darkness and light, Adkins was absolutely enraged.

Adkins pointed furiously at Beirut, bellowing in anger, "Beirut, you are a despicable, base person who relies on having a Sovereign at his back! Today, I lowered myself to beg you and gave you face time and time again. I didn't expect that you would insult me like this. Fine. Fine. You, Beirut, abuse the weak while fearing the strong. You are afraid of offending Bluefire, but you come insult me. You are garbage!!!"

These words weren't restricted by the Godrealm. They spread out in every direction, with Barnas and the others hearing them clearly.

Barnas was greatly shocked. "Lord Adkins, no!"

"Not good." Hanbritt, Gatenby, and Ojwin's faces all changed as well.

Hundreds of kilometers away from Adkins and Beirut, Linley couldn't help but turn his head to stare in astonishment as well.

"What a powerful aura of darkness and light energy." Linley was inwardly shocked. The explosive release of energy from Adkins had naturally attracted Linley's attention. "Such powerful energy... can it be that Adkins and Lord Beirut are coming to blows?"

Linley was mystified.

And then, Linley immediately headed back.

Beirut's face turned cold, as though covered with a layer of frost. "Abuse the weak while fearing the strong? Garbage?"

"You've trained for just a million years. Even if you have a Sovereign artifact, do you even know how to use it properly?"

A semi-translucent long blade, seemingly made out of ice, appeared in Adkins' hand. He looked disdainfully at Beirut. "If you don't have a Sovereign artifact, then die. If you do, good. It is time for the Sovereign artifact to have a new master."

Adkins had never held Beirut in any regard.

As he saw it, Beirut who had trained for just a million years was nothing more than an upstart junior. How many Elemental Laws could he have fused?"

"Have a new master?"

With a flip of his hand, Beirut revealed a pitch-black staff. This staff emanated a terrifying aura, and Adkins' eyelids twitched, staring in astonishment at the staff in Beirut's hands. With an insulting smirk, Beirut said, "The Sovereign artifact is here. If you have the ability, come and take it."

This was a perfect, undamaged Sovereign artifact, not like Linley's.

The black staff in Beirut's hands emitted an aura so powerful that even the distant Barnas, Ojwin, and the others had their faces turn white.

Adkins' eyes couldn't help but narrow. He secretly said, "This Beirut actually really does have a Sovereign artifact. All the better. At worst, today, I'll lose a divine clone! I have to kill him and seize that Sovereign artifact." Adkins had made up his mind, and now he acted straightforwardly.

Barnas was frantic, but this time, he was no longer able to stop this battle!

Ojwin, Barnas, and the others all watched the two Highgods face off from afar. Suddenly, the dark and light energy exploded forth, causing space to shudder. Even Barnas the other three immediately utilized their Godrealm to defend.

Adkins divided his body into two, his divine light clone and his divine darkness clone!

The divine light clone wielded that long blade, while his divine darkness clone was hidden within the darkness, disappearing within. Adkins' divine light clone instantly charged towards Beirut, his face ferocious as he roared, "Die!" At the same instant he roared, his blade stabbed out, as eye-piercingly bright as the sun.

At the same moment...

The divine darkness clone hidden within the darkness appeared as well, as a black dagger silently stabbed towards Beirut.

"Haha..." Beirut laughed loudly and gaily, sweeping out with his black staff.

The black staff seemed to have turned into a blur, smashing directly down upon that brilliant blade which shone like the sun. "BANG!" The Highgod artifact blade instantly disintegrated, but the black staff didn't slow down at all, smashing directly down upon the head of Adkins' divine light clone.

"BOOM!" The head completely exploded, leaving behind only a brilliant divine spark hovering in midair.

Adkins' divine darkness clone laughed insidiously. "He didn't even move. He is asking for death!" In the same instant his divine light clone was destroyed, Adkins' black dagger stabbed directly towards Beirut's head.

"CLANG!"

The black dagger stabbed onto Beirut's head, but there was only a metallic ringing sound.

"How is that possible?!" Adkins stared in astonishment, his eyes wide. His full-power attack with his Highgod artifact hadn't been able to even break through Beirut's skin? Beirut's head was actually comparable in toughness to a Highgod artifact? This was utterly impossible.

But... it had happened.

Beirut turned his head to glance at the boggled Adkins. "What, are you disappointed?"

“Flee!” Adkins’ face changed dramatically. He finally understood that this Beirut was utterly terrifying. Even the five Kings of the Gebados Planar Prison wouldn’t dare to use their heads to take a full power attack of a Highgod.

“Rumble...”

The black staff, moving at a speed that was seemingly dozens of times faster than when it had destroyed the divine light clone, instantly passed through Adkins’ head. Adkins’ head soundlessly disintegrated, leaving behind only a darkness-style divine spark floating next to Beirut.

And then, both of the divine sparks entered Beirut’s hands.

The two headless corpses fell from the sky. Beirut lowered his head to glance at them, murmuring, “Too weak, too weak. Compared to the former era’s Bloodviolet Fiend and the Twelve Winged Highgod Angel, he was far too weak.” Beirut, with just two casual sweeps of his staff, had killed Adkins.

Extreme Joy Turns to Grief

Barnas, Ojwin, Hanbritt, and Gatenby all stared, slack-jawed and eyes round.

They had watched the battle that had occurred just now. In front of Beirut, Adkins was like an infant, completely incapable of resistance. The most monstrous part of it was... Adkins had delivered a full power attack against Beirut's head, but Beirut hadn't been hurt at all.

"Funny. So funny."

Beirut shook his head, let out a sigh, then flew at high speed towards his metallic castle in the north. Actually, Beirut had been prepared for this battle long ago. If he hadn't, he wouldn't have left the metallic castle to prepare for battle with Adkins in mid-air.

"Whew..." Ojwin and everyone else let out a long breath.

Fortunately, Beirut had completely ignored them when he had left. Otherwise, all four of them combined wouldn't be able to withstand a single blow from Beirut's staff.

"How terrifying." Hanbritt let out a sigh.

Barnas stared at the two headless corpses below. Utterly agonized, he said, "Young master!" Barnas directly flew downwards. He and Adkins had an extremely close relationship. The two had been together for a very long time, and now that Adkins was dead, Barnas was filled with agony as well.

Ojwin's eyes lit up.

"The interspatial ring!" Ojwin saw that on the two corpses below, the divine light corpse was still wearing an interspatial ring on one of its fingers. "Adkins' interspatial ring has a divine Highgod spark in it." Ojwin's heart began to tremble.

Even in his dreams, Ojwin fantasized about becoming a Highgod!

And now, the chance had come!

“Perhaps that interspatial ring has a light-style spark,” Ojwin secretly said to himself. Ojwin immediately sneaked a peek at the nearby Gatenby and Hanbritt, but unexpectedly, Hanbritt and Gatenby were also glancing at him and each other.

The three of them exchanged glances, then all grinned.

They all knew what the others were thinking. Of the four subordinates of Adkins, most likely only Barnas wasn't interested in that divine Highgod spark. After all, it wasn't suited for him to fuse with. All three of them had the same idea.

“Hanbritt, Gatenby, you also want that divine Highgod spark in the interspatial ring, right?” Ojwin directly sent a message via his divine sense.

Hanbritt and Gatenby's eyes contained a hint of amusement.

Gatenby replied with his divine sense, “However, we have to deal with Barnas first. He is very powerful. If we don't kill him, there's no way we will be able to get that interspatial ring.”

“Alright. All of us will join forces and pool our power to kill Barnas. As for the divine spark, after we acquire it, let's see what element it is. Whoever it suits, that's who will get it!” Hanbritt said, and Ojwin and Gatenby both expressed assent.

The three exchanged a glance, and then flew downwards as if by prior agreement.

“Lord Adkins!” Gatenby spoke out in a somewhat agonized manner.

“Mr. Barnas, don't be too heartbroken.” Hanbritt flew over as well.

Barnas was currently lost in his agony. The scenes of him being together with Adkins over the course of all these years flashed through his mind, and tears couldn't help but begin to trickle down Barnas' face. He didn't have any idea as to what Ojwin and the other two were planning.

“Let's do it!” Ojwin shouted through his divine sense to the others.

Ojwin, Gatenby, and Hanbritt simultaneously had their weapons appear in

their hands, and in the next instant, simultaneously charged towards the nearby Barnas. The three Gods revealed a murderous look in their eyes, not holding back at all.

“Not good.” Barnas suddenly sensed this terrifying aura and immediately transformed into a ray of lightning, flying away and fleeing.

Unfortunately, no matter how fast an expert was, fleeing still had a short wind up phase. In that instant, his speed wasn't very fast, while Ojwin, Gatenby, and Hanbritt had already reached the limits of their speed as they pincer-attacked him.

“What are you doing?!” Barnas' divine sense swept into the minds of the three with a furious howl.

Barnas had already turned and was facing Ojwin and the other two while he continued to retreat at high speed.

“Die!”

A green sword flash, a holy light flash, and a warblade that carried within it a destructive aura. The three Gods struck out at full strength, and the ancient trees nearby that had existed for innumerable years were transformed into dust, with the earth itself sinking down as well.

“Bastards!” Barnas was a smart man. He could instantly guess what the goal of these three was.

He didn't have any chance to flee right now. Grinding his teeth, Barnas transformed into a human-shaped bolt of lightning. The Highgod artifact in his hand, the ‘Spear of Cortez’, directly pierced towards Gatenby, as Barnas hoped to make a breakthrough at this point and flee with his life.

But how could Ojwin and the other two let him flee?

“Boom!”

Three on one!

The earth seemed to have transformed into a rippling pond. Within a thousand meters, the nearby boulders, trees, and magical beasts all transformed into powder. Dust flew everywhere, but the battle had already

concluded. Barnas' eyes had already grown dim, and he had collapsed, following in Adkins' footsteps.

"Bang!" Gatenby, a hole having been created in his chest, also collapsed at the same instant.

The Spear of Cortez didn't just possess a material attack; it also possessed a spiritual attack. That Barnas had taken the combined strikes of those three Gods, but although he died, even in death, he had pulled down the most powerful of the three, Gatenby, into death with him.

This Barnas really had been the most powerful of those four Gods.

"Whew." Ojwin and Hanbritt were both shaking in their hearts. The dust slowly settled. The two exchanged a glance, feeling that they were lucky. If Barnas had aimed his dying blow at either one of them, they wouldn't have been able to dodge either.

"Hanbritt, whoever matches up with the element of this divine spark in the interspatial ring is the person who will get it," Ojwin said with a laugh.

"Of course." Hanbritt laughed. "However, the person who doesn't get the divine spark will get the Spear of Cortez. What do you say?"

"Haha, of course I agree." Ojwin laughed.

Right now, the ground had four corpses. The two headless corpses of Adkins, the corpse of Gatenby, and the corpse of Barnas. Meanwhile, Ojwin and Hanbritt were happily discussing how to divide up the rewards.

"Who will bind the interspatial ring with blood and withdraw the divine spark within?" Ojwin looked at Hanbritt.

Hanbritt said, "Ojwin, how could I distrust you? You can go ahead and activate the interspatial ring." Ojwin nodded and laughed as he walked over to Adkins' divine light corpse. But as he walked past Hanbritt...

Hanbritt's eyes had a cold light flash past them. He secretly said to himself, "Prepare to die. The Highgod spark and the Highgod artifact will both be mine."

Hanbritt suddenly moved, delivering his most powerful attack towards Ojwin.

The strange thing was, at the same instant Hanbritt made his move, Ojwin's

body suddenly flashed backwards in a straight line, chopping out with that greatsword in his hands.

Astonishment!

The two both started slightly, astonished that the other was thinking the same thing they had been.

“The Highgod artifact and spark are both mine!” Ojwin howled angrily.

The longsword that was wrapped by that green light and the greatsword that was emitting that holy light simultaneously pierced towards each other. Ojwin and Hanbritt’s gazes met for an instant, and they each saw the murderous intent in the eyes of the other. If you didn’t die, then I will perish!

Kill the other, obtain all the treasures!

“Clang!”

The green-light sword collided with the holy-light greatsword in a strange manner. The blue light shook, and it was as though space had suddenly been torn apart. An interspatial crack suddenly flashed towards Ojwin’s body. Ojwin retreated rapidly, but his body actually exploded. Only his head flew off into the distance.

“Haha...” Ojwin, only having his head left, still laughed delightedly and loudly.

“Boom!” Hanbritt’s body slumped to the ground. He was dead!

Hanbritt trained in the Elemental Laws of the Wind. He didn’t understand much about profound mysteries involving spiritual attacks. His most powerful attacks were of the Dimensional variety. Although he had badly injured Ojwin, that sword blow from Ojwin had contained a spiritual attack that had destroyed his soul.

Of the four mighty Gods, only Ojwin remained!

“I finally succeeded.” Ojwin was so excited that his face was shaking. His head immediately floated over to Adkins’ corpse.

At the same time, his body below his neck quickly began to regrow. Ojwin simply couldn’t wait. He immediately controlled a drop of blood and sent it onto the interspatial ring, which absorbed it like a sponge. By this point, Ojwin’s

arm had already grown out.

“It must be light-style. It must be light-style!” Ojwin murmured in his heart.

Ojwin was extremely nervous. Grabbing the interspatial ring, he gritted his teeth and immediately retrieved the divine spark within.

“This...” Ojwin stared wide-eyed at the divine spark in front of him. The black divine spark that was emanating a white light.

“Light-style divine spark! It is light-style!” Ojwin was so excited, his body shook.

“Haha, it is light-style, it is light-style!!!” Ojwin was so happy he began to sob. “Adkins? Haha, I’ve endured servitude for you for so long, all for the sake of this day. It really is light-style. Soon, I will be a Highgod. I will be a Highgod!!!”

Ojwin’s heart was shaking.

“When I become a Highgod, Kingsley, my son, Father will definitely get revenge for you. Definitely!” Ojwin’s eyes blazed. His body had already grown to his waist.

Ojwin immediately looked at the divine Highgod spark in his hands. He couldn’t help but reveal an excited and satisfied smile on his face. In the Planar Prison, he had longed for this day. After countless years, he had finally acquired a Highgod spark.

“I, Ojwin, am finally going to become a Highgod.”

Dripping a drop of blood onto the divine Highgod spark, the spark immediately fused into his body. Ojwin’s face was covered with anticipation for the future, but right at that moment...

“Huh?”

Ojwin’s face changed. He couldn’t help but turn to look...

A cold pair of dark golden eyes was staring at him.

The devilish Bloodviolet sword. The adamantine heavy sword emanating that dark blue glow.

“Linley!” Ojwin’s face changed.

He had just undergone two life-and-death battles. His spiritual energy was 90% used up, and the Highgod spark hadn't been fused yet. He would need dozens of years to fuse with it. The worst thing was... Linley was too close to him. With his not yet fully repaired body, his speed wasn't as fast as it could be.

There was no time to flee!

"Die." Linley charged down from above, the adamantine heavy sword and Bloodviolet chopping down simultaneously.

"Hrmph, you are asking for death!" Ojwin laughed coldly in his heart.

He couldn't flee? Flee? Why did he have to flee?

Linley was nothing more than a Demigod!

The greatsword in Ojwin's hands, shining with that holy light, carried a spiritual power with it as he unhesitatingly swung it towards Linley's Bloodviolet sword. The choice he made was the same one that Anras had made. Given his experience, he could clearly tell that Bloodviolet was an extraordinary weapon.

"Clang!" In that same instant when Bloodviolet collided with that greatsword shining with a holy light, Ojwin flew backwards, wanting to avoid the attack of that adamantine heavy sword.

"Rumble!"

From the adamantine heavy sword, a faint, yellow, illusory sword flew out like a bolt of lightning and entered Ojwin's body. This was the attack that Linley had been building up power for, his most powerful attack...

The most powerful attack, developed from the fusion of the Throbbing Pulse of the World and the Essence of the Earth...

Voidwave Sword!

"No..."

Ojwin's eyes instantly turned round. He didn't have any chance to feel regret or grief. He immediately toppled to the ground. Ojwin had a chance to become a Highgod and then he would live life as he pleased. Even in the Infernal Realm, he would have been considered a skilled expert. But unfortunately...

“In terms of spiritual attacks, you aren’t even as strong as that God who tried to assassinate me at Mount Copper Gong.” Linley looked at Ojwin’s corpse.

“Fighting over a Highgod spark?” Linley glanced at the nearby God corpses, then began to collect the divine artifacts, divine sparks, and interspatial rings.

Only, Ojwin’s eyes remained open and round. In the instant he had died, his eyes had been filled with disbelief and despair! Just now, he had been so excited that he was shaking as he imagined how beautiful the future would be. But all of this had been destroyed.

He, Ojwin, died with his eyes open and uncomprehending!

Only One Person

Within the Forest of Darkness, upon that empty terrain where the battle had just occurred, Linley was currently reaping the spoils of war. His face couldn't help but reveal a grin. "So many treasures. Killing Deities and taking their wealth really is a rather attractive proposition. All I did was kill Ojwin, but I received so many treasures. Most likely, in the Infernal Realm, there are many people who are willing to engage in this sort of business which involves no sunken costs."

Soon, the treasures were all collected.

"Two Highgod artifacts, one Highgod spark, and four God sparks as well as five interspatial rings." Linley couldn't help but feel excited.

Four God sparks!

Adding those to the two God sparks he had already acquired meant Linley would have six God sparks now.

"These two Highgod artifacts..." Linley weighed the two divine artifacts with his eyes. One was the Spear of Cortez, while the other was a black dagger.

When Beirut had killed Adkins, he had only taken the two divine sparks as he left.

Adkins had two Highgod artifacts, one of which was destroyed. The other was this black dagger, which was sent flying far away. Linley naturally collected it.

Linley put the Highgod artifact and the divine spark into his interspatial ring. Only five rings remained in his hand.

"I wonder what these interspatial rings of the four Gods contain. Once I return to Dragonblood Castle, I'll take a closer look. Also, Adkins' interspatial ring. Aside from divine sparks, perhaps there are some other treasures within," Linley secretly thought to himself.

“Fortunately, I sensed the energy wave and immediately returned. Otherwise, a wonderful opportunity would have slipped away.” Linley secretly celebrated.

This time, not only had he gained revenge for little Kass, he had also acquired quite a few divine sparks and divine artifacts. Linley wouldn’t disdain having more treasures such as this; the more the better.

“I was right at the Forest of Darkness, so of course I was able to hurry over. Any Deities outside the Forest of Darkness who wanted to fly over would probably still take nearly an hour to get here.” Linley was certain that nobody would be able to make it in time. After all, the battle just now had only taken a little bit of time.

Linley glanced at the area. “However, it’s still best to leave immediately!”

“Whoosh!”

Linley immediately took to the air, wanting to fly towards the south.

“Linley, don’t be in an urge to leave.” A sound rang out in Linley’s mind, while at the same time, a black shadow appeared in front of Linley. Black hair, black whiskers. It was Lord Beirut, who had killed Adkins so easily just now!

“Lord Beirut.” Linley felt relaxed.

Beirut looked at Linley, a hint of amusement in his eyes. “Linley, you have gotten quite a nice haul of things today.”

“I was lucky. I sensed that powerful energy wave, so I hurried back to see what was happening. Only, my flying speed wasn’t fast enough. By the time I made it here, that Adkins had already died. All I could do was watch as the four of them fought and killed each other,” Linley said honestly.

Beirut nodded. As far as Beirut was concerned, he didn’t care at all about these items which Linley had acquired.

“Linley, there’s something I must tell you.” Beirut went straight to the point.

“Oh?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

Beirut laughed calmly, “In the past, didn’t I inform all of the Deities of the Yulan continent via mental message that the Necropolis of the Gods will open a thousand years from now?”

“Yes.” Linley was somewhat puzzled. “Lord Beirut, have you changed your plans?” Linley could sense that Beirut’s words had a hidden meaning within them. He couldn’t help but make this guess. If Beirut had this intention, that would be normal.

Currently, in the Yulan continent, aside from Beirut himself, now that Sadista and Adkins were dead, the only Highgod remaining was ‘Bluefire’ Leylin.

“No.” Beirut shook his head. “A thousand years from now, I will still open the Necropolis of the Gods. However, I have already discussed this with Bluefire. Half a month from now, I will permit Bluefire to enter the Necropolis of the Gods by himself.”

“Just him alone?” Linley was very surprised.

Beirut nodded.

“Lord Beirut, there are other Deities present in the Yulan continent,” Linley said hurriedly. Linley felt that for Beirut to act in such a way seemed to be rather unfair to the other Deities. After all, everyone else was present at the Yulan continent as well. They should at least be given a chance.

Beirut shook his head. “No need. The greatest treasure of the Necropolis of the Gods can only be acquired by the most powerful of Highgods. Your ordinary Demigods and Gods will at most be able to acquire a divine spark within.”

Linley’s heart was stirred. “This ‘greatest treasure’ is most likely a Sovereign artifact.”

Beirut continued, “Thus, Linley, help me inform Tarosse and the others about this affair. Whether they stay or leave is up to them.” Beirut had a bit of a relationship with Tarosse, after all.

Tarosse had, after all, served as the manager of the lower eleven floors of the Necropolis of the Gods.

“I will definitely convey your words,” Linley said.

And then, Linley and Beirut separated. Linley flew at high speed back to Dragonblood Castle.

Upon returning to Dragonblood Castle, Linley first bound the five interspatial

rings with blood, giving the contents of the ring a good inspection. While inspecting the rings, he found some excellent items within. Ojwin's interspatial ring had a fire-style Demigod spark, Gatenby's had an earth-style Demigod spark, and there were several divine artifacts as well.

Now, Linley had a total of six God sparks and two Demigod sparks. He had multiple Demigod artifacts and God artifacts, as well as two Highgod artifacts.

As soon as he had returned, Linley had begun to sort through and put these things on display, frightening the nearby Delia. Afterwards, Linley described what had happened in detail. Only then did Delia let out a sigh of relief.

Within the room where Linley and Delia stayed. Linley was drinking a cup of cool fruit wine.

"That Ojwin finally died." Delia let out a long breath.

"He's dead. When Cena hears the news, he should feel a bit better." In his heart, Linley had always felt that it was still the fault of Olivier, Desri, and himself that so many experts had descended from the Gebados Planar Prison and caused trouble.

Delia could sense the pressure Linley felt from these words. Changing the topic, she said, "Linley, in the past, the Yulan continent didn't have many Deities, and divine sparks were rare. I didn't imagine that you would be able to obtain so many divine sparks."

"So many divine sparks?" Linley knew well that every single divine spark had been obtained through slaughter. If it wasn't others trying to kill him, it was him killing others.

"Divine sparks aren't so easily acquired." Linley sighed.

Hearing this, Delia understood what Linley was thinking.

"I suddenly understand a little." Delia's eyes had a light flash through them. "In the past, there were very few Deities in the Yulan continent. You could count them on one hand. Naturally, divine sparks would be hard to acquire. However, these days, Deities are everywhere. Only the powerful can obtain divine sparks. The weak will be killed. It is much like how the rich will accumulate more wealth, while the poor will be robbed of even what little they

have.”

For someone as mighty as Beirut or Bluefire, if they wanted divine sparks, they could acquire them easily. Even most Highgods would easily be killed by them.

As for Linley, he had originally belonged to the group who would be ‘robbed’.

Only, he had that damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact. The damaged Sovereign artifact had caused Linley’s status to change. It gave him a stable footing to at least avoid being robbed. Occasionally, he could plunder others!

“Right, Linley. Right now, since you have two Demigod sparks of earth and fire, as well as God sparks, doesn’t that mean you can let two people become full Gods?” Delia suddenly asked.

Linley had a thought. “Fire element?”

When Anras had died, Linley had acquired a fire God spark. Ojwin, in his interspatial ring, had a fire element Demigod spark.

“Wharton!” Linley suddenly sent his divine sense to Wharton. “Wharton, come to my courtyard.”

Wharton liked training in the Elemental Laws of Fire. Unfortunately, Wharton’s talent was very average. Given his training speed, he would most likely have to train for thousands of years or even longer before reaching the Deity level.

“Big bro.” Wharton pushed open the door to the courtyard, laughing as he walked in. “Big bro, you called?”

Linley laughed as he looked at his little brother. “Wharton, how are you doing in terms of analyzing the Elemental Laws of Fire?”

As Linley mentioned this, Wharton’s face turned sour. He said with resignation, “Big bro, you know what my training speed is like. Right now, I have only made a little bit of progress. Given this sort of speed, who knows how long it will be before I reach the Prime Saint level, much less breaking through the Prime Saint bottleneck and reaching the Deity level.”

Linley laughed.

“Wharton, take a look at this.” With a flip of his hand, Linley placed the two fire divine sparks on the stone table.

Wharton, seeing the black sparks emanating a red light, stared with round eyes. He then looked at Linley in astonishment, stuttering, “Big bro, you, what are you...?”

“These are two fire-style divine sparks. One is a Demigod spark, while the other is a God spark. First fuse with that spark, and afterwards, go fuse with the God spark. After completely fusing with the two, you will be a full God,” Linley said with assurance and confidence.

Wharton was somewhat numb. He had just been chatting casually with his wife just now, but all of a sudden, Linley had called him over and was now telling him... ‘I have two sparks. Fuse with them and you will be a God.’

“G—, God-level Deity?” Wharton felt his mind enter a state of disorder. All he could think of were those three words ‘God-level Deity’.

Linley and Delia looked at each other and laughed.

“Whoah!” Wharton let out a long breath. His brain finally started to function again. He looked at Linley. “Big bro, you really make me speechless. All these years, I’ve been dreaming about becoming a Deity one day. But I wouldn’t have expected that in the blink of an eye, you are suddenly about to make me become a God. This... this is really—! Big bro, you can’t make others feel so bad about themselves like this. I am about to be scared silly.”

“You little punk.”

Linley laughed while berating him, “Remember, first fuse with the Demigod spark.”

“I’m going to start fusing now!” Wharton couldn’t repress his excitement. He immediately bound the Demigod spark and took it into his body, then stored the God spark into his interspatial ring. Wharton intentionally sighed, “Alas, big bro, you still aren’t THAT awesome. If you were able to acquire a fire-style Highgod spark for me to fuse... then in the future, I’d be a Highgod, right?”

Looking at the chortling Wharton, Linley understood that Wharton was in an extremely good mood.

“You want a Highgod spark? Hurry up and go have people prepare a banquet for tonight. Tonight, I have something important to declare.”

Wharton immediately replied loudly, “No problem at all!”

In Dragonblood Castle, the Deities only occasionally gathered together to eat. Tonight, Linley actively invited Tarosse, Dylin, and the others. Linley still remembered Beirut’s instructions to him.

That night, at the banquet, everyone was laughing calmly while eating and drinking.

“Everyone,” Linley suddenly raised his voice. Instantly, the entire hall became quiet.

Tarosse, Dylin, the War God, and the High Priest all looked puzzledly at Linley.

“There’s something I must tell everyone. Lord Beirut, in the coming days, will take Lord Bluefire into the Necropolis of the Gods,” Linley said.

“He is going to open the Necropolis of the Gods early?” Tarosse said in surprise and excitement.

Linley shook his head. “Not exactly, because this time, he will only let Lord Bluefire enter by himself.”

Tarosse and Dylin were both stunned. They were both remaining at the Yulan continent primarily because they wanted to have a chance to see what the greatest treasure of the Necropolis of the Gods was. They just wanted to watch and be amused, in truth.

“We won’t be allowed in? We won’t even know if Lord Bluefire will obtain the treasure or not.” Tarosse shook his head and sighed, then glanced sideways at Dylin. “Dylin, what do you think? I feel rather bored now. That Adkins is also dead, and only Lord Bluefire will be allowed into the Necropolis of the Gods. As I see it, the Yulan continent is now rather boring. I’m planning to leave the Yulan Plane in the next few days and go to the Infernal Realm. What about you?”

“Me?”

Dylin hesitated for a moment, then said, “Then, I’ll go with you to the Infernal

Realm.”

Indigo Prefecture

The nearby Cesar drained the wine in his cup in one gulp, then said, “Go to the Infernal Realm? Adkins and his Gods are all dead, while Lord Beirut is only permitting Lord Bluefire to enter the Necropolis of the Gods. Then, I’ll go with you as well.”

The War God and the High Priest didn’t say anything, but everyone knew that the War God would follow Tarosse.

“Linley, how about you?” Cesar looked at Linley. “Come along with us. In the Yulan continent, there’s nothing interesting left.”

“Me?” Linley glanced at the nearby Delia, then laughed towards Cesar, “I’m in no rush. All of you have trained for thousands of years, while I haven’t trained for even a hundred years. In addition, Bebe is still in the Forest of Darkness.”

“What a pity.” Cesar let out a sigh.

Tarosse, Dylin, the War God, and Cesar began to chat with each other about the affairs of the Infernal Realm.

Watching them, Linley had to admit that in his heart, he envied them.

“The Infernal Realm...”

Linley was filled with all sorts of imaginings regarding the Infernal Realm.

Tonight, the third day after the banquet, Tarosse and the others left the Yulan Plane. A large group of people congregated at Dragonblood Castle, with Fain and Dixie amongst them. All of them had come to send off their teachers.

“Dylin, you are even taking your two sons with you?” Cesar laughed as he spoke.

Dylin nodded, as though this was only natural. “Of course!” Dylin’s two children were Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. Before entering the Necropolis of the

Gods, Dylin had asked for a Demigod spark for one of his sons. Afterwards, when Dylin had left the Necropolis of the Gods, he had already become a God.

When those Deities of the Gebados Planar Prison had descended, Dylin had killed a Demigod and seized a divine spark for his other son.

“Teacher.” Dixie and the others were somewhat reluctant to part from the High Priest, Catherine.

“Train well,” the High Priest said gently. “You are already Saints now. Once you reach the Deity level, if you don’t want to stay in the Yulan Plane any longer, go to the Higher Planes. That is the place where Deities should truly stay.”

“Teacher, where are you going?” Dixie asked hurriedly.

“I... I’m different from them. I am planning to go to the Life Realm,” the High Priest said calmly.

“Alright, let’s all head out,” Tarosse glanced around and said.

And then, under the gazes of Linley and the others, this group of experts flew out of Dragonblood Castle at high speed towards the Arctic Icecap, quickly disappearing beyond the horizon.

“Cesar and Dylin have left as well,” Linley said softly. Delia, by his side, glanced at him.

The news that Bluefire was going by himself into the Necropolis of the Gods quickly spread across the entire Yulan continent. Spreading this news through Linley was the intention of Beirut. In addition, Adkins and his four Gods had all died. This had a major impact on the Gods of the Yulan continent.

Aside from a few Deities, the vast majority of Deities all chose to leave the Necropolis of the Gods and head towards the Higher Planes.



*

Roughly sixteen years after Adkins’ death, Wharton finally finished fusing with his Demigod spark. He was now a Demigod as well. As for Delia, nineteen years

after Adkins' death, she finally completely fused the God-level wind-style spark and became a God.

Yulan calendar, year 10092. Late autumn. Sallow yellow leaves were slowly falling.

"Rumble..." The entire world seemed to tremble gently, and a unique ripple spread out. Linley was very familiar with this rippling sensation.

Standing beneath the tree, Linley suddenly turned to stare towards the north. Frowning, he said, "Hrm? Yet another person became a Deity on their own power?" That was the ripple created by the descent of the natural Laws. Only when a person became a Deity on their own would the natural Laws descend.

"Linley, come to my place," Beirut's voice rang out in Linley's mind.

Linley was puzzled, but he immediately flew out of Dragonblood Castle towards the Forest of Darkness.

Just as Linley entered the metallic castle, he heard a voice ring out. "Boss!" Bebe's voice was very loud. Linley raised his head to look, and he couldn't help but feel some shock. "Bebe, you..." He found out, to his amazement, that he couldn't sense Bebe's aura at all.

Thinking about the descent of the Laws and the ripples just now, Linley instantly understood. "Bebe, was that you, just now?"

"Right." Bebe delightedly bowed. "Boss, I spent twenty years and finally mastered the Profound Mysteries of the 'Essence of Darkness'. I have already mastered two types of profound mysteries, and so I have become a God."

"Oh, that's rather impressive." Linley snickered.

Amongst the Deities, the Elemental Laws of the Wind had nine profound mysteries, and so one had to master three of them before becoming a God. Or perhaps by mastering the fusion of two profound mysteries, one could also become a God. Earth, fire, water, and darkness only had six types of profound mysteries. If one mastered two of them, one would become a God.

"Linley, come in." A voice rang out from the nearby living room.

Linley and Bebe immediately entered the living room. Stroking his beard,

Beirut laughed as he looked at Bebe. “I gave you so many advantages and superior conditions, and I even had you only learn the most basic ‘Essence of Darkness’, but you still took twenty years. If I had done the same for Linley, most likely just a single year would have been enough. And you are proud about it?”

“He’s my Boss. Of course my Boss has to be more powerful than me.” Bebe didn’t mind at all.

Beirut could only shake his head and laugh, then looked towards Linley. “Linley, take a seat first.” Linley sat down to one side as commanded.

Beirut let out a breath. “Linley, how is your training proceeding? When will you become a God?”

“I’m not certain either. However, I am halfway through the fusion of two profound mysteries, the ‘Throbbing Pulse of the World’ and the ‘Essence of the Earth’. Most likely, in a few more decades, I should be able to completely fuse these types of profound mysteries.” Linley didn’t try to hide anything.

Beirut couldn’t help but sigh in praise. “Gaining insights while fusing? You are quite intelligent, to not blindly and greedily advance rashly.”

“I am doing this at the guidance of Mr. Leylin,” Linley said.

“Right.” Beirut let out a long sigh. “It is now time for me to tell you a few things. Linley, in the past, weren’t you puzzled about why the Four Supreme Warrior clans disappeared all of a sudden?”

Linley’s eyes lit up.

“The answer is simple. The Four Supreme Warrior clans were taken by the experts of the Infernal Realm into the Infernal Realm,” Beirut said with a laugh. “More precisely speaking, your Four Supreme Warrior clans should belong to the Four Divine Beast clans of the Infernal Realm.”

Linley’s heart shook. He said in astonishment, “Four Divine Beast clans?”

“The Four Divine Beast clans is the root of your Four Supreme Warrior clans!” Beirut sighed. “Every single disciple, if they want to be purified and transformed, needs to return to the Four Divine Beast clans and undergo the

Ancestral Baptism.”

“Purified and transformed? Ancestral Baptism?” Linley was even more puzzled now.

Beirut nodded. “Linley, haven’t you discovered that generally speaking, you descendants of the Four Supreme Warrior clans have a very low level of attunement to the Laws? For example, your ancestors were barely able to even sense the Laws. When they did gain some insights, they would progress very slowly.”

Linley nodded hurriedly.

His own little brother Wharton was very slow in gaining insights.

“The rate of attuning to the Laws is so low that it is even inferior to many powerful humans. How, then, could your clansmen be acclaimed as the Four Divine Beast clans? The reason for slow training is because these people have never undergone the Ancestral Baptism.” Beirut sighed. “The Ancestral Baptism of the Four Divine Beast clans is very mysterious. It isn’t as simple as I once thought it was. The Ancestral Baptism of the Four Divine Beast clans is extremely famous in the Infernal Realm.”

Beirut glanced at Linley. As Beirut saw it...

Linley already had such astonishing training speed. Once he underwent the Ancestral Baptism, then he would definitely become a terrifying talent!

“Linley, do you want to return to the Four Divine Beast clans and meet with the ancestors of your clan?” A hint of amusement was in Beirut’s eyes.

Linley hesitated, not knowing what to say.

After all, if he were to leave the Yulan Plane, it would be very hard for him to return. In addition, Linley wanted to respect Delia’s opinion.

“Men shouldn’t be so indecisive,” Beirut barked. “What’s more, this is just a Yulan continent. How can a talent like you stay within a single material plane? That boundless Infernal Realm where experts are as common as clouds is the place that truly suits you!”

Linley’s heart shook.

“Boss, the Infernal Realm is really interesting. For example, Grandpa’s metallic castle was purchased in the Infernal Realm,” Bebe said hurriedly. Bebe, ever-curious, was very eager to visit the Higher Plane of the Infernal Realm as well.

“The Four Divine Beast clans resides within the Indigo Prefecture of the Bloodridge Continent of the Infernal Realm,” Beirut said. “Whether you go or not is up to you.”

Linley immediately bowed. “Yes, Lord Beirut.”

“Bebe, let’s go.” Linley looked at Bebe.

“Oh.” Bebe nodded.

Looking at Bebe’s expression, Linley let out a secret sigh. Bebe had grown up with him. The two shared the same ardent blood and love for challenges and danger. Linley knew that Bebe deeply desired to go to the Infernal Realm. But if Linley was to go to the Infernal Realm, he had to persuade Delia!

Within Dragonblood Castle.

Delia glanced at the nearby Linley. She knew what Linley was thinking. In the past three days in particular, Linley would occasionally reveal a hint of desire and a hint of confusion in his eyes.

“Linley.” Delia suddenly gritted her teeth and made her decision.

“Huh?” Linley glanced at Delia by his side, puzzled.

Delia looked at him and intentionally let out a low sigh. “Linley, don’t you feel as though life in the Yulan continent is no longer exciting?”

“Right.” Linley’s eyes instantly lit up. “Delia, I have that feeling also. Do you think we should...” Halfway through his words, Linley came to a halt. He saw the hint of laughter appear on Delia’s face. “Delia, thank you.”

Linley already understood what Delia meant.

Delia was about to give him what he wanted!

“Actually, I’m already very satisfied with the twenty years of quiet life that we’ve had.” Delia said softly.

Delia said with a sigh, “Linley, the ‘Linley’ that I know is a person who

constantly struggles and is filled with willpower. I like this you. In the Yulan continent, where nothing is a challenge to you, your willpower will slowly be ground flat. In addition, deep in my heart, I also want to live a slightly more exciting life as well.”

“Also, I’ve already become a God.” Delia looked at Linley. “At the very least, I have excellent fleeing abilities. I won’t become a burden to you!”

Linley laughed as he pulled Delia into his embrace. “Delia, then let’s roam the Infernal Realm together.”

“Roam the Infernal Realm together!” Delia also said softly.

“And me! I’m going with you!” Bebe immediately hurried over and shouted loudly, “I’m going to the Infernal Realm too, I’m going too!!!”

Linley and Delia exchanged a glance, then both began to laugh.

Three days later, one freezing, cold early morning in late autumn. Many people of Dragonblood Castle were gathered here in this training area. They had come to send Linley, Delia, and Bebe off.

Linley looked at the people in front of him. They included Uncle Hillman, who had guided him since he was young, as well as his family members such as Wharton, Taylor, Sasha, Arnold... the five Barker brothers who had fought by his side, Zassler, Jenne, Rebecca and Leena, and his magical beast ‘Haeru’... as well as his friend Desri.

Everyone was gathered here.

“Big bro!” Wharton’s eyes were filled with an unwillingness to part from him.

“Wharton, I entrust everything here to you.” Linley slapped Wharton on the shoulders. “I trust that you can do it. If you encounter any problems, you can go to the Forest of Darkness and beg Lord Beirut for help. He will help you.”

“I know.” Wharton hurriedly nodded.

Linley had also given that earth-style Demigod spark to Wharton. In the future, it would be up to Wharton to decide who to give the divine spark to. At the same time, Linley had also given the earth-style God spark to Barker, who was already an earth-style Demigod. After Hanbritt’s death, Linley had acquired

a wind-style God spark, which he gave to Haeru.

“Master.” Haeru looked longingly at Linley. He was filled with gratitude towards Linley.

It was Linley who had allowed him to become a Demigod. And now, Linley was giving him a wind-style divine God spark.

“Father!” Taylor and Sasha both looked at Linley as well.

Linley lovingly rubbed the heads of his son and daughter.

“Haha, perhaps one year in the future, I will return.” Linley forced out a smile, then turned. “Let’s go.” Linley, Delia, and Bebe flew out, disappearing into the northern skies.

Wharton, Haeru, Barker, and the others all couldn’t help but reveal a hint of tears in their eyes.

With this departure of Linley’s from the Yulan continent, how long would it be before he would be able to return?

“Big bro!” Wharton felt grateful towards his big brother from the bottom of his heart. It was Linley who had singlehandedly raised the Dragonblood Warrior clan to a flourishing level again. And now, Linley was leaving while allowing Wharton, Haeru, and Barker to become full Gods, and asking Beirut to take care of them as well. The Baruch family’s foundation was now unshakably firm.

Yulan calendar, year 10092. Late autumn. Linley led his wife, Delia, as well as Bebe out of the Yulan continent. They were headed to a Higher Plane: The Infernal Realm.

For the rest of the Coiling Dragon Saga

[Book 5 - The Infernal Plane](#)

[Book 6 - The Four Divine Beasts](#)

[Book 7 - The Planar Wars](#)

[Book 8 - Lord of the Mists](#)

Please also feel free to visit us at www.wuxiaworld.com to see many other translated novels, all of which can be read for free!

For another (free) completed work by this author and translator on Wuxiaworld, you can try the story of Ji Ning, '[Desolate Era](#)'.